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November 30, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Silent Wings for Training

By Commander
E. F. McDonald, Jr.

Nov. 30, 1940

To Jim—for holding my hand tight the day we were married...

for seldom remarking, "That's what I had for lunch."

for sparing me those chilly trips to heat the 6 a.m. bottle.

for never opening my mail (though I sometimes do yours!).

for the things you didn't say the time I ripped off the fender.

for balancing my checkbook without grumbling or pitying.

for not having to be defrosted when I forget to send your suit to be pressed.

for treating my women friends as though you liked them.

for the way your eyes light up when our glances happen to meet at a party.

for being so eternally *there* for me to lean on!

for wanting a *good* watch for years and years, but being too unselfish to go and spend the money on yourself.

Dearest, here's your Hamilton with all my love!

Peggy

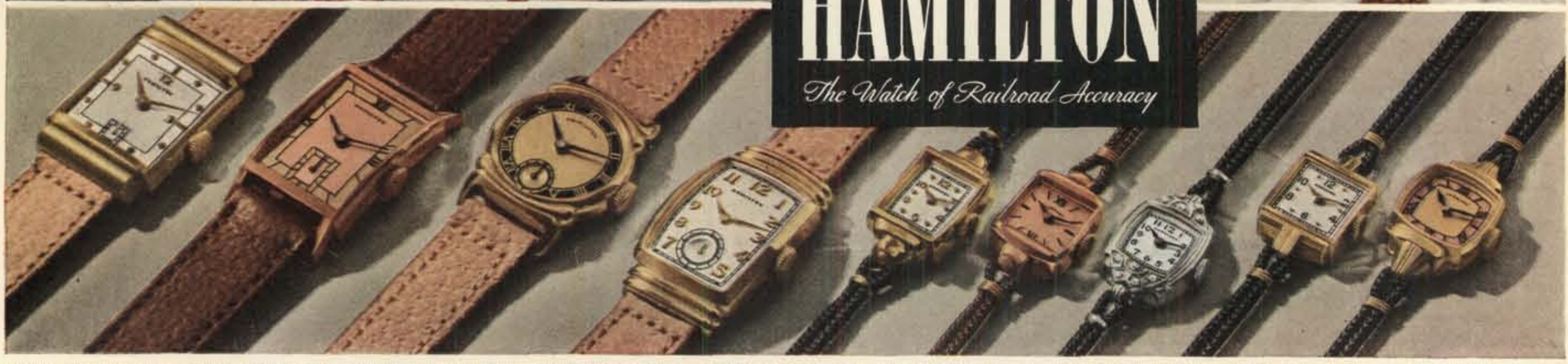
This Christmas—give a Hamilton—America's most beautiful watch. Hamilton makes only high-grade watches, $37.50 to $5000. See the new models at your jeweler's, or write for folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 427 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

* * *

Note: Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every other size and grade that Hamilton makes.

HAMILTON

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



MIDAS. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold. With 18K applied gold markers, numerals and dots....$100

BROCK. 19 jewels. Comes in 14K coral gold. With two-tone marker-Roman dial to match....$77.50

PAIGE. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold-filled. Black zone gilt dial or 18K applied gold numerals. $55

EMERSON. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. Comes with 18K applied gold numeral dial...$45

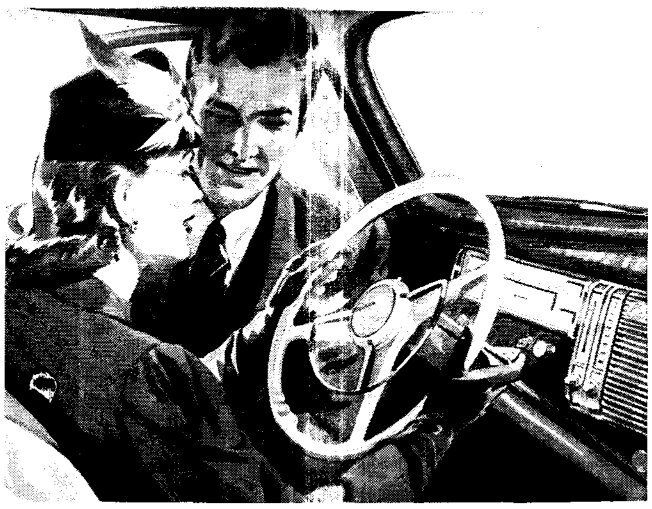
DORIS. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold-filled. 18K applied gold numerals and dots. Domed crystal. $45

VENITA. 17 jewels. 14K coral gold. Marker-Roman numeral dial to match. Gold-filled fittings...$60

LADY HAMILTON (A10). 17 jewels. 10 diamonds in white gold. 14K white or natural gold....$100

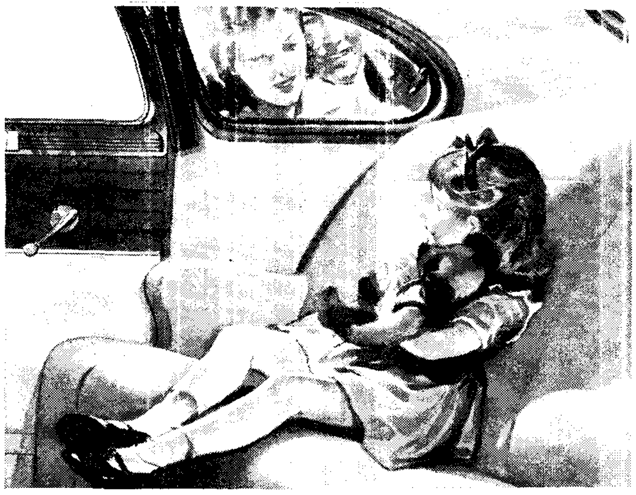
LINDA. 17 jewels. Comes in 14K natural gold. With black numeral dial and applied gold dots....$55

OLIVIA. 17 jewels. 10K white or natural gold-filled. Gilt finish numeral and marker dial.....$40



DISCOVER POWERMATIC SHIFTING—delightful new car operation—vast reduction in driving effort . . . and, with new transmission, actual elimination of certain usual shifting motions!

PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41

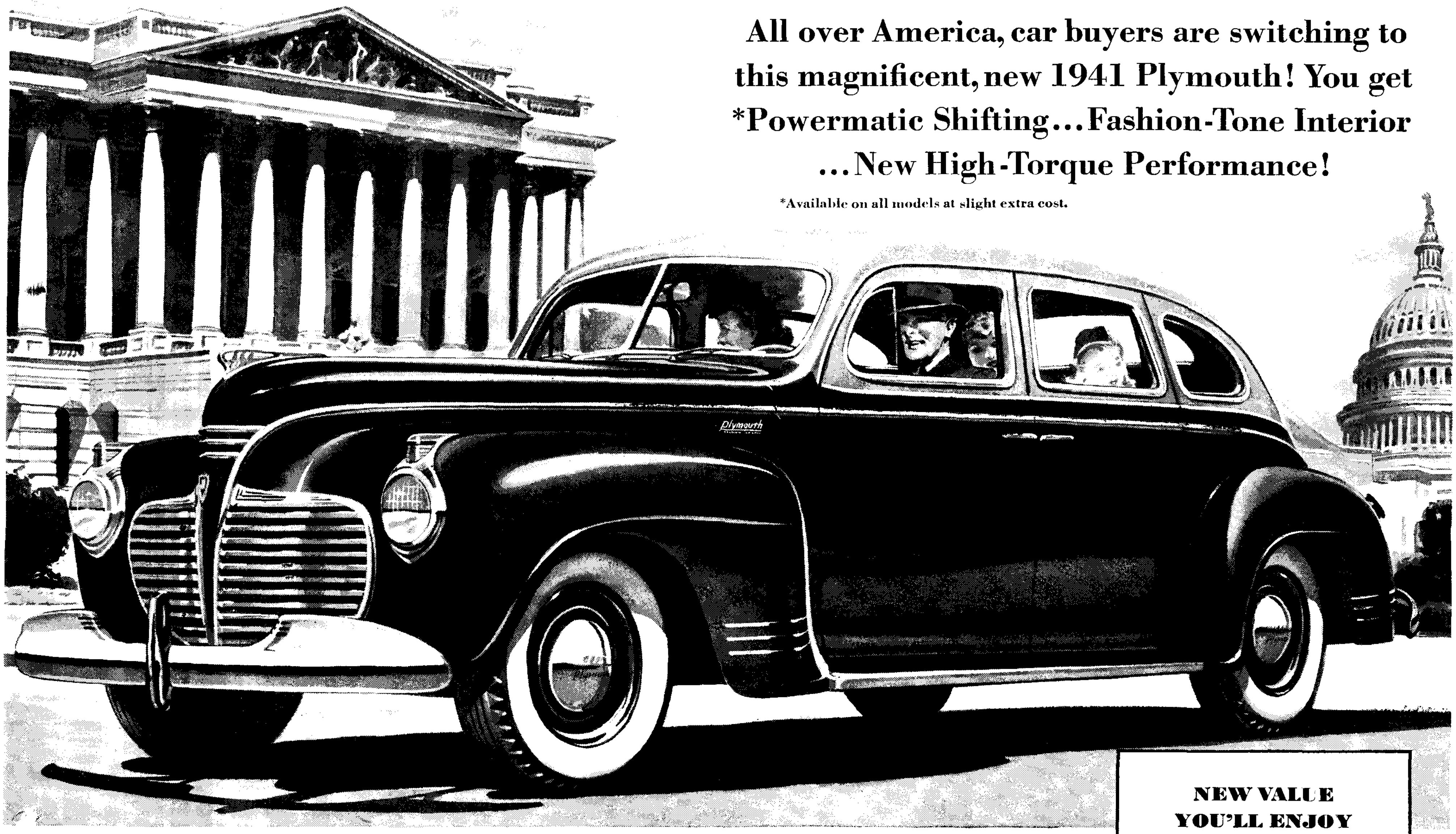


BRILLIANT NEW FASHION-TONE INTERIOR—a miracle of color, fabric, appointments—commands admiration! Smart 2-Tone upholstery in the Special De Luxe.

U.S.A. Says "O.K."

All over America, car buyers are switching to this magnificent, new 1941 Plymouth! You get *Powermatic Shifting . . . Fashion-Tone Interior . . . New High-Torque Performance!

*Available on all models at slight extra cost.



19 IMPORTANT ADVANCEMENTS

THERE'S A HEAT WAVE of enthusiasm over the new style, new luxury and new "powerhouse" performance of this brilliant 1941 Plymouth!

Sparkling with smart chromium, it's a picture to the eye—long, low and impressively *big*—117-inch wheelbase! Inside, a delightful new harmony of color, fabric and appointments awaits you—the Fashion-Tone Interior.

Drive this new Plymouth, and you'll want to drive and *drive!* With its new High-Torque Performance and new power-gearing, you seldom—if ever—use low. You start in second and slip quickly into high, enjoying new mastery of hills and traffic!

There's new Body Sealing to keep out cold and dust...a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner...new High-Duty Engine Bearings. In all, 19 big advancements make Plymouth the "One" for '41!

See your nearby Plymouth dealer today and drive this big new beauty. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

COMPARE PRICES OF "ALL 3"

EASY TO BUY—Your present car will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's surprisingly low delivered price...with the balance in low monthly instalments.

MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

☞ **SEE THE NEW PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!**

NEW VALUE YOU'LL ENJOY

NEW SAFETY RIMS on wheels to prevent "throwing" of tire in case of a blowout.

COUNTERBALANCED TRUNK LID—goes up or down at a touch.

NEW OIL BATH AIR CLEANER protects engine from abrasive dust and grit—reduces wear.

NEW HIGH-DUTY ENGINE BEARINGS—2 to 3 times longer-lived.

METAL SPRING COVERS—big 6-inch tires—front coil springs—wide color choices...on even the lowest-priced models.

Collier's

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NOVEMBER 30, 1940

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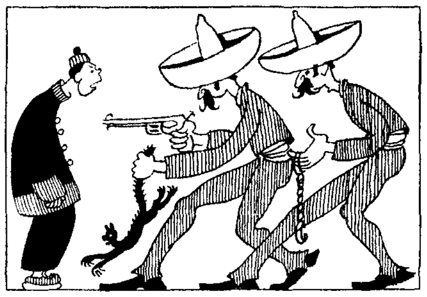
COVER GEORGE RUNGE

ANY WEEK

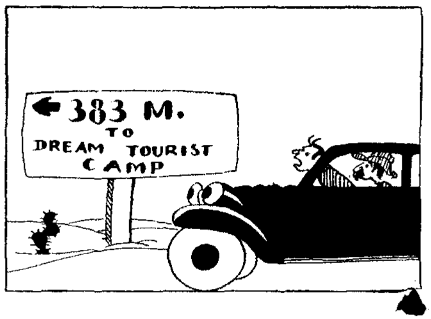
WE'VE just been speaking to a Mr. Wing, who shall be nameless, in Deming, New Mexico. Mr. Wing, like a great many Chinese, used to be in business in Old Mexico—like his friend, a Mr. Wong. Mr. Wing was telling us how difficult it became to continue. For example, one morning the Mexican police entered his neat store and saw the Wing cat basking on the counter. Forthwith Mr. Wing was arrested, charged to his great surprise, with violating the Mexican sanitary law. And that was why Mr. Wing was surprised because, he said, it was news to him that Mexico, particularly Chihuahua, had sanitary laws. Nevertheless, they kept Mr. Wing in jail twelve hours. And when he got back to his shop he found the place wholly innocent of merchandise and fixtures, everything having been expropriated by the police and their friends. All that remained was the Wing cat which, however, was now basking on the floor—the floor having been overlooked by his despoilers. But Mr. Wong, having taken warning, had abolished his cat and when the police arrived at the Wong grocery he announced the demise of his cat. Whereat the police cried: "What, no cat to keep rats and mice away?" So they arrested Mr. Wong for violating the sanitary law, kept him locked up for twelve hours during which time they did to the Wong grocery just what you have already guessed. "The trouble was," Mr. Wing told us, "that they did not care for us Chinese."



IT IS not our custom to publish short short stories as good as that in this column. However, as long as we've started, we may as well give you another. We've been traveling again, as you may suspect before we've finished this column. And it was during this trip that we met Mr. Felipe Dominguez, a dignified and patriotic gentleman who for many years had yearned to get into politics. Mr. Dominguez's desire was not of the base quality all too common among office seekers who crave power, glory and pelf. Mr. Dominguez wanted only to serve his fellowmen, particularly those in Fort Davis, Texas. With his mind thus elevated he served humbly but devotedly in The Union Trading Company's store in Davis for no less than 37 years. He was handy man and delivery man. He worked early and late. His pay was small and his future minute. But always he lived for the day when he would be a public servant. And then as we entered Fort Davis, Mr. Dominguez's dream came true. After 37 years, Mr. Dominguez has entered public life. He is now janitor in the county courthouse. "You have asked my advice for young men," said he. "I will give it. I urge the young men of America to train themselves for public office and to make it their career."

WE RECEIVED so many exhortations to join and advocate planned prayer programs that we're compelled, somewhat against our will, to write something about them. We've selected a somewhat typical letter—from Miss Z. O. Folz of Los Angeles, California. Miss Folz seems sure of two things—that God can keep us out of actual warfare and that only God can. What precautionary measures we may take, such as building air, sea and land defenses, are futile, she thinks. The thing to do, says Miss Folz, is to pray. And that God may hear us, we should pray a common prayer in unison for five minutes every evening at five o'clock Central Standard Time. She selects this hour and time "so that it will be an easy matter for Eastern, Mountain and Pacific time to co-operate in one universal prayer." The words and phrases of the prayer are to be chosen by the President of the United States who "will of course be the leader, his voice being broadcast on a real nationwide hookup." It will beseech God to save us from war and at the same time preserve our democracy intact. Thus with a hundred and thirty million people praying daily in chorus it will be unnecessary for us to commit ourselves to building armaments or taking any of the conventional physical steps toward protecting ourselves against whatever menace confronts us. Somehow we doubt that Miss Folz's plan will be adopted. It comes a bit late. Perhaps God would prefer to have us demonstrate our willingness to help ourselves, fight our own physical fight, stop running to Him every time we're scared, prove our right to His protection. We wonder too whether the Lord hasn't heard all the human hullabaloo He can stand, and whether it wouldn't be better were we momentarily to take the silent role and listen to Him for a while. Personally we propose to take our own advice and say no more about this.

IF WE were running Japan, Germany or Italy and got to fooling around with the idea of fighting the United States, particularly invading the United States, we'd be awfully grateful to anybody first taking us on a motor tour of the Mexican border—the whole border, 2,200 miles of it. Having done that we'd revise our plans and pick a fight with someone our size. Or maybe we'd decide to quit the fight game entirely and turn our hands to something useful. Anyway we'd be awfully discouraged about our future. We never thought of this until, roaring west through interminable Texas, we saw a roadside billboard advising us that we were only 78 miles from a hotel where the finest foods were to be had at ridiculously low prices and a radio in every room. And just to clinch it we passed another billboard which told us that we were only 383 miles from somebody's Dream Tourist Cabins, which are not only immaculately clean but are literally alive with modern conveniences. As we say, if we were a modern war lord looking for someone to invade, we'd be awfully discouraged with our American prospects. Maybe we'd even think twice. The ride alone would ruin an army no matter how mechanized.



LATER on we came to several hundred square miles of sand and stunted mesquite. We paused to talk to a tall, parched-looking gentleman who was supervising a gang of men who were digging out mesquite roots—huge roots for so little a tree. We'd asked so many foolish questions that one or two more couldn't possibly hurt. "Yessir," said he, "this is right contrary country. You got to go down for wood and go up for water. Sometimes it seems right unnatural."

OF COURSE we couldn't keep going like that forever without some relaxation. So we went to a movie that night in a cool, dark little cow town that lay in tiny security in the lap of the mountains. The picture was The Westerner and all the cow hands had a splendid evening seeing how cow hands spend their time. There were one or two flaws in the picture, however, as we were to learn when we visited Judge Roy Bean's Jersey Lily Saloon near Langtry, Texas. The movie showed Judge Bean's place well flanked by cornfields in a riot of productiveness. We don't know who was responsible for that but one of our companions, a native of Langtry, summed it up pretty neatly, we thought. "Hell," said he, "you can't even get corn in cans in this part of the country." But it was nice to see what cowboys ought to look like.

DURNED purty. . . .

W. D.

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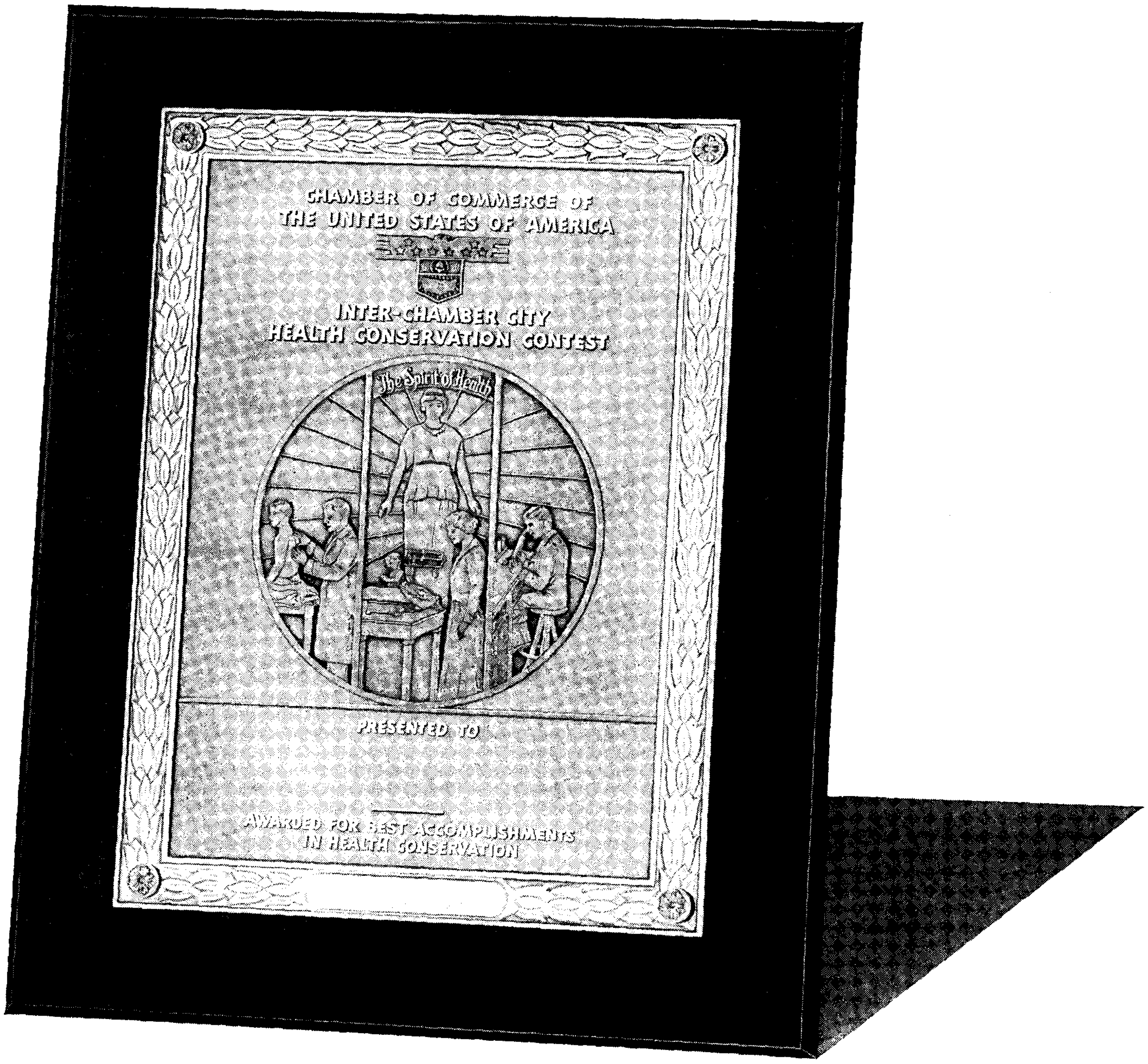

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INTER-CHAMBER CITY
HEALTH CONSERVATION CONTEST

The Spirit of Health

PRESENTED TO

AWARDED FOR BEST ACCOMPLISHMENTS
IN HEALTH CONSERVATION

A Prize that all America shares!

EACH YEAR SINCE 1929, the *City Health Conservation Contest* has been conducted by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in co-operation with the American Public Health Association.

Impressive placques or certificates are awarded annually to the contest cities which have done the most to improve their own health conditions and to reduce sickness and death rates.

But medals and publicity seem trivial, indeed, in comparison with this important fact . . .

▶ The American Public Health Association estimates that health-conservation activities under the stimulus of this contest, in cities in 43 states and in Hawaii and Alaska, are saving 5,000 lives each year!

That is a reward worth striving for . . . a reward which is shared by all America!

▶ Thousands of children have been protected against the ravages of diphtheria and other diseases. Water supplies have been further safeguarded. Problems of adequate sewage disposal have been solved. New tuberculosis clinics have been installed.

Safeguards on milk and other food supplies have been tightened up. More extensive and continuous education of the population in health matters has been made possible and the co-operation of physicians and dentists has been enlisted in furnishing services to all who need them.

It must be more than coincidence that 47 cities in last year's contest showed death rates from tuberculosis of less than 40 per 100,000. In 1929, when the contest was inaugurated, the death rate for the country as a whole was 76 per 100,000.

▶ Also, in seven of last year's contest cities, no mothers died in childbirth; in five, fewer than one mother died per 1,000 births, and in fifty, only four mothers died per 1,000 births.

These are only a few of many examples that show how health conditions are being improved and death rates lowered in contest cities.

Over 35,000,000 Americans live in cities which competed in last year's contest. Cities with a total population of over 48,000,000 are eligible this coming year—and this number can be increased as additional cities accommodate themselves to the contest rules.

▶ All over America, the City Health Conservation Contest is harnessing the enthusiasm, the intelligence, and the efficiency of local businessmen. They have embraced the opportunity to co-operate with their local health authorities and to contribute to the welfare of their communities.

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1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Look out for a COLD...watch your THROAT

gargle Listerine Quick!

A careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, can shoot troublesome germs in your direction at mile-a-minute speed. In case they invade the tissues of your throat, you may be in for throat irritation, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders". . . often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

Amazing Germ Reductions in Tests

Tests have shown germ reductions ranging to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine gargle. Even one hour after, reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

You can realize now why so many tens of thousands of people gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a cold or simple sore throat . . . and why Listerine in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds.

Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests

Tests conducted during nine years of careful research showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

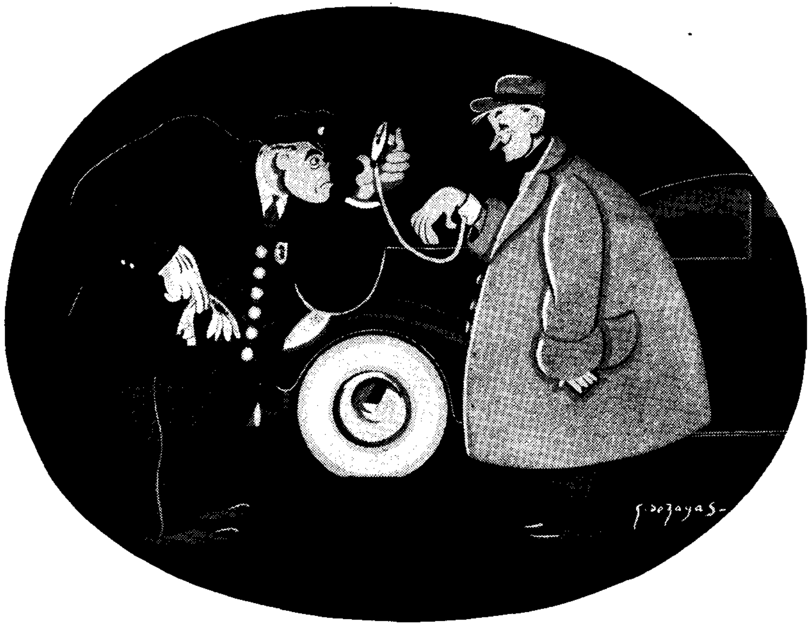
So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine—*quick!*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Listerine
THROAT LIGHT

Bargain Offer!
TO INTRODUCE
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
DUPONT LUCITE ILLUMINATOR
75¢ SIZE LISTERINE
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
$1.50 VALUE
BOTH FOR 98¢

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS NOW



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although the drinking of alcoholic liquor affects some persons ten times as much as others, at least two states, Indiana and Maine, now have laws that definitely define drunkenness. In Indiana, a person is no longer considered to be intoxicated and unable to drive a car unless his blood contains 0.15 per cent of alcohol, a quantity which results from consuming about a half pint of whisky, a quart of wine or three quarts of beer.

A peculiarity of the tsetse fly, *Glossina morsitans*, is that its bite infects and kills only domestic animals, such as cattle, horses, goats and dogs, no wild beast ever having been known to contract the deadly disease, nagana, which this insect spreads throughout equatorial Africa during certain seasons of the year.

The greatest of all temperance workers was Father Theobald Mathew who, between 1838 and 1841, was able to reduce the yearly consumption of liquor in Ireland by more than half by getting 4,700,000 drinkers to sign a pledge of abstinence. —*By Margaret Hegarty, Lowell, Massachusetts.*

Many primitive tribes still believe that monkeys are a race of people, that white men are the ghosts of black men and that midgets and dwarfs are children who never grow up.—*By Ruth Hirschman, West New Brighton, Staten Island, New York.*

Some species of lizards and alligators, although four-footed, raise themselves and run on their hind legs when they are badly frightened and have no time to manipulate all four feet. —*By William Morie, Bronx, New York.*

The church pennant of the British navy is hoisted when the ship's company is at divine service, when the anchor is being weighed and when a man is overboard. In the last case, the pennant is soon followed by either an "affirmative" or a "negative" flag, the first signifying that the man has been saved and the second that he has been lost.

No street crosses another street in the city of Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Wherever two meet, one of them ends.—*By C. E. De Groff, St. Cloud, Florida.*

The St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, South Carolina, following a rule laid down when it was founded 178 years ago, does not allow members to bring actors, actresses or divorced persons to its two annual balls.

Certain kinds of optical glass contain as many as nine ingredients, some of which are arsenic, antimony, barium, borax, lime, potash and soda. Furthermore, this glass must be so perfect that less than five per cent of it ultimately finds its way into a finished product.

Since 1438, All Souls' College at Oxford, England, has held the distinction of being the only educational institution that has never had a student body. It merely awards fellowships and maintains a membership of about fifty distinguished men, who are chosen for their high attainments in either law or history. —*By Donald B. Wallace, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.*

Persons often "freeze" their fingers or toes, or suffer from frostbite, even when the temperature of the weather is well above the freezing point. This condition occurs through long exposure to a strong wind while wearing damp gloves or shoes.

A new 600-pound chime carillon, which has 37 notes and is played on a piano keyboard from any part of the church, sounds like an expensive bell carillon when its music is amplified by loud-speakers mounted in the belfry. Its deepest note, produced by a tubular chime weighing about seven pounds, sounds like that produced by a bell weighing about ten tons.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

How is Changing Beer Bottle Behavior

BEER IS BETTER IN BOTTLES

"How about a bottle of beer?" "Suits me fine. I enjoy beer or ale the year 'round. Glad to find a kindred spirit."

The introduction of Duraglas is an historic moment in the 5,000 years that glass has served mankind. Combined in this symbol are a host of improvements in material and process resulting in tougher, more durable containers.

Particularly is this true in the brewing industry where the glass beer bottle never has had a serious rival as the most popular package for beer. The only true improvement in beer-packaging would be a better glass bottle . . . and that is what has been achieved.

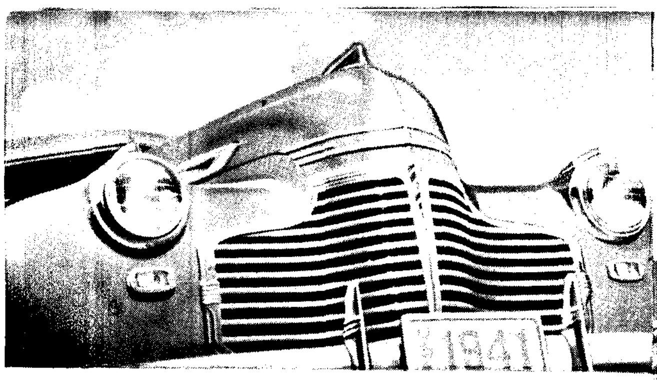
Bottles made by the Duraglas method last longer, resist hard usage in repeated sterilizations and round-trips, help lower delivery costs. Because of its unusual properties of strength and toughness, not only the brewer will benefit from this type container. For Duraglas inevitably will extend the advantages of glass to industries whose products gain from the utter truthfulness and extra convenience of a glass package. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo.

**WHAT IS DURAGLAS? Duraglas is the trade-mark name of glass containers and the new, improved technique which Owens-Illinois developed for their fabrication. This modern technique, covering every phase of manufacture from raw materials to finished bottles, makes possible a predictable result, assuring greater strength, durability and longer life.*

Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.

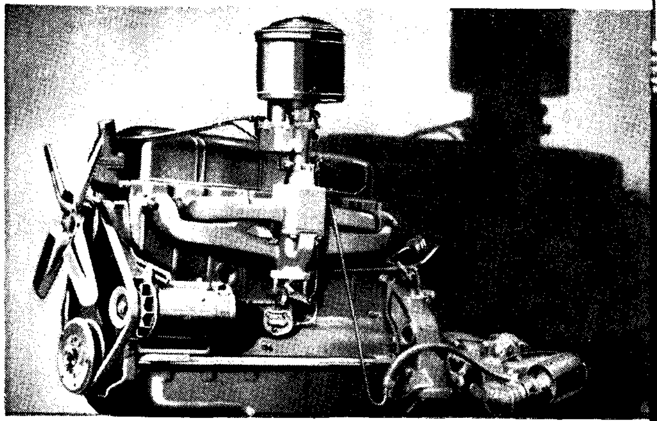
OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass



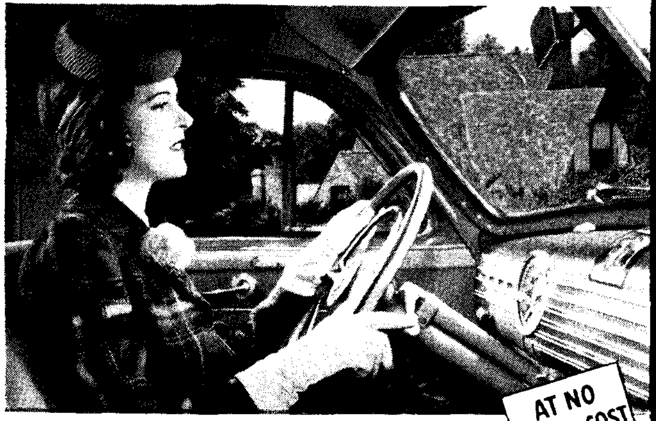
THRILLING NEW BIGNESS

IN ALL MAJOR DIMENSIONS—It is SIZED UP beyond all expectations, both inside and out—made so impressively BIG and beautiful in all ways that it *marks a two-year advance in one.*



90-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD "VICTORY" ENGINE

Bringing you even more power, even more durability—*and even greater over-all economy*—than the famous Chevrolet engine which last year out-performed all others in its field.



AT NO EXTRA COST

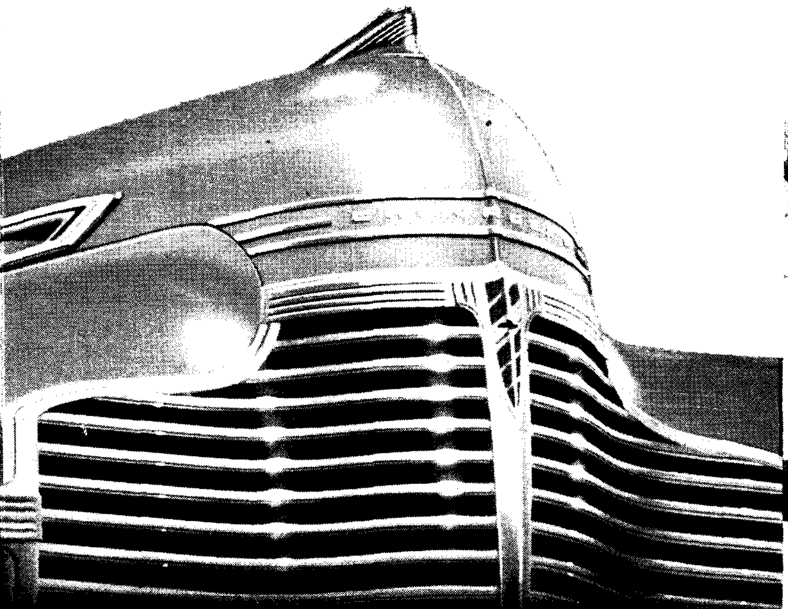
ORIGINAL VACUUM-POWER SHIFT

BUILT AS ONLY CHEVROLET BUILDS IT—80% automatic, requiring only 20% driver effort. Refined and developed to the point where it's recognized as "the world's easiest gearshift."

DASHING NEW "ARISTOSTYLE" DESIGN

WITH CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS AT EACH DOOR—*Featuring a massive new "Yankee Clipper" grille—swifter, smoother, smarter lines—two-tone colors on all Special De Luxe models*.*

*OPTIONAL AT SMALL EXTRA COST

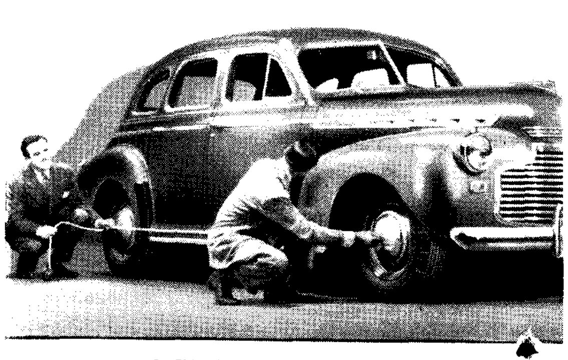


Buyers in *any income group* may well say it's "FIRST because it's FINEST!"

Because the new 1941 Chevrolet is the only car, regardless of price, that brings you "ALL THIS AND ECONOMY TOO"—all these luxury features at Chevrolet's extremely low prices!

EYE IT • • TRY IT • • BUY IT!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,*
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



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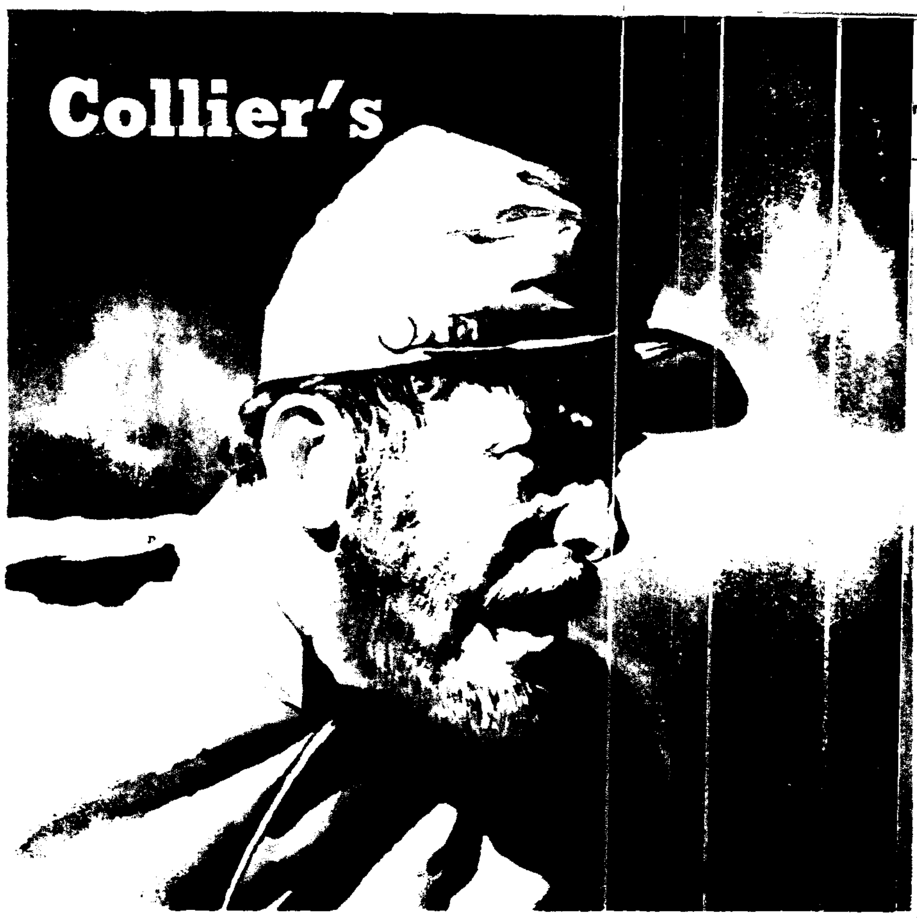

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AT FOUR o'clock under an ominous sky in May, 1864, sentry post was relieved in the barracks quadrangle of the Virginia Military Institute. The corporal of the guard's voice sounded harshly through the Arch outside the guardroom. "Guard halt," he commanded. "Port arms." There was a brief, silent space for inspection, then the order. "Fall out." Nicolas Dankard grounded his musket sharply on the bricks, the new detail moved off and, entering the guardroom, Nicolas sat down, tilting a stout hickory chair against the whitewashed stone wall.

Young Godden, he realized, was describing again his late experience at the front in General Lee's army. It had lasted, actually, for a month; parental exposure of his age, fourteen, had seen to that; but no variety or season of war was omitted from Godden's lively account. Polk Brazier, Cadet 1st sergeant of Company B, was listening with his usual condescension, and the dull wonderment of Isaac Mullet, the Mudfish, showed on his heavy features.

Private Godden, plainly aware of an unsympathetic element in his audience, fell glumly silent, but Nicolas blandly urged him on. "Keep right on," he insisted; "tell us how you drummed the 9th regiment of Virginia infantry to victory."

Polk Brazier explained cuttingly, "Dankard's afraid the war'll end before he gets out of school. It won't if he keeps on piling up demerits. You've been away," Mr. Brazier informed Godden, "and missed his heroic struggle to drop below Mudfish in the section rooms."

"He's licked there," Isaac asserted grinning, "I'm at the bottom of more classes than anyone else at the Institute."

Ignoring him, Nicolas Dankard moodily surveyed the first sergeant and then frowned at the floor beyond, knees clasped by thick, strong hands. He was at once incensed and perplexed by Polk Brazier's constant ridicule. There was no reason for it that he could see. Mr. Brazier was probably the richest and most enviable man in the Corps of Cadets. A great barony in Colonial Virginia, vast plantations of tobacco and cotton and corn, generations of aristocratic and material ease, were all visible in his appearance and manner. His own condition was so shabby, Nicolas thought, he was so muddle-headed, that Polk Brazier's mere recognition of his existence was incomprehensible.

"They were both plain wasted when the state provided horses for the Corps Artillery," Godden added. "Dankard and the Mudfish were some pumpkins when we dragged the cannon on ropes."

"Absolutely," Brazier agreed, his eyes bright and hard. "Gee and Haw."

"Ah, hell," Isaac Mullet protested, "I'm no pack horse like Nicolas. He'd pull on the guns just for pleasure. That's all the sense there is to him."

"Gee and Haw," Mr. Brazier repeated maddeningly.

"The Mudfish asked to be excused," young Godden pointed out. "Only Dankard's left in the traces, Mr. Geehaw."

Isaac Mullet found that irresistibly comic and, bent double by raucous enjoyment, he slapped his thigh. "Mr. Geehaw!" he cried; "that'll stick closer than a porous plaster. Dankard's named for life."

Nicolas Dankard rose with a dark suffused face and ugly mouth. He moved a step toward Mullet. "No more of that," he said.

"Mr. Dankard," the sergeant called hurriedly.

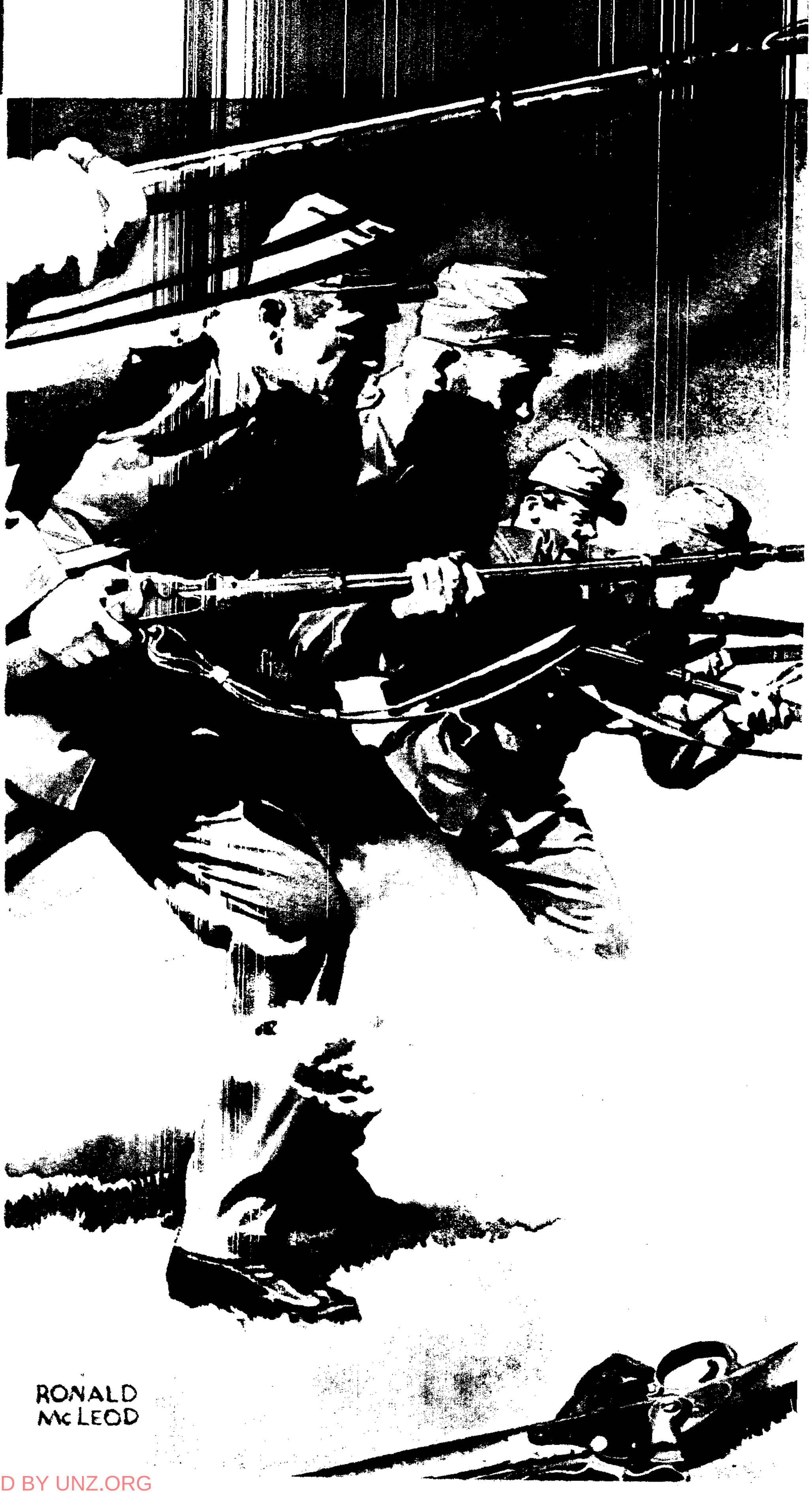
"Old Nick Geehaw himself," Isaac obstinately repeated.

With appalling velocity Dankard smashed his heavy fist into the Mudfish's jaw.

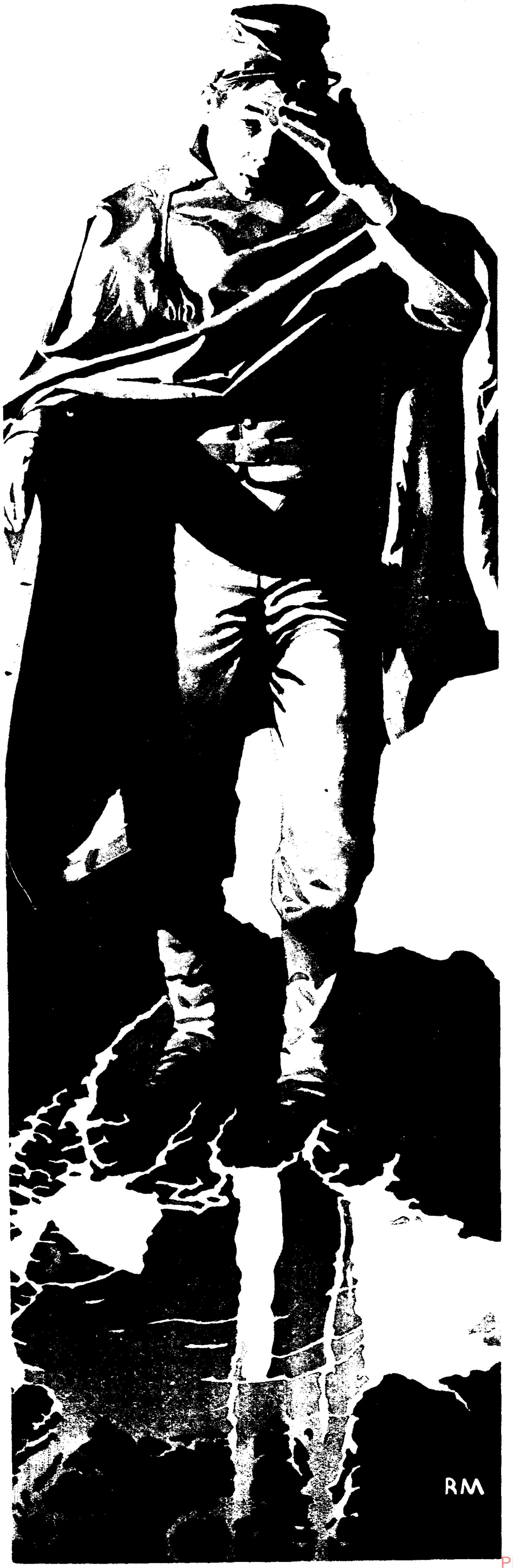
Isaac Mullet's head was rocked back cruelly and, half turning, he slid limply down on his knees. Above him Nicolas Dankard's expression was surprised and troubled. The metallic voice of Mr. Brazier's affronted rank filled him with sick apprehension.

"Report to General Smith after the quarter guard detail," Polk Brazier ordered. "Thank yourself if you're slaughtered for this. You think it's enough to be maximum on parade when you're only a 'buzzard.' No soldier. Not even a cadet!"

NICOLAS, saluting woodenly, left the guardhouse, and later crossed the deserted camping area to the superintendent's office, wholly unaware of the scented and tender May dusk. He stood, the oppression heavy within him, at General Smith's desk waiting for the general to interrupt his frowning scrutiny of the report before him.



The advance grew headlong. The ground was thronged by soldiers struggling for the privilege of capturing the guns



A sudden crushing weariness and sharp pains in his legs made a continuation of his pace harrowing, then impossible

"Already," he said finally, as though addressing himself, "ninety-two demerits this term. The affair in the guardhouse was mutiny—a first-grade offense. Ten more demerits. Do you realize, Mr. Dankard," the superintendent demanded with unnecessary vigor, "what this means?"

"I understand, sir, that a hundred demerits in one term is cause for dismissal from the Institute," Nicolas acknowledged formally.

"From the start," General Smith continued, "your record has bothered the staff—letter-perfect in the manual of arms but the rest inexcusable. Cadet Sergeant Brazier," the superintendent abruptly complained, "has seen fit to pile Pelion upon Ossa. He assumes full responsibility for this disgraceful business. What support can you give his admission?"

"None nohow!" Nicolas declared with a profound and colloquial surprise. The fact that Mr. Brazier plainly had a down on him, that he never missed an opportunity to jeer at his eternal blundering, in Nicolas Dankard's mind was no concern of the superintendent's. The strategy of excuse, a shifted blame, was unavailable to the inflexible code that governed the Institute. It obviously had General Smith's approval.

"However," he proceeded, "there is no question of who struck Mullet and you'll have to face the music. Colonel Ship must call the tune." His manner relaxed. "General Lee has changed his plan to hold the cadets in reserve," the superintendent informed Nicolas. "Sigel's baggage is up and the Yankees will occupy Woodstock tomorrow. General Breckinridge has notified me to have the Battalion ready to move down the Valley at a moment's notice. Tidings, Mr. Dankard, of solemn joy."

OUTSIDE, the light was fading behind House Mountain; the dusk had thickened as though the air were filled with the perfumed rice powder girls liked on their faces; the gas flames had begun to shine in the rows of barracks windows. The recall sounded clear and flawless on a bugle, and Nicolas Dankard stopped with a sharp contraction at his heart on the wide, dark grass of the parade. He silently repeated General Smith's reverent phrase. Tidings of solemn joy. "War," Nicolas said unexpectedly and aloud. He shivered with uncontrollable emotion.

His thoughts turned to Polk Brazier's extraordinary assertion that he had been responsible for the attack in the guardhouse. It was, however—utterly beyond his comprehension—obviously part of the sergeant's cantankerous bearing. At the sound of taps he ended a more than usually unproductive concern with a textbook of experimental philosophy and rose from an ink-stained pine table. Nicolas unstrapped his bedding roll and made his bed in its accustomed corner. Matchet, from an Amelia farm, already lay out nakedly; and Garth, who was the third occupant of a tower room, lounged at a window in the warm spring night.

Remote from sleep Nicolas Dankard was alternately possessed by hope, new apprehension and a hatefully familiar rebellion: the vision of his poverty-stricken mother and sisters laboring in Fredericksburg to keep him at the Virginia Military Institute now filled him with anger in place of remorse. The anger became inarticulate fury at the false position laid on them all by his dead father. He heard again Jacobus Dankard's failing voice exact the promise that nothing mortal would defeat his ambition to have Nicolas—in extravagant phrase—become an officer and a gentleman. It was this obligation to the departed, to girls and a spent woman, that paralyzed what small skill he had in learning, Nicolas told himself. His single and overwhelming passion for soldiering owned no connection with section rooms and rank.

A differently bright prospect was opened to him by the knowledge that Breckinridge had decided to engage the Cadet Battalion in defense of the Valley against Sigel's cavalry. At the front, Nicolas Dankard paradoxically considered, he would be secure. Hope once more gave place to dread, apprehension of the judgment Colonel Ship would impose on his mutinous conduct and demerits. Before midnight Nicolas stirred uneasily; he buried his face in the mattress; then sharply awake, he sat bolt upright. The quadrangle echoed with the loud resonance of drums. A swift exaltation possessed him, and Nicolas Dankard shouted in answer to the shouts that throughout the barracks answered the tattoo. For a moment in the darkness he instinctively stood at attention. It was the long roll! The Corps of Cadets had been summoned to the glorious defense of the South.

He belted on his gray homespun jacket before Garth and Matchet had laced up their gaiters, and, sweeping his cap from its peg, Nicolas clattered down the exterior wooden steps to the quadrangle. "Fall in," the sergeants shouted, "fall in!" Assembled on the company parade the battalion faced the dark verdure that hid the lower town and a group of staff officers beside the bronze statue of Washington. A lantern held by the adjutant illuminated the superintendent's countenance; it was grave, his attitude suggested prayer; but Colonel Ship was plainly gratified. The adjutant moved forward a pace and the shifting of feet on the gravel utterly ceased.

"Attention," he commanded, directing the lantern's rays on the paper in his hand.

"Headquarters, Virginia Military Institute, May 11, 1864," he read clearly. "First: under the general orders of Major General John C. Breckinridge, Commanding Department of West Virginia, the Corps of Cadets and a section of artillery will forthwith take up the line of march for Staunton, Virginia, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Scott Ship. The cadets will carry with them two days' rations."

There was a second and third order, concerning the quartermaster, commissary and medical list that Nicolas scarcely heard. "Fourth: Colonel Ship, on arriving at Staunton, will report in person to Major General Breckinridge and await further instructions."

The superintendent, Old Smith, advanced and hesitated; it grew evident that he was reluctant to speak. "Soldiers of Virginia," he said at last, "for you are no longer Virginia's cadets, we are, I am forced to remind you, now subject to the mature and selfless conduct of war. All service at the front or back of the line is equally honorable. Some of us must sacrifice glory for the sake of duty." His voice became official. "A detachment will be left at the Institute to maintain and possibly defend its traditions and property."

The first sergeants were ordered to detail eight artillerists from each company for immediate report, the Corps further directed to appear with canteens, haversacks and blankets at 4 A.M. The files were rigid at parade rest; the adjutant said, "Parade's dismissed" and wheeled and saluted the staff. Breaking ranks, the companies rent the silence of midnight with a torrential shout—the surging Rebel yell.

Twice Nicolas saw Captain Cutshaw, General Smith's assistant, single out cadets for a brief phrase, and it was evident from their instantly stricken demeanor what that meant. The unhappy detail to remain at the Institute was being formed. Captain Cutshaw passed nearby; a measureless relief swept through Nicolas Dankard; but it perished miserably, confronted by the officer's crisp return and voice. It was hoped, he amplified the formal expression of supreme disaster, that Mr. Dankard would becomingly submit to a tour of duty that had tempered the extreme penalty for immoderate demerits.

AT a window of the tower room Nicolas opposed a savage inattention to Garth's appearance and blundering sympathy. A hurried preparation for the front made the contrast, the shame, of leaden inaction in section rooms insupportable. Waves of rebellion swept through Nicolas Dankard; he stood with hands clenched and lips parted for storming objurgations; not a whisper was audible. The incomprehensible nature of his calamity bewildered him. He had no down against the Mudfish: looking back on the affair in the guardhouse he remembered the first sergeant's jeering tones more clearly than anything Isaac Mullet had said. It was just that too much had been loaded on him at once, Nicolas reflected. A sense of life's unfairness overcame him. How, in the Virginia Military Institute, could he explain the dead weight of his father's determination to have him become an officer and a gentleman? At best, with everything favoring him, he was dumb as hell. The extraordinary

(Continued on page 54)

EUROP

Friendly, unwarlike Field Marshal Erhard Milch (left) is the organizing genius behind Germany's air force and is second in command only to Goering

rror's His Trade

By Joseph Harsch

RADIOED FROM BERLIN

the man who muscled Germany for sky war,
ator of the aerial tactics with which his country
o conquer Britain. His craft is death, but he re-
s a burgher with a black stogie. This is what
rman censorship permits to be said about him

THE mauve interior of the old Kroll Opera House on the afternoon of July 19th witnessed a ceremony more nearly like an American university commencement than anything else—except that the rewards were marshals' batons and generals' shoulder straps instead of sheepskins.

To the outside world the event was a speech by Adolf Hitler in which he dotted the i's of the conquest of Europe and made a peace gesture toward England. But all that was for the outside world and was only incidental. Here in Berlin it was the day set apart to honor the military technicians, the men who for two decades had quietly and methodically gone about the business of forging a new military weapon.

Until that day the big names of Hitler's Reich were the party names, the Brown Shirt street fighters, the propagandists, the men of the domestic regime. They had had their "commencements" before, when brown uniforms and the peculiar hats with leather chin straps dominated the scene inside the Kroll Opera House.

But on July 19th it was different. The Brown Shirts were there, but they were the gallery, the audience.

By that day the conquest of Norway was complete. Holland and Belgium were German military districts. France was breaking. This day was the day of new men, whose names until then had been known only in military circles, of men who sought public anonymity in the long years of preparation.

To the Victor, Reward

Now their moment of public recognition had arrived. The brown files which won Germany for Hitler stepped aside, momentarily at least, for the greens, grays and blues of the men who won a continent. One side of the main balcony was a solid mass of generals and admirals. Even down in the audience of Reichstag members, field gray outnumbered brown. Dominating the whole scene on the dais above the speaker's stand sat the gray-uniformed figure of Hermann Wilhelm Goering, solid personification of ornamented, triumphant military power.

As Hitler read—the names and announced the new ranks, Goering smiled the smile of a team coach watching his star halfbacks receive their letters, waved an appreciative hand toward each, sometimes jumped to his feet clapping vehemently.

And none did Marshal Goering cheer more enthusiastically than Erhard Milch, the man he had summoned and entrusted with the actual creation of a German air force the moment the Nazis took power in 1933.

Most of these new names in the German hierarchy announced that day are still only names in the outside world. They have not yet been clothed with personality like those of Goebbels, Rosenberg, Ley, Streicher, Ribbentrop, Hess and Himmler. It's hard to find out much about them. The book stores and libraries have nothing. The only official information you can get here about them even now is brief lists of dates—born, entered the army, promotions, command and finally July 19, 1940, and the new rank which means that some day, perhaps, those names will be as well known as those of Hindenburg or Ludendorff or Mackensen.

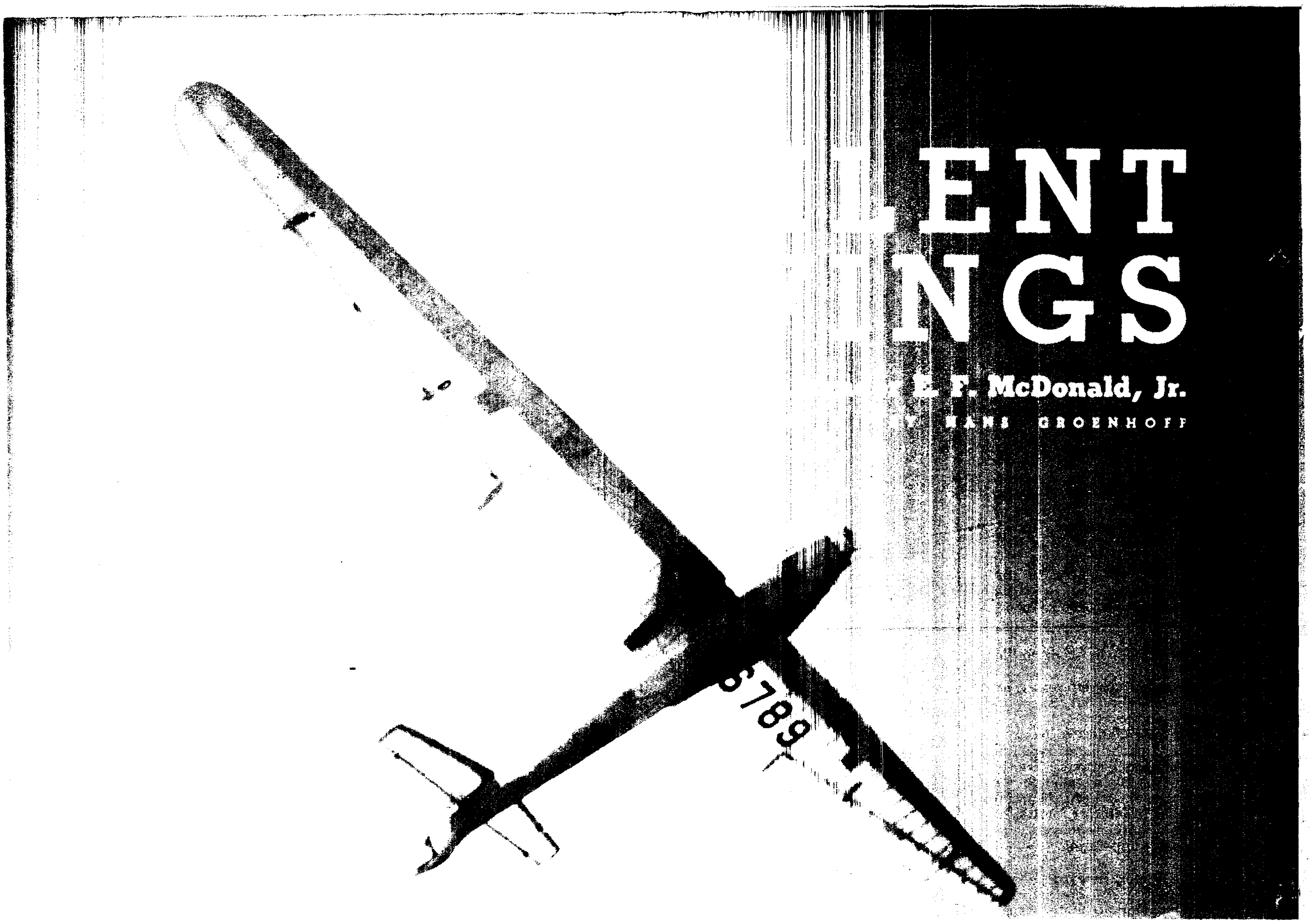
Milch is the first of these new names to emerge from the mist of anonymity, because this is a new kind of war, dominated by power in the air, and, because he, more than anyone under Goering, has created the German air force, which drove Polish airplanes from the sky in three days, blasted a pathway through Flanders for German tanks and infantry and now carries war to England.

He does not look like a warlord. Soon after the Kroll Opera festivities, I went to the air ministry to see what this new field marshal was like. There was less protocol about seeing him than about getting into the presence of a third vice-president of an American jam company. He has a suite of three rooms, the first a waiting room about one fifth the size of that of an assistant postmaster general in Washington. Next a small room for his stenographer occupied by a single clerk in air-force uniform, the third his office, about 12 by 25 feet in size.

Except for life-sized portraits of Hitler and Goering at either end, the room might have been in the Empire State Building. At the far end of it, behind a desk, was a friendly, round face which, except for the gray German air-force uniform under it, might also be found in an American office. The figure that stood up to greet me was small, but on the athletic side, with ease of manner and approach. He spoke halting but adequate English dating from trips to America in 1923 and 1924, when he led German aviators to observe the experiences of other nations in the air, and from acquaintance with many American fliers since.

Conversation might have been difficult had he been less friendly. It had been understood before I arrived that politics was a banned subject and, of course, there were very few military questions which could be asked. This left very little to talk about. I found myself inevitably slipping into political questions. When I got too far he merely smiled with appreciation of the difficulty for a newspaperman of keeping

(Continued on page 62)



LENT INGS

E. F. McDonald, Jr.

Y HANS GROENHOFF

A high-performance glider owned by an Elmira, N. Y., club. Patterned after a German model, it has a 50-foot wingspread and can make sustained flights

A boy with glider training makes a better pilot than a boy without it. He knows more about air currents and how to use them. We need gliders and glider clubs in this country as much as we need planes. Our pilots simply can't be too good

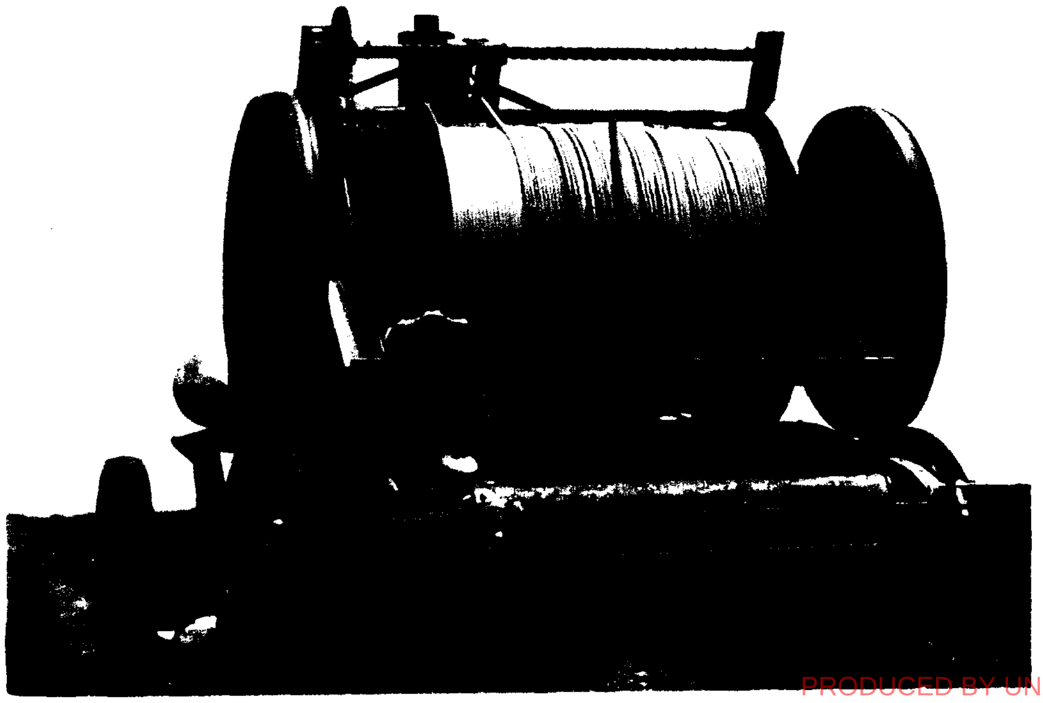
THERE is more to building air power than the production of planes. We can build the planes, all right. As far as planes are concerned we can darken the skies from Maine to Florida with their wings.

But there is at least one thing you can't stamp out of sheet metal or pour into a mold. This is a man and, more specifically, a pilot. Planes without pilots are inanimate, ineffectual toys. Pilots are neither born nor conjured with mirrors and magic. They are made.

Germany made thousands of them, an almost inexhaustible supply of them, in the years she prepared for war. She started making pilots while the ink was still sticky on the Treaty of Versailles and she had an ample number, certainly many more than the French and British together, by the time she began the bloodless war that swallowed Austria and Czechoslovakia.

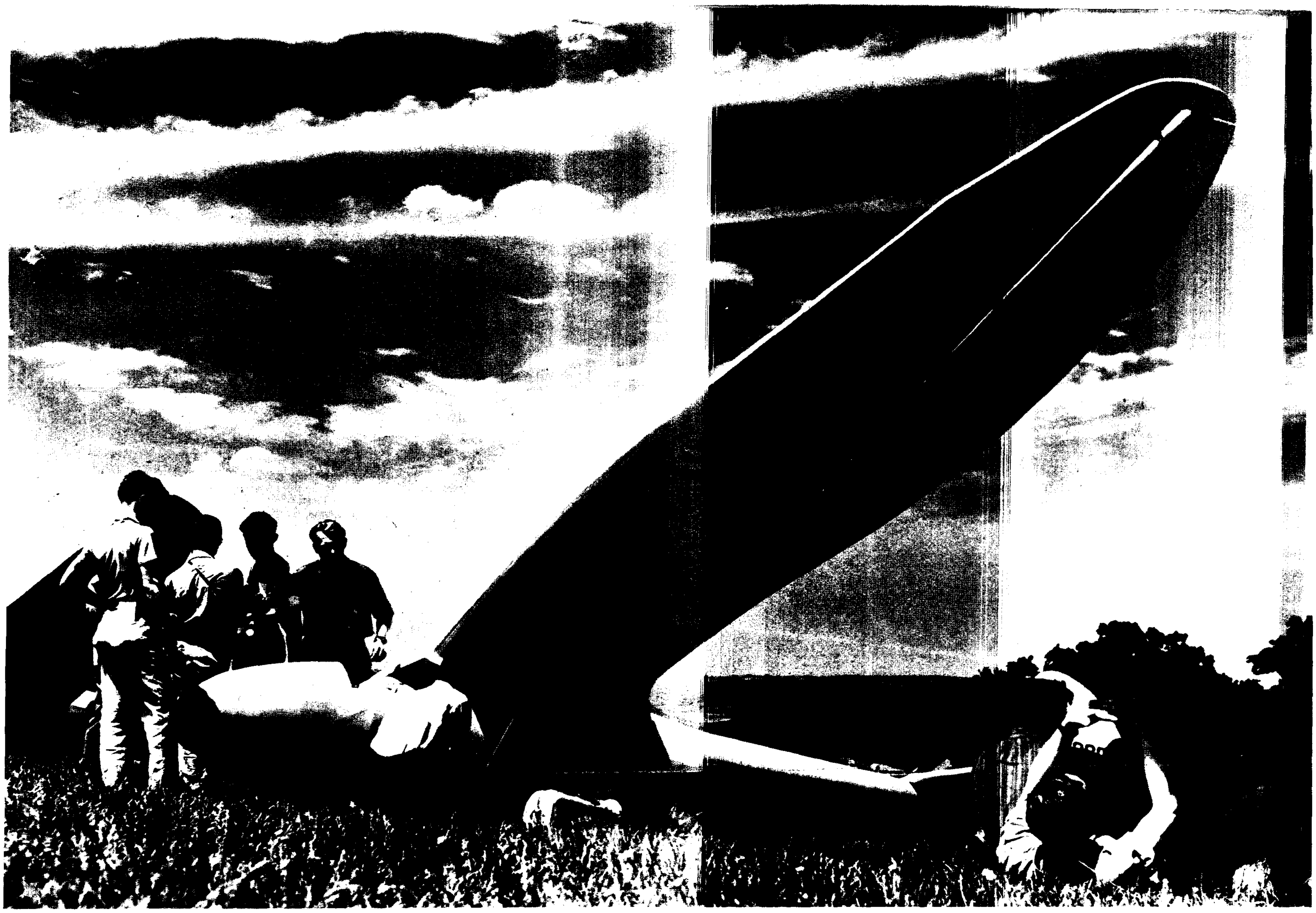
They say British soldiers are molded on the playing fields of Eton. Well, German pilots were made in the thermals, the updrafts and down-currents of the Sudeten mountains. While the voice of Adolf Hitler was that of a beer-hall oratorical bully, Nazi youths were learning to fly. Ernst Udet, the great German ace, said that his greatest fliers came from the 250,000 to 300,000 young Germans who learned to fly in those air currents and they learned not in powered planes, but in silent, motorless, simple and inexpensive gliders.

We have vast man power in America, healthy, sturdy manhood. The Army need not worry for troops, nor the Navy concern itself about men to man the warships. Our man power is comparable



The winch, operated by the motor of the car on which it is mounted, can tow the sailplane at 50 m.p.h., and launch it 2,000 feet up

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
HAROLD W. KULICK



These boys learn, by gliding, fundamental flight principles that can be mastered in no other way. They are members of a New York flying club and the homemade sailplane is a one-place model built along British lines and especially suitable for instruction

to and proportionate with our industrial potentialities. We are almost profligately rich in both.

We are fabulously rich in other less tangible respects. Our boys and men, through long acquaintance with machinery, have an intimate knowledge of a motor's innards. They are natural mechanics. They will be a cinch to train to drive tanks and other motorized war machinery.

There are 54,000 radio "hams" in the country, an abundance of born radio operators for our signal corps. They can service and operate radio transmitters and receivers without any training except in the technique of war communications and they will learn easily to manipulate direction finders and the other more delicate paraphernalia of combat. All this, thanks to our letting these boys tinker with coils of wire, tubes and condensers at will.

We are still a nation of riflemen and wing shots. The Finnish army demonstrated the value of good shooting. Our thousands of boys who play with dinghies and sloops in our bays and inlets on both coasts know the rudiments of navigation and we have hundreds of thousands of engineers to draw upon for our sappers.

But with the factories turning out thousands of bombers, pursuit ships and reconnaissance planes, we will be confronted with a shortage of men to fly them. Britain, as recently as July 15th, after eleven months of war, admitted that she faced a pilot deficit. For whatever reasons Germany may be eventually defeated, however, she can never claim a shortage of that one most important of all raw materials, pilots.

"Oh," you may say, "what about the 2,000,000 American boys, most of them of 'teen age, who have been building model airplanes since they were able to use their hands, and fly them for periods longer than the Wright brothers' first plane stayed in the air at Kitty Hawk that December day in 1903?"

True, but these boys, because of our lack of foresight in giving them an opportunity to fly as the Germans did their youth, can't go beyond rubber-band-powered and motor-powered models. Lack of funds to take flying lessons, apathy or lack of interest caused by the knowledge they have progressed as far as they can with flying and their parents' concern that instruction in power flying might possibly mean injury, yearly loses thousands of potential pilots to American civil and military aviation.

Germany Holds the Records

There is a way, in which the Germans pioneered—and I can see no reason why we cannot learn a lesson from what they accomplished—whereby we can keep our youth in aviation. It is by the formation and sponsoring of glider clubs throughout the country. There are about 200 such organizations listed already, but most of them languish for lack of funds.

More than a year before the Wright brothers launched their motor-powered airplane, they made a successful flight without a motor. This was in August, 1902. Their airplane, or glider, flew a distance of 2,021 feet. It was in this flappy, inadequate, fragile wooden skeleton covered with fabric and roughly resembling a blunt-winged hawk with a long tail, that the Wright brothers learned the rudiments of air navigation.

In 1891 a German named Lilienthal sailed a glider 1,300 feet. Except for the American air pioneers, the Germans led in the art of gliding, which is to aviation what sailing is to sea navigation, to this day. They hold all the long-distance and endurance records. One German kept his glider in the air sixty hours and he flew four hundred miles.

Gliding and its associated art, soaring, teaches a pilot how to take advantage of natural air phenomena to assist him in flight. He learns how, with a dead engine, to utilize an updraft or a thermal to carry him over a patch of woods or a hill or a body of water, to make a safe landing. A thermal is a warm, buoyant current reflected from ground areas such as patches of desert or from bodies of water. An updraft is an upward current of air which may be found parallel to the slope of a hill or other projection which deviates or folds a wind current upward.

A glider pilot learns to read the air and its currents and clouds and strata of winds as a seaman learns to know water currents, temperatures and wind directions. A glider pilot is an "old salt" of the skies. He is, after a while, an instinctive air sailor.

Gliding develops "bird brains." You've watched a gull glide with outspread wings along the shore line of a bluff at the seashore. The wind strikes the ridge and is curved upward. The bird is slicing across an updraft. A hawk hovers over a hot, sun-baked field. Around and around the hawk sails. The bird is being carried upward and held aloft by a thermal.

American Aviation's Stepchild

Men and boys in gliders do the same. Peter Riedel, a glider-trained pilot and one of the world's greatest, was flying transport planes over the Andes. He made his trips an hour faster than regular pilots with the same air load and flying conditions. The secret of Riedel's speed lay in the fact that he knew how to take advantage of air currents and he had learned the trick by gliding.

A famous instructor in aviation once told Stan Corcoran, a young flier friend of mine, that 200 hours of glider sailing had made Stan a better pilot than 2,000 hours of motor-plane flying had made out of the instructor. Stan now manufactures sailplanes at Joliet, Illinois.

Gliding would fill the gap between the time boys stop playing with airplane models and their enrollment in commercial or Army aviation schools. Because it is a team sport, it is best done in a club. Properly organized and led, gliding is within the financial limits of most boys, and when finances become a problem I believe the government, which is spending millions on air power,

(Continued on page 64)

IFOR THOMAS

Campus Capers

By C. M. Black

Here is a college girl who has already made a pretty good mark in her life's work. Wait till she's finished with school

WHAT did Buddy De Sylva ever do for me? Nothing except give me a tip on a horse at Santa Anita one day. They still have groups of boy scouts beating the wide expanses of the Sierra Madre Mountains in back of the track looking for that goat. George White? He never even gave me the right time. They're all the same—those musical-comedy producers. And here I am trying to do them a favor.

Buddy and George and Dwight Wiman and George Abbott and the others are always moaning about the lack of new talent. They spend many a dollar chasing the elusive quality called talent all over the country, and if they are lucky they might bob up with a trained seal as Wiman did some months back for his Higher and Higher. It is much more difficult to find human talent.

But not for this old talent chaser. Up in Providence, Rhode Island, amid the ancient ivy (real) covered walls (red brick) of Brown University I found a little number named Barbara Ham by looking for a Phi Beta Kappa key. Behind the key you will find a slim, medium-built lassie of twenty who will probably be painting scenery, diagraming a new dance on a blackboard, or standing in front of sixteen assorted guys and gals calling "One, two THREE . . . one, two THREE." Miss Ham will be open to commercial offers any time after June, 1941, when she graduates from Pembroke College, which is the women's part of Brown University.

Musical comedies produced by college students are usually as bright and funny as a letter from the Bureau of Internal Revenue saying that your exemption was not allowed. Usually, college shows feature a chorus of heavy-limbed football players whose mirth-provoking antics stem from native clumsiness and studied awkwardness. The sight of unclad male legs is one hardly calculated to raise the laugh register in any audience except one composed of fond relatives. The songs and sketches are usually full of collegiate colloquialisms intelligible only to students and faculty.

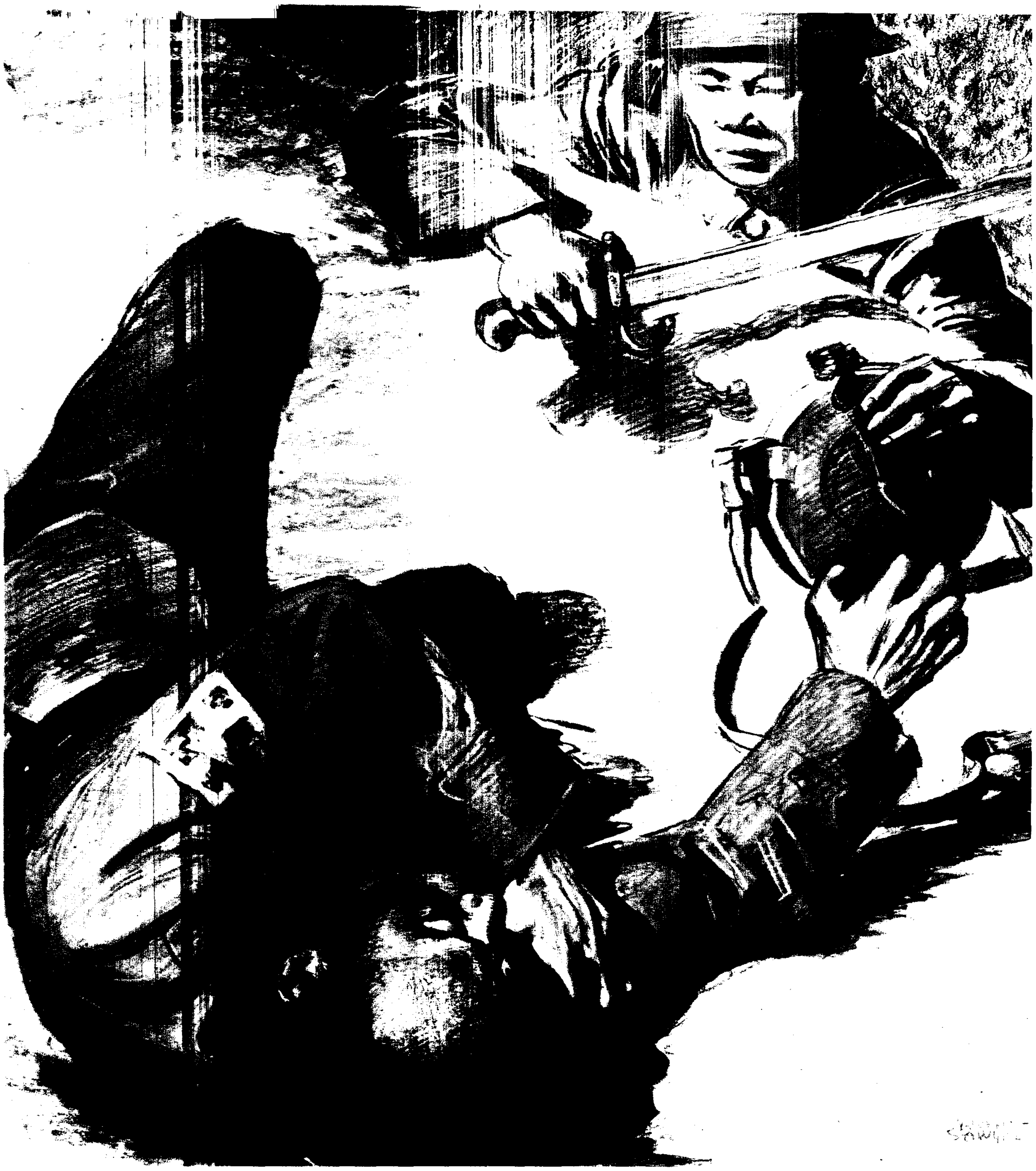
At Brown a few years back the students bobbed up with the bright idea of writing, producing and staging an annual musical show that would be patterned after the best tradition of the Broadway theater. They invited their hitherto scorned sisters from the women's college to participate. They took the most comely and graceful. They picked girls who could sing and who could dance; instead of football players and weight throwers they picked out boys who looked as much like Bob Taylor as possible and whose dancing at least

(Continued on page 57)

Barbara Ham (center) with some of her Pembroke College mates. Barbara is only twenty, but the college musicals she writes and produces have Broadway waiting for her graduation

Honorable Departure

By Mona Gardner



There was my bayonet and the thing I must do with it. Only this man did not look at me with hate

THE water carrier took a couple of fumbling steps across the veranda, a little uncertain of himself without the weight of heavy water buckets over his shoulders.

"Please excuse me for breaking the serenity," he murmured after he had saluted self-consciously. "I wanted to thank you again before I go to China for your favor this summer in letting me bring water to your house."

He was thanking me for letting him draw water from a well at the bottom of the hill and carry it up the long, winding path to our kitchen door on breathless August days so he could earn nine sen.

I praised his diligence, and he denied it politely. Then—

"Mistress," he began haltingly, "China is very far away, is it not? Three days on a train and after that on a boat? It is difficult for me to imagine it. Some people say it is a strange country—in such a place, how will I know what to do? I am only a countryman. I may bring disgrace upon my ancestors."

"But your officer will lead you."

He shook his head dazedly and looked out over the sea.

"Your wife will work the paddy while you are gone?"

"Yes, the rice is almost in. The sun has been lenient this summer and we can cut early. Perhaps she will not be alone. A cousin, maybe, will help her until our next child is born. By then the fighting will be over, won't it?"

I said I hoped so.

He stepped nearer. "Mistress, tell me what it is that we must punish the Chinese for? No one has told me yet."

I said only the Japanese army officers knew and they had not made anyone, anywhere, understand it yet.

"Well, perhaps I shall learn when I get to China," he said with a sigh. "I have only seen one Chinese in my life. He was a peddler—and he was kind. I remember he always gave us children the sweet *lichee* nuts. So sweet they were, like candy!"

TWO months later the *amah* told me the water carrier was in a hospital in Tokyo. He had been wounded in the fighting in Nantao Pass, she said. He had only one leg now. Several days later we took him some cigarettes and rice cakes. The matron at the desk told us he was a difficult case.

"He broods," she said. "But not because he lost his leg. It is not that. Something else."

We saw his red-brown face smiling at us from a cot far down in the long ward. A wire bridge across the bed kept the sheet and blanket away from his leg.

His questions came tumbling out, and the *amah* talked to him for a while, telling him news of his village.

He lay looking up at the ceiling with the queer, dazed look that was habitual now. Then he spoke in a low whisper.

"Mistress!" I had to lean close to catch the words. "I saw one Chinese. It was very difficult. I do not think I did right. He was just a man . . . like me, you understand? I was surprised. I had not thought to see such a Chinese. 'The faces of devils,' the officers always said, and so I thought to see a red and wicked face. It was very confusing. I think I made a mistake."

He looked about cautiously. The *amah* was chatting with the nurse several paces away, and the man in the next bed was snoring loudly. He went on:

"We had been fighting all morning. But never did I see the men we fired at. Midday the order came to charge the Chinese battery on the left cliff.

"On our hands and knees we crept up. It took us an hour, for the sun was like a stove. I was the last over the ledge. Just then the dead Chinese battery on the opposite cliff came alive and opened up on us. The shells hit the earth below us, and the ground fell. I jumped to save myself. I reached a ditch and on its edge I came upon a wounded Chinese man. I was too surprised to think. But he only looked at me.

"His wound was bad. One shoulder blown away. Me, I could not at first get up, for in the jumping I had broken both ankles. What must I do? I could not think. He lay there and looked at me. I saw his hands were like mine: rough. A workingman's hands. . . .

"He began to talk his queer jargon. 'Jumble, jumble,' he said in an asking way. But I could understand nothing. I could understand nothing until I saw his eyes on my water bottle. And then I knew he wanted water, for water is a good thing.

"Yet there was my bayonet and the thing I must do with it. Many times the officers told us, and I had not forgotten. Only this man did not look at me with hate. It was very confusing.

"I crawled to him . . . bayonet in one hand, water bottle in the other. I am ashamed, Mistress, that once I fainted. But finally I got beside him." The water carrier's voice thinned to exhaustion from the memory of this effort. I waited for him to rest and go on.

He stirred fretfully. "But with his eyes he smiled at me, that Chinese man who was like me. He smiled and nodded his head in a thank-you nod. It was too difficult. I—I could only give him the water, for water is a thing I understand."

The water carrier lay and stared at me as though expecting words of disapproval.

"You were very generous . . ." I began.

He was surprised: "But why didn't I hate him?"

"Tell me the rest."

"We lay there alone, side by side, until the night came down. The stretcher bearers did not come. I gave him half of the water, and, after a while, he crept away. I don't know where. Maybe to his home. Maybe to carry water on his shoulder that is left. I don't know.

"It only matters that I didn't hate him! Why? Why didn't I hate him as the officers told me to hate?" His voice rose to a shrill scream. The nurse turned sharply to a near-by table. A moment later she was giving him a hypodermic.

NEXT day the *amah* came to tell me the water carrier had killed himself during the night.

"He made the Honorable Departure," she said in an approving voice. "Because his hate was weak. How else could he apologize to the Ancestors and clear them of blame?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

RACE AGAINST TIME

By Kyle Crichton

Gene Venzke, a patriarch of thirty-one years, is still loping around assorted tracks in competition with the cream of the milers. He seldom wins, but that doesn't matter. He runs to keep young

Gene Venzke, whose 11 years of furious competition have left him young and eager for more

HANS GROENHOFF

SOMETIMES a man gets to wondering about these track athletes. They run, they jump, they hurl things. They throw themselves across the finish line with their faces screwed up in such torture that one can only surmise they have been whacked amidships with a meat cleaver. It hardly seems possible that anybody has ever had any fun being a track athlete and yet there are thousands of strange folk engaged in this extreme form of self-punishment.

The first question, naturally, is why they do it and the second is why they keep on doing it. After lengthy research into the matter it became plainly evident that the man to see in this connection was Gene Venzke, the quondam Boyertown agrarian. There was no point in bothering Chuck Fenske because Mr. Fenske spent all last winter in making suckers out of his competition on Eastern tracks, and a man in that mood is extremely pleased with himself and not properly contemplative. The same thing applies to Glenn Cunningham, who had a bad season and announced his retirement, thus showing that sense comes to these worthies eventually.

But for eighteen years Mr. Venzke has been coming out in his little white panties and shirt and running around in a circle like a bird dog chasing a chipmunk. By all the laws of the Medes and Persians, he should be a punch-drunk old mess. The mile run, in which he specializes, has become not only the most popular track event but the most strenuous. Instead of looking like a careworn weasel after his years of shame, Venzke is a dapper young man of thirty-one with the air of a competent insurance man, which he is nothing else but. If you come right out and ask him why he persists in this nonsense, he answers very logically:

"It keeps my wife from thinking I'm an old man."

This sounds like a wisecrack and men have been brained for less, but Venzke is an intelligent man and has figured the thing out. The matter is all the more complicated in his case because for years he has been bravely breathing on the necks of his competitors and only rarely winning a race. Occasionally he has skidded through with a victory but usually he has run himself blue and got nothing for his pains but a good look at the seat of Glenn Cunningham's pants.

Coming right down to it, the young man has not been fortunate. When he broke the indoor record for the mile, doing 4:10 in 1932 in Madison Square Garden in the New York A.C. meet, he was a student at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, High School, and consequently the object of extreme attention by the populace. He licked the old champion, Leo Lormond, that night, and seemed to have the world slightly tilted off balance. Just when he was getting ready to cash in on that fame, Cunningham came along and started his climb to success. For upward of six sad years Venzke did nothing but keep up a desperate and generally hopeless pursuit of this Kansas worthy. Last season when Cunningham began to crack and it seemed that Venzke would surely have his chance, Fenske started beating them both out.

The Record Tells the Story

"The crowning insult of all," muses Venzke. "Not only does he beat me but he *practically steals my name*. My friends down Reading way listen to the radio and think I'm winning and then they find out it's somebody else. When I go back home after a race they look at me suspiciously as if it's a hoax and maybe I have invented this fellow just to make them mad."

But no matter how the faces in the races change or how tough the pace happens to be, Venzke is right up there. Not only is he still running but he is better than ever. This proves either that he is an automaton or an all-time freak or that the insurance business has weakened his intellect.

"For years I kept thinking that I'd stick around until I broke my own best mark of 4:10," says Venzke, "and then last year I did 4:08.2 in the Millrose meet and 4:08.8 in the New York A.C. meet—and finished third both times. I suppose if I did 4:03 somebody would do 4:02."

But he still goes on for the very simple reason that after eighteen years of strenuous competition he continues to rank among the half-dozen best milers in the world. Year before last—the indoor season of '38-'39—he gave signs of being washed up, but that was because he pulled a tendon shortly before the first race. His work was bad and the meet directors, those very practical gentlemen, showed their appreciation for his past services by refusing his entry. He was particularly hurt when the Boston A.A. turned him down.

"For eight years I had either won that race or run in the first three, and now they couldn't see me because I had done two bad races," says Venzke. "It would have cost them $35 for expenses but they didn't even want me around. As a matter of fact, my leg was almost well at that time, as was proved the next week when I did a 4:12.4 mile at the New York A.C. meet."

Who's Washed Up?

The suspicion that he had shot his bolt still lingered over into last season and his cause was not helped when he fell and failed to finish in his first race in Brooklyn. Next week when he went up to enter the Veterans of Foreign Wars meet in Boston, they told him he had to run in the half mile. That brought about a showdown and a bit of lofty yelling, and he was finally allowed to compete in his specialty. He won that race against Cunningham in 4:13.2, and then followed it with the aforementioned 4:09 efforts, which got him nowhere against Fenske but quieted the bleats of the hard-boiled gentry who were prepared to run him off the track if he dared show his head.

As a matter of record, he is one of the greatest runners the world has ever known. For eleven straight years he has either won or finished one-two-three in the famous Baxter mile at the New York A.C. meet; for eight straight years he has either won or finished one-two-three in the Columbia mile at the Knights of Columbus meet in New

(Continued on page 43)

Something to Remember

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

When two people sign confessions that they've committed the same murder, a really smart detective starts looking for a third suspect

TWO *years made a lot of difference.* "Like old times," Van Wert said ironically.

Remnants of sleep clung persistently to Malcolm Grove and he said, "Oh, sure—oh, sure," in a derisive voice. Two years ago he had been a bright young special prosecutor, investigating charges of corruption in the district attorney's office, and with a great future before him. Now he was a run-of-the-mine attorney struggling to make a living.

"Well, maybe not exactly like old times," Van Wert said. "This time I'm asking the questions. Is it all right if we come in?"

Grove looked past the district attorney at the two detectives standing in the corridor. One of them he recognized as Lieutenant Adler. "Hello, Lieutenant," he said and turned away from the door.

"Hate to wake you up like this," Van Wert said dryly.

Grove sat down and made no reply. He watched the two detectives wander into the bedroom, look in the bathroom, in the closet, under the bed. They returned to the living room, looked in the closet there, in the pantry, and behind a sofa. Adler, a blocky man with a swart, glum face, seemed embarrassed.

"All right, boys," Van Wert said. "You can wait downstairs."

Adler stood in the center of the floor and rubbed his thumb slowly up and down the side of his jaw.

"Downstairs," Van Wert said.

Adler gave him a blank stare, irritat*ing in its length, then said,* "Sorry to bother you, Mr. Grove," and took his time about joining his companion in the corridor.

Van Wert's eyes had been scouring the dark green carpet and now he bent down, picked up a piece of lint and deposited it in an ash tray. He was a tall man, thin and straight, with a stiff neck and sharp, satiric eyes. He was far different from the drawn, desperate district attorney whom Malcolm Grove had known two years before.

"I suppose you're wondering," Van Wert said, "what I'm looking for." He sat down and opened a fresh pack of cigarettes.

"Naturally," Grove said.

Van Wert held up the pack. "Smoke?"

Grove shook his head.

Van Wert lit a cigarette. "I'm looking for Julia Gifford," he said.

For the first time Grove gave him a direct look.

"Seen her recently?" Van Wert asked.

"No."

"When last?"

"Probably a month ago."

Van Wert considered for a moment. "Seen her ex-husband recently?"

"No."

"Did you know he was back in town?"

"No."

"Well, he is," Van Wert said, and drew *on his cigarette. He let the smoke drift* languidly from his thin nostrils. "In fact," he said, "he's dead."

Grove looked at him directly for the second time, and Van Wert was smiling coolly, the smoke drifting up past his bright, watchful eyes. Once, two years ago, Wesley Gifford had been dismissed from Grove's staff for drunkenness.

"Always the little run-around first," Grove said.

"A man likes to break bad news gently."

"It's not bad news to me, Mr. District Attorney."

"Isn't it?" Van Wert asked in his bloodless, patient way. "I think it is. It ought to be. He was found dead in Julia Gifford's apartment."

Grove sat back, taking a deep, slow breath, holding it. He was, all at once, quite awake.

"What made you think she was here?" he said.

"She ran to you a couple of years ago one night, didn't she?"

Grove looked straight at him, unpleasantly. "Try keeping it clean, sweetheart," he said.

Van Wert chuckled. "All right, counselor. Anyhow"—he reached over and ground out his cigarette in the ash tray—"Wes Gifford was found dead in her apartment about two hours ago—about eleven-thirty. An ice pick was sticking in his heart. People in the apartment upstairs heard a crash—it turned out to be dishes—at eleven, but it took them twenty minutes to make up their minds that something might be wrong. They woke up the janitor and he found Gifford in the kitchenette. Adler and Petregalla went over and Adler phoned me at my place. One of the tenants on his way in around eleven bumped into Julia Gifford as she was going out. Everything clear now?"

Grove looked at him, then looked out the window, scowling. He could feel his heart thumping in his breast.

"Downstairs at the desk," Van Wert was saying, "they told me you came in *at a quarter to eleven; so that lets you* out. Do you know where Julia Gifford might be?"

Grove shook his head but did not turn his face from the window.

"Well, we'll pick her up in time," Van Wert said, and rose, buttoning his coat. He moved slowly, thoughtfully, to the door and opened it. "Better keep out of this," he said. "That little lady caused you one big headache. Better keep out of this." He went out, slamming the door.

HALF an hour later Grove walked into a lunch wagon, saw that it was ten past two by the clock above the counter, and ordered a cup of coffee. He drank it black, without sugar, his head lowered, his eyes fixed blankly on the white counter. Then he entered a telephone booth in the rear of the wagon, closed the door, and tried to phone Julia's brother Eddie. When he could get no answer, he dialed Outerpark 1892.

His voice was laconic: "Grace, is Julia there?"

"Julia? Why, no. Who is this?"

"Mal."

"Why, no, Mal. How are you?"

"Look, Grace. Again—is Julia there?"

"Of course not. I said—"

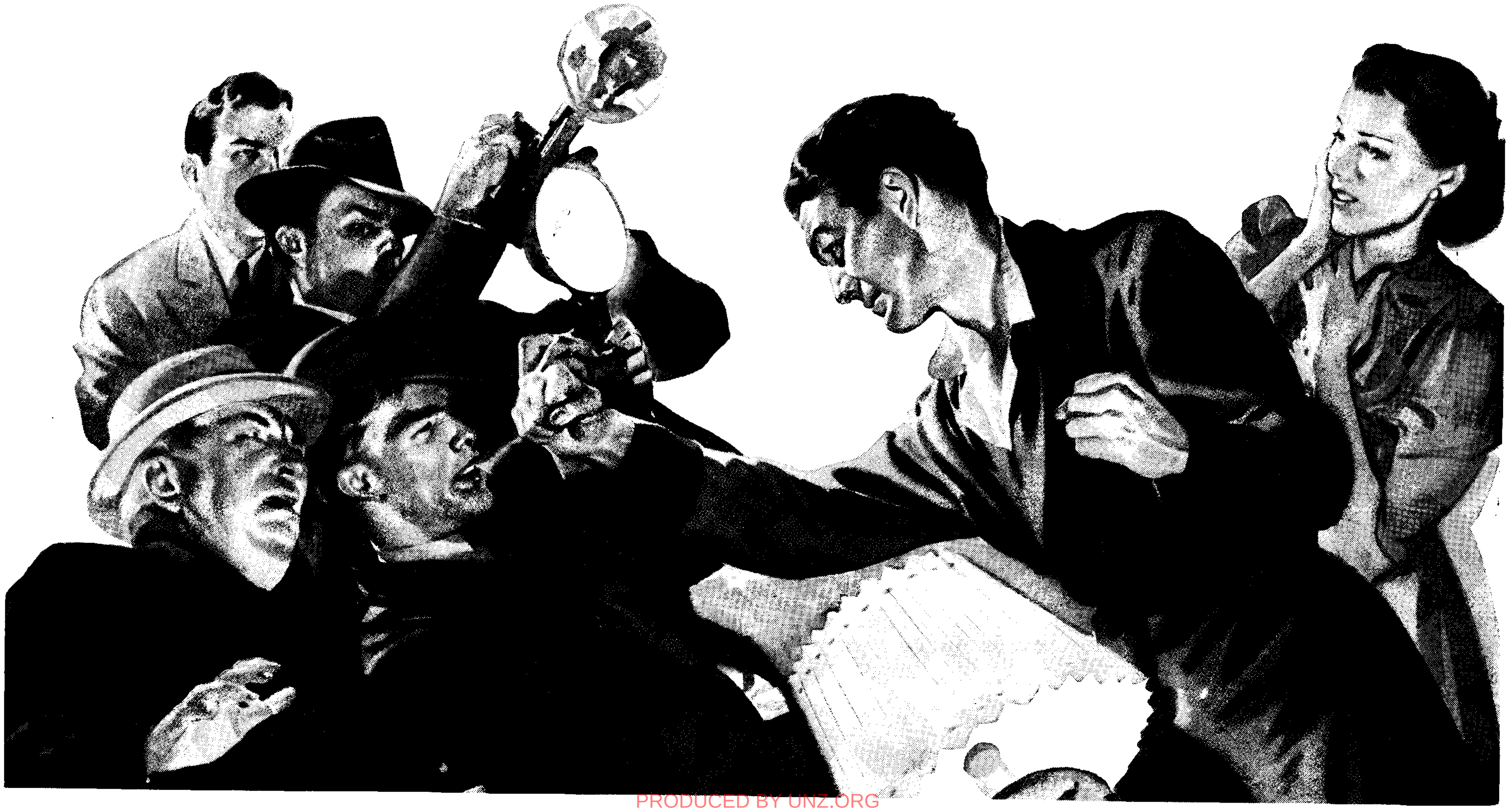
"I know what you said. It's all right to speak. This is from a booth."

"Mal, I told you—I just said—"

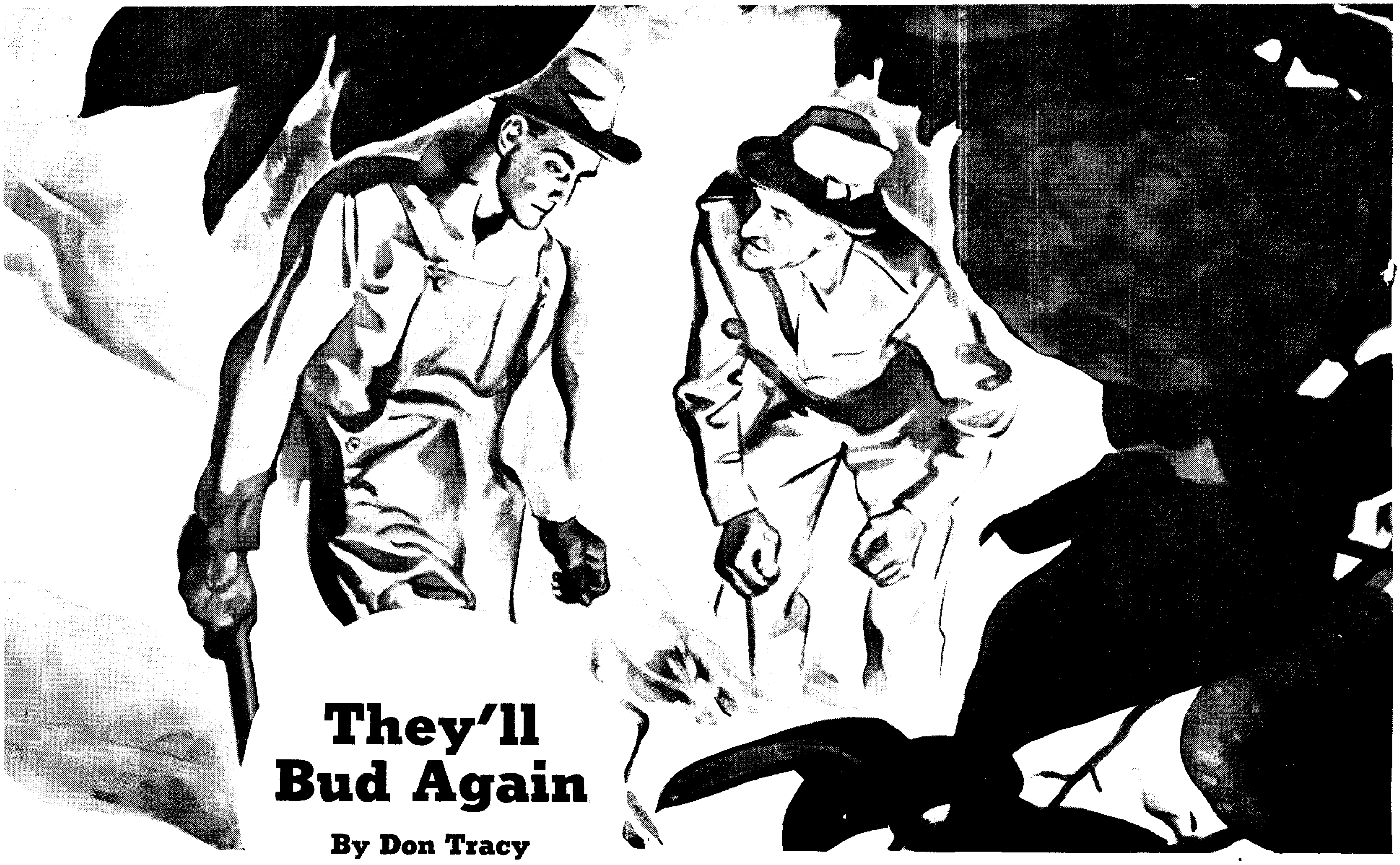
"I'm coming out," he said and hung up.

The ride in a taxicab, which carried

(Continued on page 38)



Just then they got the door open. Julia Gifford was beside me, in a dressing gown



"We're goin' to be all right. This cold will be over before mornin'"

They'll Bud Again

By Don Tracy

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

It is the way a man takes a licking today that makes or breaks him tomorrow

THE fruit was ready. Dale walked through the grove examining the laden branches and telling himself that this was going to be the season. This year's crop was his and Millie's and Pap's. After all the bills were paid off there was going to be enough left over to get Millie some clothes, fix up the house, put in a tanked gas system that would let him junk the old wood stove with the two bricks under its broken leg.

And Pap—Pap would get the store teeth he had wanted for so long. Pap never did want anything much, but he had set his heart on those store teeth and Dale meant to see that he got them, once the fruit was picked and the packers had paid him.

It was going to be the biggest crop Dale had ever had, or Pap, before him. All the hours of backbreaking labor the two men had put into the grove was being given back to them in prime fruit. Nobody in Florida had better Temples or tangerines or grapefruit. Not even the big groves, like Saunders' across the road, could show anything like Dale.

Manley, the packers' man, had visited the grove the day before and he had said as much.

"You sure hit it this year," Manley had said. "You certainly didn't make any mistakes this season, Dale."

The man's enthusiasm had been almost embarrassing to Dale. Big Dale with his wide shoulders and his thick, black hair, his heavy brows over the gray eyes and the long arms that ended in the hamlike fists.

"Pretty good," he had admitted to the packers' man. "I got me a little luck this year, for a change."

Luck? Well, it was hardly that. It was work—grueling work under a hot sun and without anyone to help. Just Dale and Pap, and Pap was seventy-two years old. He couldn't do an awful lot—not that he didn't think he could but a man who looks like a dried-up limabean pod and who bites back arthritis pains with a grunt every now and then can't do what he thinks he can.

But the two of them had brought the grove through the season and it was one of those years that Florida citrus men always hear about as having happened in their father's time, with perfect growing weather all fall and the market right because of something that had happened to the crop in California.

"We'll pick next week," Manley had told Dale. "We'll send our men in and clean out this grove in three days, maybe two. And you'll have a nice fat check in your pants when we're through."

DALE reached up and touched a cluster of gleaming, yellow grapefruit that hung near him on a sag-limbed tree. His face softened for an instant, changing as it did when he touched Millie's dark head with the shining hair coiled in a braid. The skin of the grapefruit was as cool as Millie's cheek.

"The raddio," Pap said, behind him, "it was talkin' about a cool spell."

Dale turned to look at his father. The old man sure would look better with his store teeth. Now, with his mouth sagged inward, under the beaked nose, his chin jutted out so far he would look funny, if you didn't know it was Pap. His skinny neck stretched up out of the faded blue shirt like a turtle's head, protruding from its shell. Pap was old, short, scrawny, but his blue eyes were still young and alive, giving the lie to the wrinkled skin and the sparse white hair with their bright intensity.

"Feller on the raddio," Pap said again, "told there was a cool spell on the way. Mebbe we better get some wood drug into the grove."

Dale grinned as he squinted at the sky. Pure, depthless blue and a soft southeast wind proved that the man on the radio was wrong.

"Ain't you got enough to do," he asked, "without cuttin' wood? There ain't any cold weather in that sky."

Pap failed to grin back. His frown squeezed more wrinkles into his lined face.

"Mebbe not," he said. "But I was just across the road, talkin' to some of the Saunders men and they're gettin' out their stoves. They said them telegraphs they get from Lakeland told about cold weather comin'."

Dale shrugged. Saunders had plenty of money to spend on grove heaters and telegraphed weather predictions and such. A man who had been born and brought up in Florida's west-coast citrus country didn't need anything like that. He could tell by the sky and the wind and the way the birds flew just what kind of weather was coming. The sky—everything about this day—contradicted the man on the radio and the telegrams from Lakeland.

"We'll wait," Dale said. "Iffen it gets cold we'll get ourselves some wood. There's nothin' to get worried about."

The two men walked back toward the house, Pap thoughtful and frowning, Dale keeping his eyes on his fruit, his rows of trees with their precious burden.

"One good crop," Dale said. "That's what we been hopin' for, Pap, and now we got it. There's a lot of things that crop's goin' to buy for us—for Millie and you and me. Things we been wantin' for a long time."

"Store teeth," Pap said, wistfully. "I sure would admire a good set of them ready-made chonkers so's I could bite into a steak again. But I been thinkin'."

Dale reached for a cigarette in the pocket of his khaki shirt. The match flared as he snapped it on his thumbnail and he stopped walking to bend over his cupped hands.

"I BEEN thinkin'," Pap said. "Seems like we ought to use some of the money off this crop to clear away the palmetto in the north lot. Clear that off and set ourselves out some pineapple oranges. They're hardy and there's a good market for them. We could—"

Dale exhaled blue smoke that spiraled up as he shook his head.

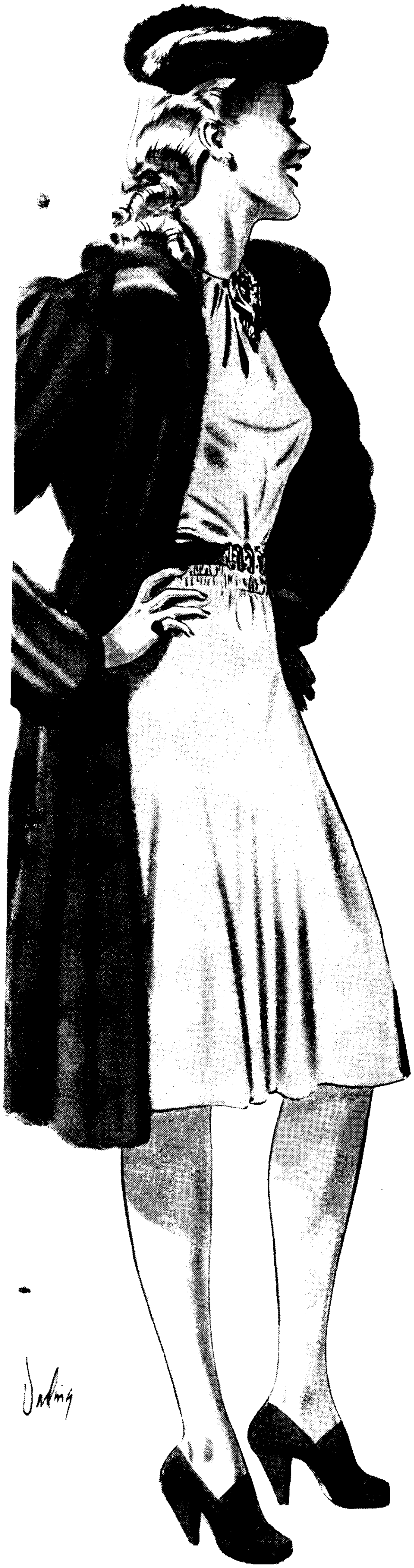
"Not this money," he told Pap. "We been goin' along for years, puttin' money into the grove we should have put on our backs. Every time we made a few dollars we spent it on the grove. This time, we're goin' to spend it on ourselves. This crop is for us."

He stooped to walk under the low-hanging branch of an orange tree. For a second there was fruit all around him, its tangy scent sweet in his nostrils.

"This one is for us," he said again. "We got it comin' to us."

Millie was waiting on the back porch of the little house that needed a new coat of white paint. She had her forearm across the tops of her eyes, to shut out the bright sun. Dale looked at her and felt a surge of emotion similar to what he felt when he looked at his trees.

(Continued on page 51)



Kid Tinsel

By

Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN old Pop Mallory dies in Birmingham, Alabama, his daughter, Patricia ("Pat") astounds Eddie Gordon, a promising middleweight whom Pop has been managing, by informing him that, in accordance with the terms of his contract, *she is now his manager!*

Eddie—who has never liked the girl—laughs at her claims. He tells her that he is going to New York City to pick up some man to manage him. A few hours later, Joe Barton—representing Max Ellison, New York's most astute fight manager—motors into Birmingham, calls on Pat, and tries to induce her to sell her rights to Eddie. Pat is adamant; she refuses to sell at any price.

That night, Barton—accompanied by Nick Bellis, a poolroom loafer whom he has picked up—drives out to Buzzards Roost, a roadhouse, where he has been told he may find Eddie. Eddie is not there. While waiting for him, Barton and Bellis try their luck in the game room. Barton loses quite a sum. Bellis wins two hundred dollars.

At twelve-thirty, Eddie Gordon has not appeared. The two men leave the Roost. Bellis—to whom Barton had loaned twenty-five dollars, on the understanding that half the winnings would be his—refuses to split with the New Yorker. Then, in the course of a fight, Barton draws a pearl-handled .32 revolver, and shoots Bellis to death!

A few minutes later, a car—driven by Eddie Gordon, en route to the Roost—almost collides with Barton's (roaring toward Birmingham). Both cars stop; and Barton, recognizing the fighter (from his photographs), and certain that Eddie has not seen his face, in the darkness, decides to eliminate him as a possible witness. He strikes Eddie on the head with his revolver.

Eddie, dazed, grapples with his adversary. Whereupon, Barton drops the gun (which the fighter later picks up and keeps), and drives away. . . . Eddie goes to New York City. He calls on Max Ellison, tells him about Pat, and asks him to become his manager. Ellison says that he can break the contract; he says that he will manage Eddie, if the lad can prove that he is a coming champion. He suggests, however, that Eddie retain the girl as his manager—for the time being.

III

PATRICIA MALLORY'S apartment was compact and efficient and she was struggling heroically to impart to it some semblance of beauty.

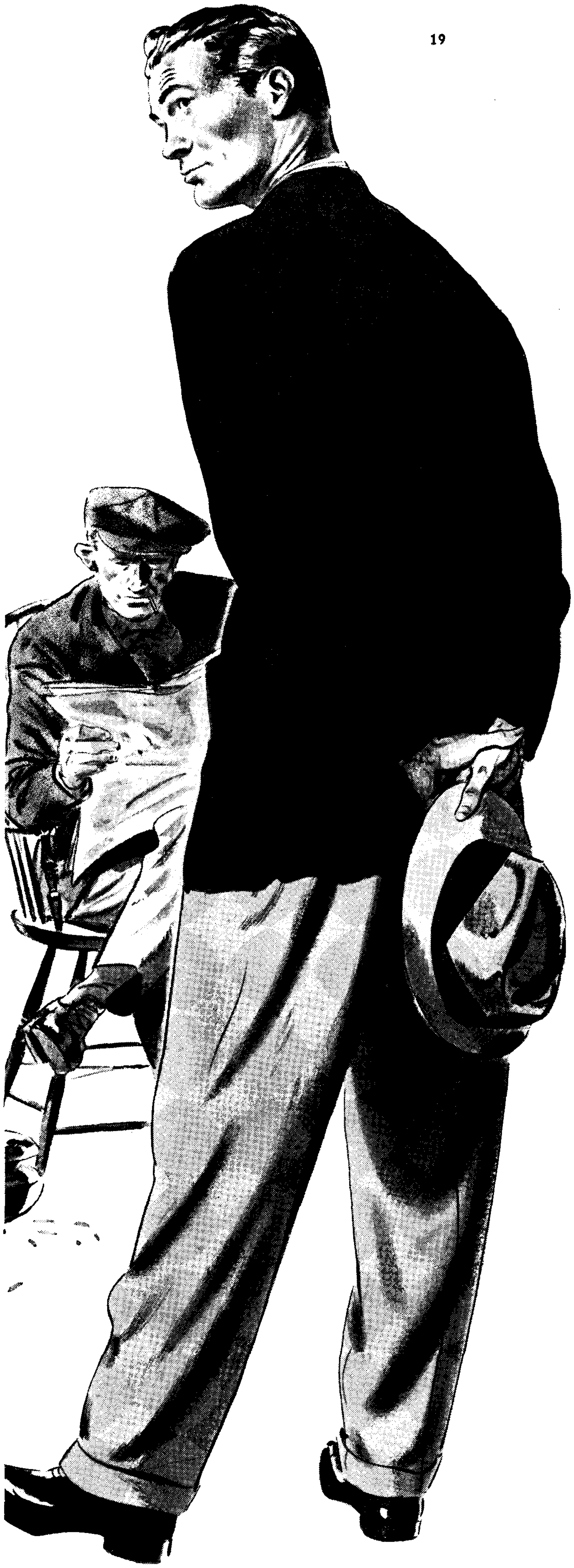
The job wasn't easy. The one room was a living room by day and a bedroom by night, thanks to a bed which pulled out of the wall—sometimes with more than anticipated speed. There was plenty of closet space, a tiny foyer, an adequate dressing room and a black-and-white tiled bath. In addition, there were two windows which looked down upon the East River.

But even in the limited time of her tenancy, she had managed to perform minor miracles. The arrangement of the room was intimate, the drapes were soft and homey, the furniture simple and tasteful. She moved now to a corner of the room and surveyed her handiwork, finding it not too unpleasing.

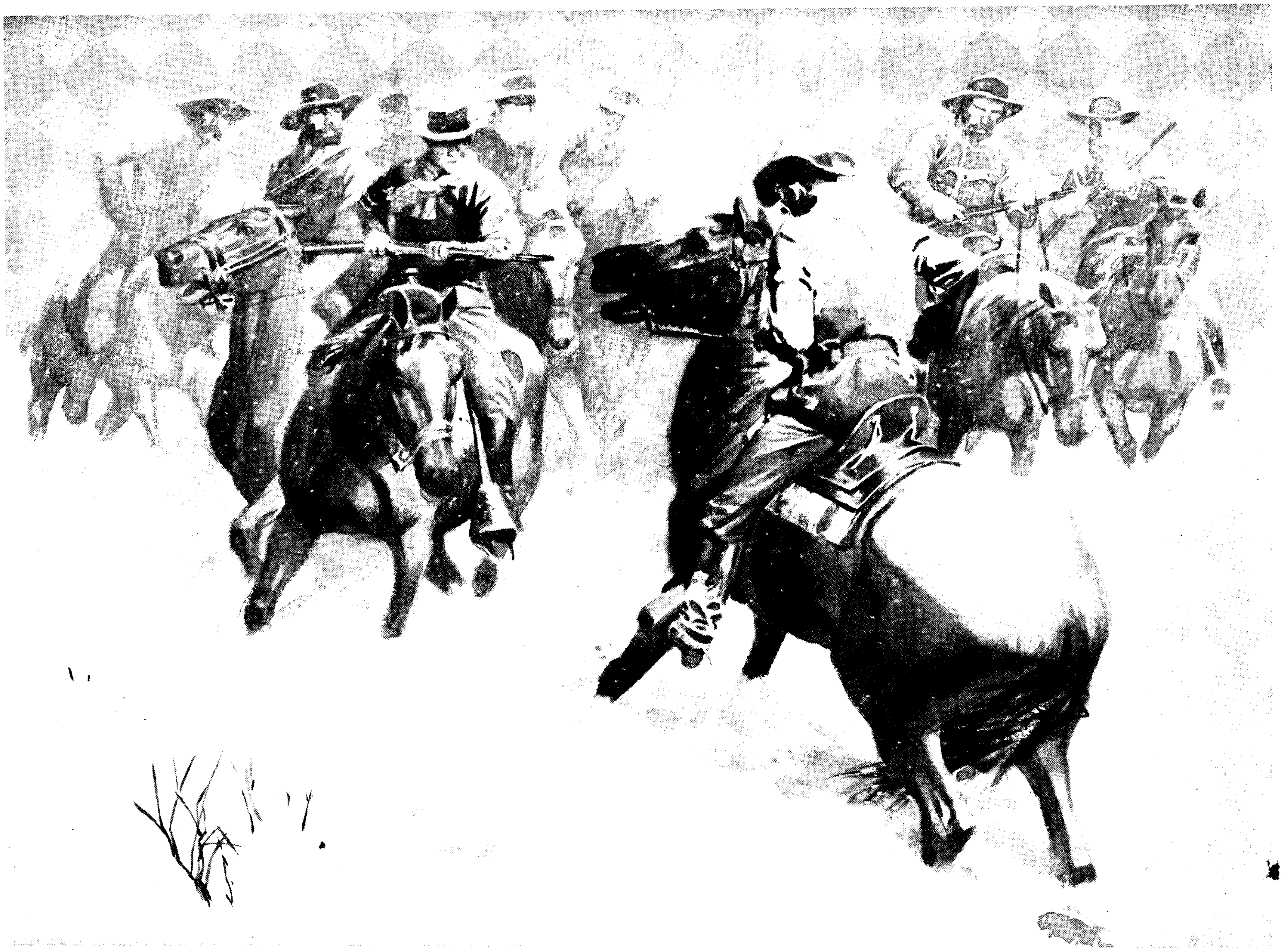
She dropped wearily into a club chair near the windows and thumbed through a group of sketches she had done two years before. They were better than she remembered, although the styles amused her now. She wondered whether her fingers had lost any of the skill that she believed they had once had, and whether her brain remained as alert to the trend of tomorrow.

Somehow, being here in New York wasn't as bad as she had expected. Mrs. Ross's cottage in Birmingham had been pretty hard to take, because she had lived there for many months with Pop, and there hadn't been a moment since his death—until the hour of her departure—when she hadn't half expected to

(Continued on page 25)



The girl's petulant mouth expanded into a smile and she said, "Well, what are you waiting for?" "I'm waiting for you to lead," Eddie said



Young Spackman said: "You're caught, Red. Do what I tell you. Put up your hands"

The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

LED by Grat DePard, owner of the Broken Bit outfit, the cattlemen of the country around the town of Prairie City begin persecuting the homesteaders in the hope of driving them away. Resenting DePard's brutality to Aurora Brant (a girl homesteader who has no one to protect her), Jim Keene, a wandering Texan, tries to inveigle DePard and his foreman, Red John, into fighting a gun battle with him. But neither of the men will shoot it out with the Texan.

Having assassinated the sheriff, Ben Borders, who is friendly toward the homesteaders, the DePard forces start a reign of terror. While struggling against them, Keene is lured to the Broken Bit headquarters and captured. But, left alone with one guard—Jesse Morspeare—he succeeds (after a terrific fight, in the course of which the ranch house is set on fire) in making his getaway. . . .

Two girls love Jim Keene: Aurora Brant and Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T. Meeting him on the trail, and suspecting the truth—that he is on his way to Aurora's cabin—Portia tells him a deliberate lie; she tells him that Aurora, having gone to the home of Cleve Stewart (a ranchman who has, however, become a friend of Keene's), is safe. For Portia knows that Keene will take any risks to protect Aurora and she fears that DePard and his men are waiting in ambush at Aurora's cabin to kill him. Then Portia leads Keene to a hideaway in the mountains. . . .

Keene leaves the hideaway. Riding with caution, he goes to Stewart's ranch house. Stewart and Portia are there. And presently he learns that Portia had lied to him—the girl (obviously in love with him) confesses. A frantic search for Aurora now follows. She is not at her cabin—she has been kidnaped by the DePard gang! Assisted by Stewart and Portia, Keene continues to look for her. And he finally finds her—alone in an old house, to which (so she says) Red John, who had been given the job of watching her, had taken her.

Stewart reaches the old house. Leaving Keene (who insists that he can take care of himself), Stewart and Aurora ride to his home. There Stewart finds Portia and he informs the girls that he is riding back to do what he can to help Jim Keene.

IX

AFTER Aurora had gone into the room Portia called at the kitchen: "Ed, cook up a breakfast." Standing at a window, she watched Cleve Stewart fade beyond the snow and thought of Keene with all her mind and felt his troubles with all her heart. As soon as Aurora came from the bedroom, Portia took her to the kitchen. She sat across from Aurora, distant and critical and harboring her resentments. She could never like Aurora.

She said: "How was it?" and listened to Aurora's story. Then she said, "Red John's chickens have come home to roost. He always was a lady's man—but he had to have a sure thing, no danger in it to him. Now he's in danger and he knows it. Somebody will kill him for what he's done to you."

"Who?"

"Why do you suppose Cleve went back?"

Aurora said: "Oh, I wish I'd known!"

"Why? To stop him? You can always start a man on something. That's any woman's gift. But you can't stop him. His pride gets up and there's nothing to be done. Why regret? You ought to be proud he's doing it for you. I'd be. It's lonesome, not to be wanted."

"I know."

"How can you know?" retorted Portia. She gave Aurora a close, inquisitive look. "Wasn't it very cold at Bowley's last night?"

"We slept in some old hay in the barn loft."

"I see," murmured Portia and guessed the rest of it with a fertile, jealous imagination. The picture grew on her until she rose from the table and walked on to a window; it was an unbearable picture.

Aurora said, "How far is it to the ford?"

"Seven miles."

"I think I'll go."

"DePard's men are all around."

"If you'll lend me a gun—"

Portia said: "How can that store mean so much to you?"

Aurora turned about. "Didn't I tell you once? It's all I have. You don't know about that. You've never had to want anything very hard. You've always gotten what you wanted. I have lived in a hundred places, but none of them were mine. I have never known what it was like to be really safe and secure. The store is mine—it means everything."

"How can it mean more than a man?" insisted Portia. Hope brightened her and revived her interest. "Is it because he won't stay in one place?"

"He never will. If you want to give up every friend and every old thing you have lived with, if you want to follow him until you can't remember what last week's room looked like, if there's never any end to anything and never any chance of stopping, if you stand in some room, like now, wondering where he is and when he'll be back, if that's what you want, go ahead. Follow him."

"I would."

"I wouldn't."

Portia came near Aurora, facing her. She showed Aurora a soft, excited prettiness. She was anxious, eager, aroused

(Continued on page 44)

The Daughter of the Dean

BY WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

She called him Galahad without a horse. He called himself a fool. Both of them were right

THE New York Titans ran across the grass. Mike Daniels pulled the strap tight underneath his chin and ran along with them. He said, "You betcha, pal. Thanks, Joe. Thanks, Frankie, kid. You bet we will. We'll go to work. Thanks, Eddie. Thanks a lot." He scarcely heard the things he said. He said them automatically, because the boys had all been nice to him and slapped his back and wished him luck. "This is your day, Mike," they told him.

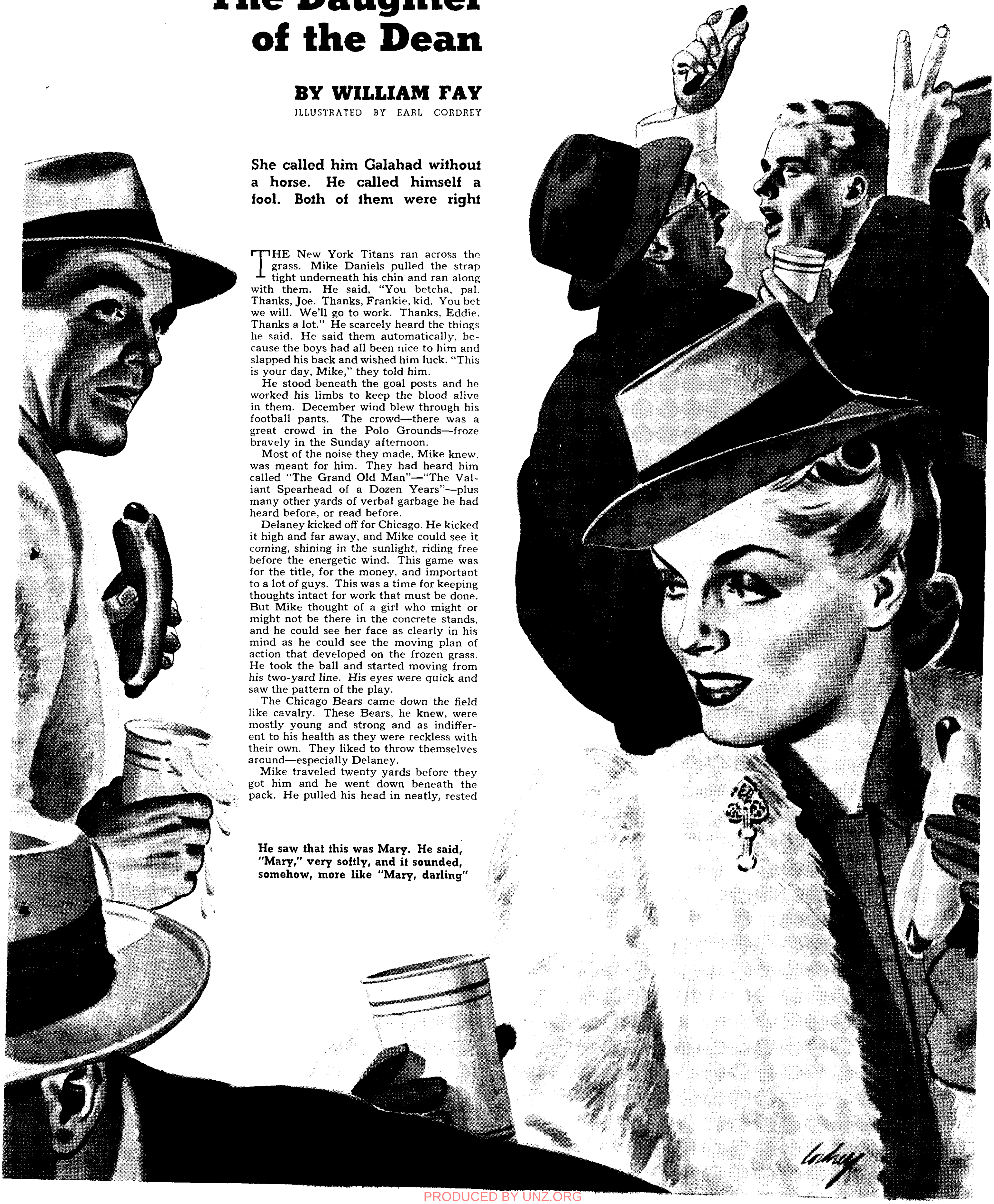
He stood beneath the goal posts and he worked his limbs to keep the blood alive in them. December wind blew through his football pants. The crowd—there was a great crowd in the Polo Grounds—froze bravely in the Sunday afternoon.

Most of the noise they made, Mike knew, was meant for him. They had heard him called "The Grand Old Man"—"The Valiant Spearhead of a Dozen Years"—plus many other yards of verbal garbage he had heard before, or read before.

Delaney kicked off for Chicago. He kicked it high and far away, and Mike could see it coming, shining in the sunlight, riding free before the energetic wind. This game was for the title, for the money, and important to a lot of guys. This was a time for keeping thoughts intact for work that must be done. But Mike thought of a girl who might or might not be there in the concrete stands, and he could see her face as clearly in his mind as he could see the moving plan of action that developed on the frozen grass. He took the ball and started moving from *his two-yard line*. His eyes were quick and saw the pattern of the play.

The Chicago Bears came down the field like cavalry. These Bears, he knew, were mostly young and strong and as indifferent to his health as they were reckless with their own. They liked to throw themselves around—especially Delaney.

Mike traveled twenty yards before they got him and he went down beneath the pack. He pulled his head in neatly, rested



He saw that this was Mary. He said, "Mary," very softly, and it sounded, somehow, more like "Mary, darling"

The ball came back to him. He didn't know how many times, and he was driving, giving and spending of himself. It seemed the only thing to do

safely, with the ball hugged close to him. He didn't care to have his skull kicked in like Biggie Weinbaum's in the last game with Chicago. He didn't care to have a bandage where his haircut ought to be.

The Titans moved in single wing formation to the left. Bill Bodey called the signals, and his words were crisp, authoritative, not too loud, and yet they managed to be dominant amidst all other sound. McDermott took the ball and hit the tackle for no gain. Mike took the next one, on a quick reverse, and carried through the opening they made for him. McDermott cleared Delaney out of there and Mike went ten or twelve yards up the field. The noise kept growing in the stands because the crowd was in a generous frame of mind. This was the last game of the season and the play-off for the title, and in addition was "Mike Daniels Day."

Appreciation Days, Mike thought, are sticky, sentimental things that come to any man who labors in one ball park long enough. He supposed that it was nice of them to honor him. It was a noble compensation for the coaching job he didn't get. It must have cost the club a lot of dough to be so nice. The automobile was big and beautiful and more negotiable than any watch and chain, inscribed with sentiment, could ever be. They must have known that he would sell it. Damned nice of them, and practical, to have neglected his initials on the door. But what of Biggie Weinbaum in the hospital, his head wrapped like a rajah's? What of Biggie's wife and kids? A little appreciation there might do some good, except that Biggie was no longer anybody's asset. He couldn't win a ball game for the Titans, where he was. . . .

Bodey threw a pretty pass to Weemis, Titan end, but it was incomplete. So Mike went back in kick formation, took the ball and booted out of bounds on Chicago's twenty-five.

Delaney carried to the right. He was a big guy, hipper-dipper guy, as big as Mike and ten years younger, very fast and very tough. He picked up eight. He came again. This time for seven yards. First down. Mike wasn't pleased. He watched the play. He plugged the hole made for Delaney's next advance. The contact was terrific and for a moment they did not get up. Delaney got up first and wore a silly, sickly grin. Mike struggled hastily erect, sick and gone inside, aware that he should take a minute's rest. He tried to make things look all right, unwilling to admit Delaney was a tougher man than he.

McDermott called "Time out." Mike looked at him. "You're turning green," McDermott said. "Lie down."

He lay upon the grass and let them shove his legs back to his ears. "The Grand Old Man"—"The Valiant Spearhead of a Dozen Years". . . a helluva thing to find yourself when you are only thirty-two.

He supposed that Mary heard their corny phrases, in the stands or at her radio, because she was a football fan who always knew the score, and he kept wondering if she laughed, or what she did. . . .

IT WAS *one week ago*, in Brooklyn, on the second tier at Ebbets Field, that he had met her for the first time since their college days. You know the way they are in Brooklyn at a football game—very loud and crazy and exactly as they are at any baseball game—full of love and tears and local pride and yelling for the Dodgers. Well, it was like that and colorful, exciting, and the day was cold and everybody went for coffee and for hot dogs all at once. The score was tied up at the half, and if the Dodgers beat the Redskins they would still be in the running. But it happened that they didn't beat the Redskins.

Mike moved along, much taller than the traffic he was trapped in. He said hello to football fans who knew him and he passed a lot of coffee over many heads to little folks who couldn't reach it. He passed their dimes along and got some coffee for himself. A girl wedged backward through the mob with many pardons, laughing at the perils here involved, and holding food and coffee with a fair success. This girl was tall and smartly dressed, despite the mustard on her furs. She made him think of someone very fine and very sad whom he had seen before. And then she turned around, smiling as she half-ducked under elbows, and he saw that this was Mary.

HE SAID, "Mary," very softly, and it sounded, somehow, more like "Mary, darling," and the scalding coffee burned his trembling hand and wrist.

She said, "Hello, Mike." It was a shock to her, but she was kind and very wise, as though she knew the trouble he was having. She was beautiful and pale and then she said, "We could even shake hands, if I could balance this on my head." She looked around and found a concrete post on which to place her coffee. "There now," she said. The color had returned. Assured and competent, she seemed, and rather gay, more beautiful at thirty than she had been ten years ago. Her gloved hand was firm and cordial in his naked hand. "Why, Mike, you must be scalded."

"Huh? Oh, that." He rubbed the wet hand on his coat. "That's all right," he said. "It's just—oh, hell, it's just that you surprised me, Mary. Lord, you're wonderful and beautiful. Huh? What are you smiling at?"

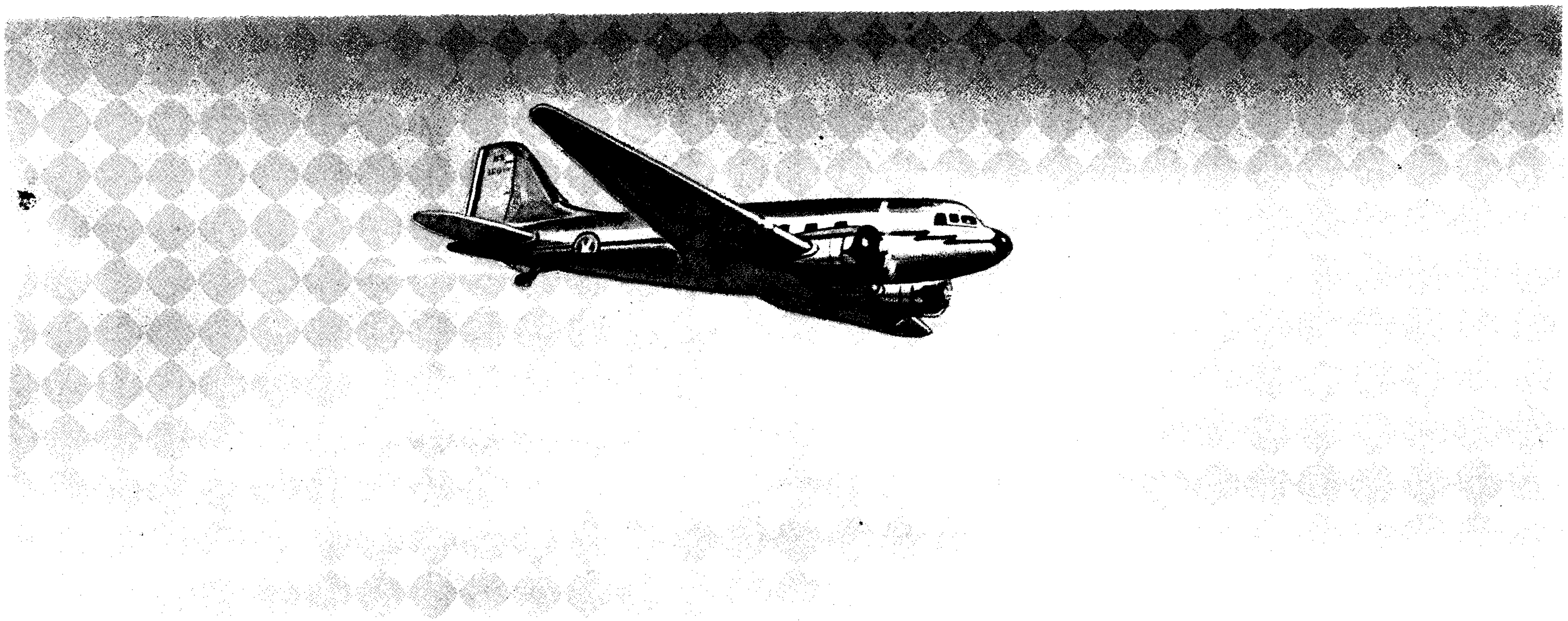
The smile she wore was made of moistened lips and lovely teeth, but *more of ridicule than pleasure*. It seemed to censure the extravagant things he'd said, and he could understand the reasons why. "Just smiling, Mike. That's all. You're looking rather well yourself." The crowd was hastening to their seats and it was time already for the second half and Mary said, "I have to get this hot dog to my escort."

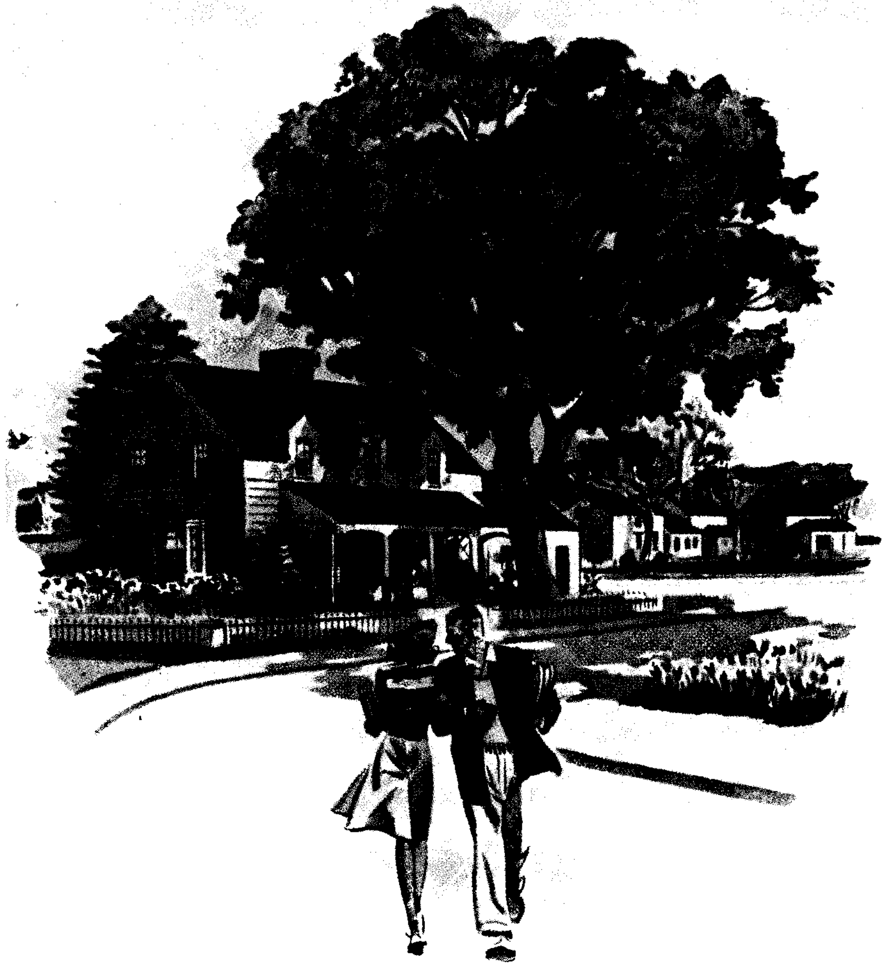
"Your husband, Mary?" He wondered where he got the nerve. It just came out, then closed him tight, as though it were a zipper running upward from his stomach.

"No, Mike. Not my husband. Just a little boy. My cousin."

Her cousin was a twelve-year-old named Danny, and his eyes were level with their own if he stood up while they sat down. When everybody stood, to see the progress of a forward pass or watch some guy break loose and gallop up the field, Mike held Danny in the air, higher than surrounding heads and hats. Danny was a Brooklyn boy. The Redskins pushed two scores across, but Danny held his tears and shouted his defiance. Mike had been thinking what to do with him. He said quietly to

(Continued on page 32)





ALBERT DORNE

O'er Summer's Green and Winter's Snow

● Through changing seasons, the great Flagships of American Airlines go right on bridging distance and weather. Winter forces many changes in ground habits, but it's different up above. In the open roads of the air, Flagship passengers are as warm and comfortable in December as they are in June.

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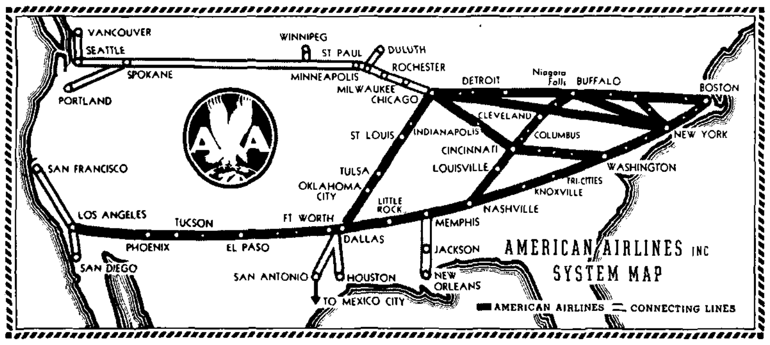
VANCOUVER
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ST PAUL
DULUTH
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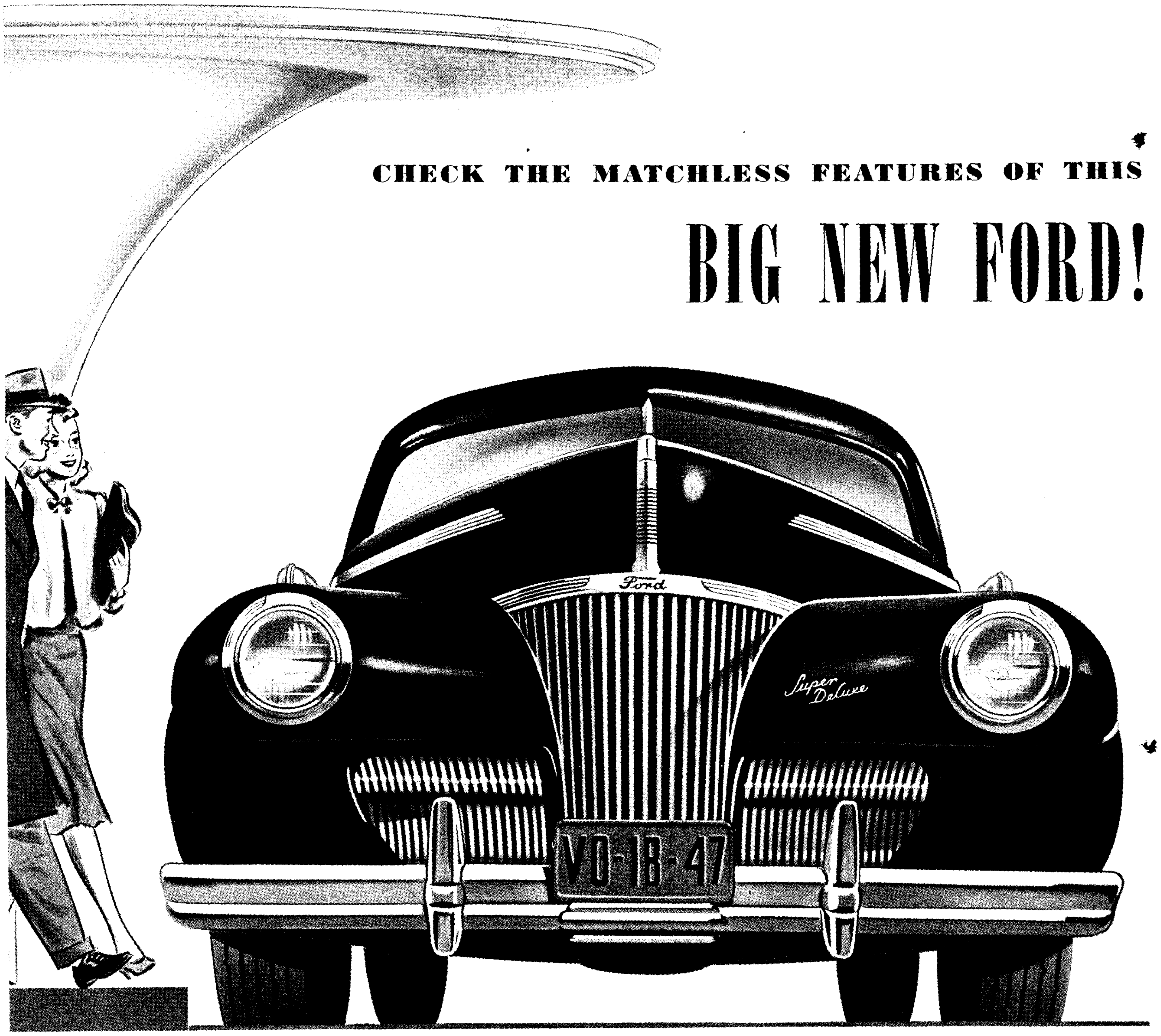
ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

CHECK THE MATCHLESS FEATURES OF THIS

BIG NEW FORD!



SIZE The biggest Ford ever built! Longer wheelbase. Longer springbase. Stronger frame—100% more rigid. Entirely new bodies—massive, beautiful, stunningly styled.

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Ford

Get the facts and you'll get a FORD

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 19

see him walking through a doorway, his eyes twinkling, and on his lips the quizzical, tolerant smile that she loved. Now she was back to an atmosphere in which she had once before lived and worked alone. She could almost make herself believe that she was merely picking up where she had left off—that nothing important had changed—that she'd find a letter from Pop in her mailbox the next time she came through the lobby.

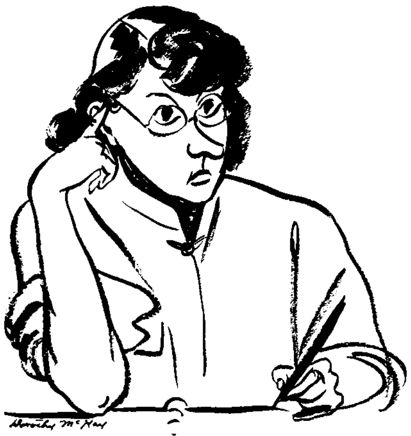
She went to the house phone, called the delicatessen and ordered. Then she opened the gate-leg table and set it for one. She took ice cubes from the diminutive box in the small but complete kitchen that adjoined the living room, put coffee on to percolate and waited for her order to come up from downstairs.

The buzzer sounded and she opened the door. Her eyes opened wide, and for an instant her face betrayed something that she wished never to show. She said, in a voice brighter than she knew, "Eddie!" and stood there looking at him. Then she pulled herself together and opened the door wider. "Come in, Eddie. Welcome to my humble home."

It was obvious that he was embarrassed, and this helped her a little. She took refuge in action, playing hostess with an intensity not entirely justified by the presence of a single caller. She took his hat and placed it on the closet shelf with meticulous care, she moved a chair that did not need moving, she said several inconsequential things, and was immensely relieved when the delivery boy showed up from downstairs. After he had left, she came back from the front door and stood looking at her visitor. She was uncertain of her ground, and didn't want to make any mistake, so she said, "I suppose you can guess that I'm surprised."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN (and Women)

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 15



Dorothy McKay—whose idea of Dorothy McKay (as pictured above) is amusing but brutal—left San Francisco in 1926, after eight years of night study at the California School of Fine Arts, to settle in Greenwich Village with her husband-illustrator Donald McKay. Became a cartoonist unintentionally in 1930 by turning out drawings similar to the one on the next page.

"Yes. I figured you would be." He fidgeted uncomfortably. "I know what you're thinking, Pat, but . . . well, a guy can change his mind, can't he?"

"Certainly." She went into the kitchen for want of something better to do, and when she called to him, her voice was as gay as she could make it. "How about a little cold supper, Eddie? I'd love to have you stay."

His answer was measured, as though he were guarding every word. He said, "Sure, I'll stay. If I'm not in the way."

"Any preferences? Baked beans, boiled ham, potato salad . . . ?"

"I eat anything."

She set another place, found extra work for herself in the kitchen, tried to accept the situation matter-of-factly . . . and hoped that Eddie wouldn't notice that she was radiant. She did not know what his visit portended, but she did know that he was here with her, and that she was happy. Nor had she detected any of the old animosity in his manner, though she was honest enough to admit that she hadn't found any effusiveness, either.

SHE finished fixing the table and dragged up a chair for him opposite hers. His quiet brown eyes regarded her approvingly. "Nice work, Pat."

She said, "Thanks," because she couldn't think of anything else to say, and because her guard had been lowered by his unaccustomed gentleness. He said, "Neat place you've got."

"It's small . . . but my own."

"How're things?"

"Work, you mean?"

"Yeah—work."

"I think I'm going to pick up my old job at the studio—half time. School, afternoons and some evenings. It won't take me long to find out whether I've got it or whether I'm just another gal who can make funny motions with a pencil."

"You're all right on that stuff." He didn't meet her eyes, and she was conscious of the effort he was making. "You'll get somewhere."

"Where?" She hadn't meant to ask that. The word was out before she knew it, and then it was too late. Her own embarrassment seemed to steady him and his voice came calmly. He said, "That depends on a lot of things."

She toyed with her potato salad, tried not to look at him . . . and waited.

He said, "You've been wondering what brought me, haven't you?"

"Naturally."

This time he compelled her gaze. "I've come around to say Uncle."

"I don't quite understand, Eddie."

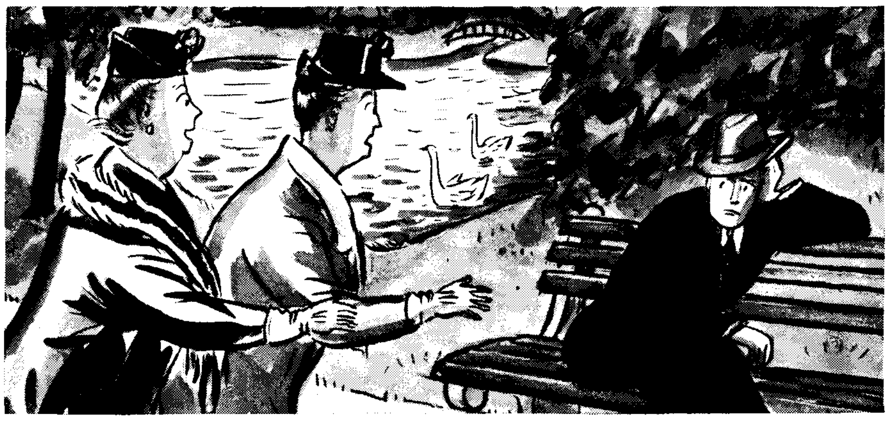
"Yes, you do. You've got me hog-tied and there's nothing I can do about it. So I'm playing it your way."

She felt happy—and guilty. It wasn't easy to withstand kindness. She said, weakly, "I just want to follow through on what Pop started."

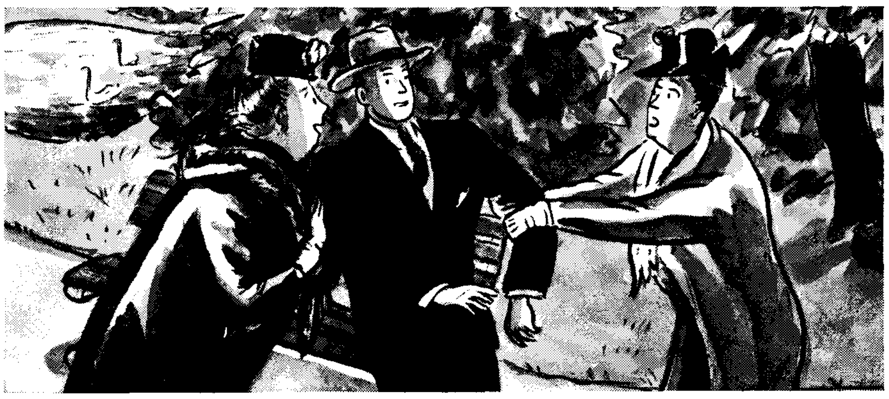
He flushed. "I still don't agree you're playing fair, but I'm not going to let it eat on me. There are other jobs I can do, but it doesn't look like a smart move. I can make big dough in the ring and quit before I get slap-happy. That's what Pop always preached. From now on, I'm taking orders from you."

She got up to clear away the table so that he wouldn't see what was in her eyes. Above all things, she didn't want him to know that she was happy, be-

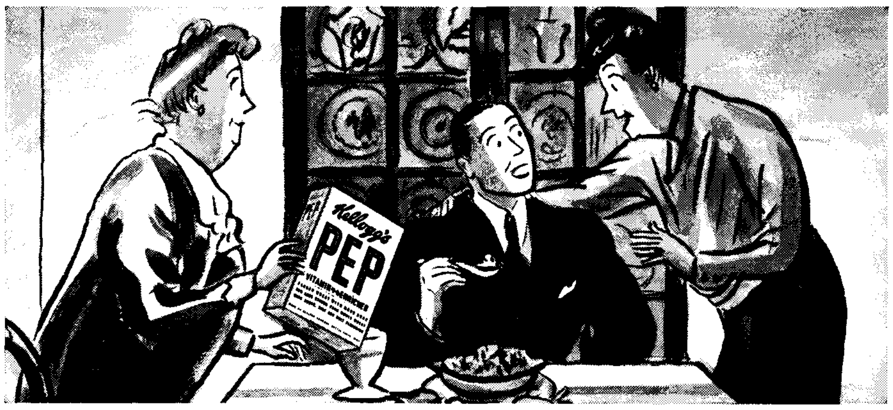
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson



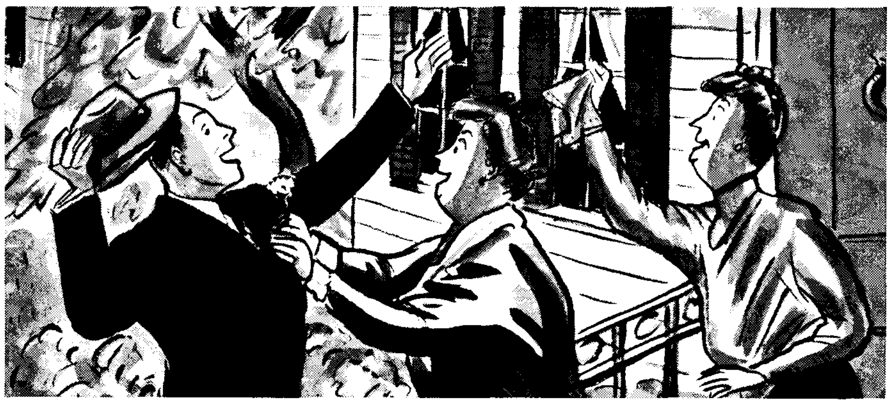
Hettie: Why, Horace! Congratulations! We hear you're engaged!
Penelope: He doesn't seem very *happy* about it!



Penelope: Hettie, a little job for us. He hasn't any "pep appeal!" We'll take him in charge and teach him his vitamins.
Hettie: You poor boy! What *have* you been eating? You just *can't* have "pep appeal" unless you get all your *vitamins*. You come with us.



Hettie: Yessir, you'll start right with that delicious cereal — appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP. For it's extra rich in *two* of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.
Horace: *Saay!* I didn't know PEP *tastes* so delicious. You *bet* I'll eat it—every day!



Horace: Thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a change there's going to be in your nephew!
Penelope: You know what they say—"Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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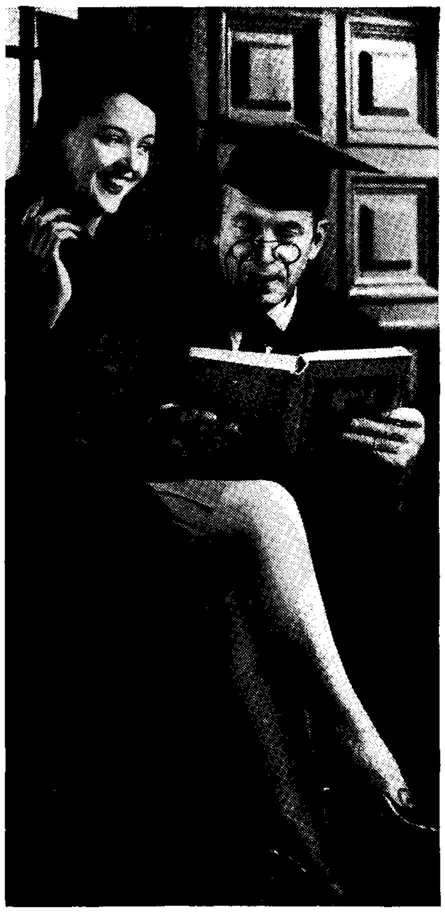
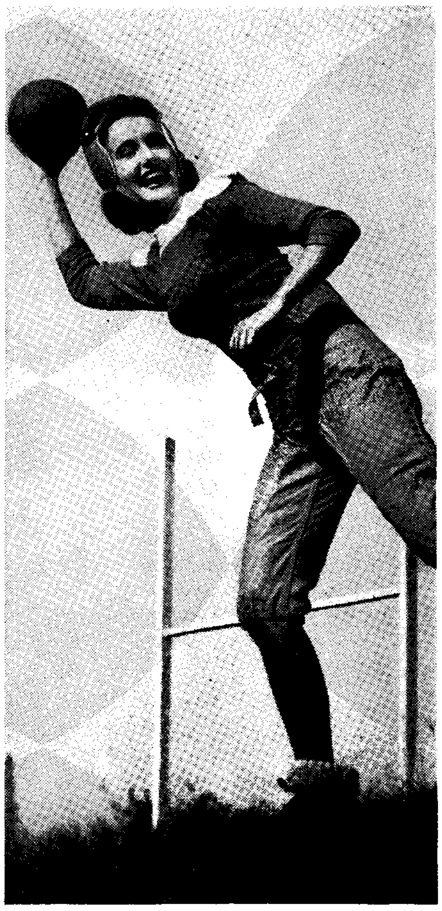
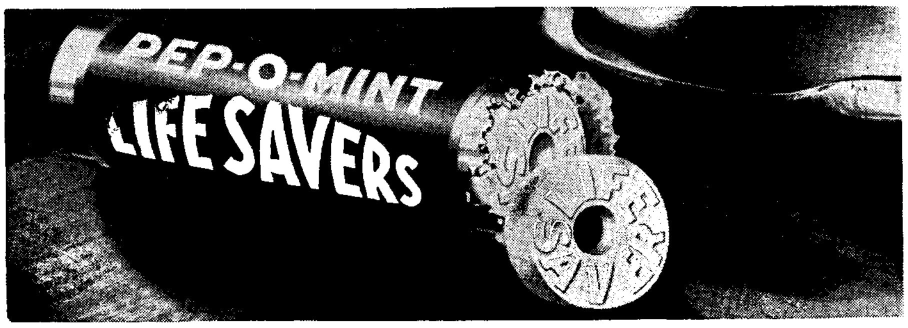


A girl working for her M. R. S. (better known as Mrs.) should watch her B-r-e-a-t-h. Keep romance warm with cool, breath-taking PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.



The best passer we know is the pal who passes BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS our way. Delicious? Well, just try a package of them today!

When your mouth feels like the Sahara, give it a lift with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS —freshening, cooling, delicious. Have some in your pocket or pocketbook always.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Why not let LIFE SAVERS save yours? 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

cause he'd be certain to misinterpret her elation; to think that she felt triumphant because she'd put something over on him.

She didn't hurry with the dishes, and by the time she snapped off the light in the kitchen and returned to the living room, she had herself under control. She saw him standing by the window, staring down at the lights of the river. She said quietly, "Let's start at the beginning and talk things over, Eddie."

HE DROPPED onto the couch, stretching his legs straight out in front of him. His face was grave, his eyes serious. She found herself fascinated by his hands: big, powerful hands that had been able to withstand the impact of his terrific punching. She wondered how those hands would feel if they were inclined to be gentle and caressing. She wondered . . . but she realized that she was thinking dangerously and so she snapped back into realities.

"You're doing this only because you have to—isn't that it, Eddie?"

"Yes."

"And you still don't like it."

"No. But I've got sense enough to know when I'm licked."

"I'm sorry you look at it that way. I don't want you to think I'm fighting you." She shook her head. "We got off on the wrong foot even before we met, didn't we, Eddie?"

"We never clicked—if that's what you mean."

"Just because of that silly picture I drew?"

"What difference does it make how it started? Look, Pat—this is strictly business. Whether I like it or not, you're handling me. You're calling the shots and I'm playing 'em. It doesn't seem important that you dislike me or that I dislike you."

"But we *should* be friends, don't you think?"

"I quit thinking long ago. I'm even giving you credit for doing what you think is right. All I *will* say is that there isn't much sense to scrapping all the time if we're going to work together."

"Okay . . ." Silence fell between them. Then she said, "What's the program?"

"That's up to you. I'm just the little boy that slaps the other guy around so we can both make money."

She pressed the fingers of her right hand against her cheek, and Eddie realized with a sudden stab that she' inherited that gesture from Pop. H wanted to tell her to quit it, but instea he sat silently—waiting for her to spea again.

"We've still got our licenses," sh told him quietly, "from the time yo boxed in Buffalo and Rochester. S there'll be no trouble about that. An Pop always figured Stillman's was th best place to train."

"So it's Stillman's. I'll start tomorrow."

"Better get into shape slowly. I won' try to get a match for you until you'r in the pink." She hesitated. "I may no be successful at first . . ."

"It'll work out. They've heard of m around here."

"It's important to be right, though Pop always said you could go place fast in New York . . . and get kicked ou twice as fast."

"I remember everything Pop eve said; you don't need to remind me." His tone was harder than he realized. "I suppose you'll be in my corner when I fight."

"You don't suppose any such thing, Eddie."

"No? A real, live manager not being there to give me good advice? It'd be quite an attraction—a young girl climbing through the ropes with a bruiser, swabbing him with collodion, holding smelling salts under his nose . . ."

It was coming and she knew it. The quarrel that they never quite succeeded in avoiding. So she stood up and held out her hand.

"Good night, Eddie," she said. "It seems as though we can't get together without fighting. That's unfortunate, because we're going to be together a good deal from now on. All I can say is that I'm going to do what I think is best for you. I hope things work out that way."

He said, "Sorry. I didn't mean to fly off."

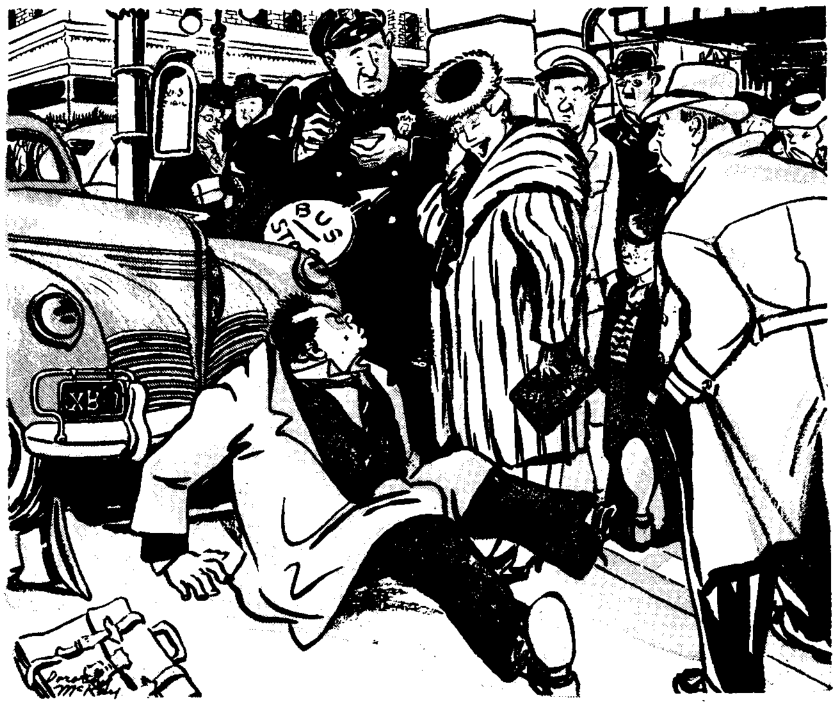
"Skip it."

"I'll be at Stillman's at two tomorrow. And, no kidding, I think it'd be good for you to drop up there."

"Wouldn't a girl be a little out of place?"

"Maybe." Again the jaw got pugnacious. "But not a fight manager."

She took his hat down from the closet shelf and handed it to him. She didn't trust herself to say anything. He stood in the doorway and said, "Good night,



"How does it feel to be the first pedestrian I ever hit?"

DOROTHY MC KAY

Pat," and when she did not answer he strode off down the hall.

She closed the door and walked across to the window. She stood staring down at nothing at all.

For the first time she was beset by doubts. For the first time she wondered whether the whole hopeless thing might not merely become more hopeless by what she was doing.

She felt miserable. She felt uncertain. She felt hurt. Then her head went back and her body stiffened. "I'll carry through," she told herself. "I know I can help him . . ." And, at that moment, she was not thinking of Pop, but of herself . . . and of the young man whom she loved—and who resented her so bitterly.

Meanwhile, that young man was walking toward Central Park. He was walking fast, planting his feet firmly, swinging his well-muscled shoulders, looking neither to right nor left.

Tonight had been pretty hard to take. He was thinking about Pat Mallory, but not in the way she wanted him to think. He was thinking that she was hard and unfair; he even reflected that she was enjoying the exercise of her power over him. He was thinking that it would be really worth while to kid her along and then crack down on her when Max Ellison got good and ready. Let her play him for dumb. Then let her find out that he'd been pushing her around. Yes, that was worth waiting for.

HE MANAGED to sleep well. He got up at six, put on a sweater and sneakers and walked briskly to the park. He jogged along the curving pathways and around the reservoir. His wind was pretty good, considering: wouldn't take him long to get into fighting trim. The cold morning air cleared his head, made him feel better; made him more aware that he was young and superbly healthy.

At eleven o'clock he presented himself at the madhouse which was Max Ellison's office. Ellison came bustling out. He saw the young man and moved forward with his hand out, his moon-like face beaming.

"Well, Eddie—how's the boy this morning?"

"Tops. I came over to tell you about last night, and—"

"No time now. Be back in half an hour. Wait for me. Make yourself at home."

Eddie found himself fascinated by the priceless collection of pugilistic photographs which covered the walls. He did not hear the door open, nor know that for several minutes he was the object of a close scrutiny by a pair of wide-open, baby-blue eyes.

Then he turned and saw her: a slim flame of a girl about nineteen years of age; a trim little thing in a pert hat and an expensive mink coat; a girl whose complexion was perfect beneath too much make-up, whose eyes were frank to the point of boldness, and whose voice was delightful yet insolent.

The awkward silence was broken by this girl. She moved toward Eddie Gordon, and she said, "Hello, Terrific—Where did you drop from?"

For a long moment Eddie Gordon said nothing. His face was expressionless—an old ring trick—and his eyes steady.

The girl's petulant young mouth expanded into a smile and she said, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiting for you to lead."

That seemed to amuse her. She threw back her head so that he could see the slender lines of her throat, and her laughter had an immature quality that did not check in with her confident manner.

"What's your name?" she inquired.

"What's yours?"

"Fair enough. I'm Babs Ellison. Barbara to my enemies—and to Dad."

"Oh . . ." He nodded slowly. "Max Ellison's daughter?"

"By the grace of a discriminating stork." She circled him, subjecting him to an inspection that was both insolent and friendly. "Lean flanks," she commented. "Big hands. Broad shoulders. Young. Nice eyes—"

"I'm sound of wind and limb." He felt that he should resent her, but somehow he couldn't. "Take a look at my teeth. Maybe you can judge my age better."

"Nice teeth," she said, stepping closer. "I'd say about twenty-three."

"Four."

"I suppose you're another of Dad's performing seals."

"Not yet. But I'd like to be."

"I can arrange that." She cocked her head on one side. "What happened to the cauliflower ears, and the busted nose?"

"Haven't acquired them yet. But I'll try."

"Don't. I like you better as you are. And how does it happen that you don't say 'dese' and 'doze'?"

"I ducked in time."

"Educated, eh?"

"I've read a book."

"The fight game goes up and onward. And you must be good, or Dad wouldn't be wasting time on you. Which reminds me, you still haven't told me your name."

"Eddie Gordon."

"Not bad. Where from?"

"Here and there. I've been fighting out of Birmingham recently."

"Sticking in New York for a while?"

"I hope so."

"Dance?"

"I'm able to—when I feel like it." He found himself smiling. "You're a queer kid."

"You don't know the half of it. But if you mean I don't go in for the usual feminine sparring, you're right. Also, as you'll find out pretty soon, I'm spoiled. Dad is tough with all the rest of the world and soft as mush with me. Hence this new coat . . . a very special car . . . and pretty much anything else I want." She was standing very close now. "At the moment, I think I'm going to want you."

"I can be had."

"You're no mug, Mister Gordon—that's obvious."

"AND I'm no side-show freak, either. If I amuse you because I can talk English, that's swell. I'll perform any time you want. But I have a hunch that otherwise you'll find me pretty hard to take."

"I'll risk it." She hit straight from the shoulder. "How heavily mortgaged are you?"

"Meaning . . . ?"

"Are you a free agent—personally?"

"Are you asking me the usual questions: am I married, engaged or in love?"

"Yes."

"The answer to all three is no. And it's likely to be spelled that way for a long time."

"Good. Not that my conscience would have bothered me if you'd said yes. When I see something I want, I go after it."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Now, suppose you quit kidding."

"I would," she said, "if I was. But I'm not."

"Nice words, Miss Ellison. But they don't make much sense."

"So your reaction to me is good—only you wonder why. Is that it?"

"Just about."

"Then we'll get along fine. . . ." The door opened and Babs did not even turn. She said, "Look what I found, Dad."

"I see." Max Ellison waddled for-

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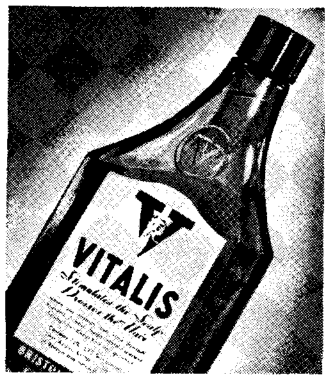

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ward. "I also see that you've been attacking, my dear."

"But not getting anywhere. Why didn't you tell me you were taking on something that could talk?"

"I'm not sure yet, honey—on either of those counts. Come into my office. And Babs, you go over in the corner and sit down—silently."

"May I listen?"

"Sure. But that's only because you won't understand."

He jerked his head toward Eddie, and the young man followed him across to the desk. Max was glowing. There was no mistaking the pride and the affection he had for his daughter. Eddie was thinking, "If she was mine, I'd be scared. That gal's wild as a mustang. Needs taming, but plenty." And as though Ellison had read his thoughts, the older man said, "Yeh . . . she works things out herself. She knows the answers."

Eddie didn't commit himself. This Babs was something new in his life. The sort of girl he was bound either to detest—or to like. And he definitely did not detest her, although he hadn't quite figured her out.

Max said, "See anybody last night?"

"Yes."

"How'd it work out?"

"Fine. But I didn't enjoy it."

"It'll get easier, son. Did she like the idea?"

"Sure. Why shouldn't she? Anyway, it's set. I did about five miles in the park this morning, and I'm limbering up at Stillman's this afternoon at two. Want to send a man up to look me over?"

"Not yet. It wouldn't mean a thing. You're probably a wow in the gym. I'll be there for your first fight." He lighted a cigar. "When do you think you'll be ready to go—against a pretty good boy?"

"Couple of weeks."

"Ten rounds?"

"Or less."

Max looked at the young face in front of him. "Confidence is good, Eddie—if you don't have too much of it."

"I'll remember that." Eddie glanced at the vivid young girl in the corner and instinctively lowered his voice. "Did you happen to glance at that contract, Mr. Ellison?"

"Yeah. It's a pip. She's got you nine ways from the ace."

"You don't mean . . . ?"

"I mean it's a tougher nut than I thought, that's all. Any contract can be broken . . . one way or another." Max smiled across the room at his daughter. "You can come in now, honey. And how much do you want?"

She put her hand on Eddie's arm. "I want him."

"All right. There he is." Babs amused her father vastly. Eddie figured that her apparent candor concealed a brain as shrewd as that of her father. More shrewd, perhaps, because she knew herself and, quite obviously, Max didn't. "What brought you here?"

"Instinct. I knew something tremendous was going to happen. It has. Aside from that, I'm waiting for Joe."

"Lunch?"

"Breakfast for him. He's late already. But it'll be cozy—Joe and Eddie and me." She turned to the young man. "You're crashing a date, see."

"Sorry. But I'm not eating lunch."

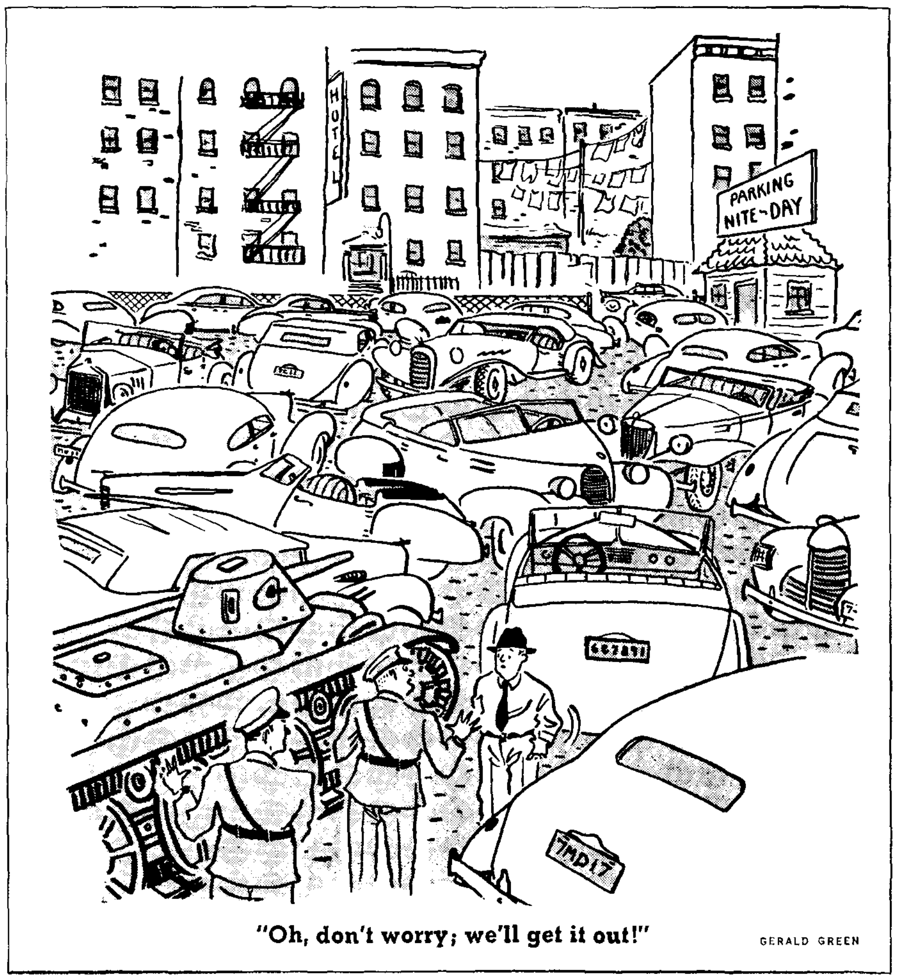
"That's all right. I just like to hear you say things."

MAX'S secretary appeared to announce Joe Barton, and the young man himself shoved in behind her.

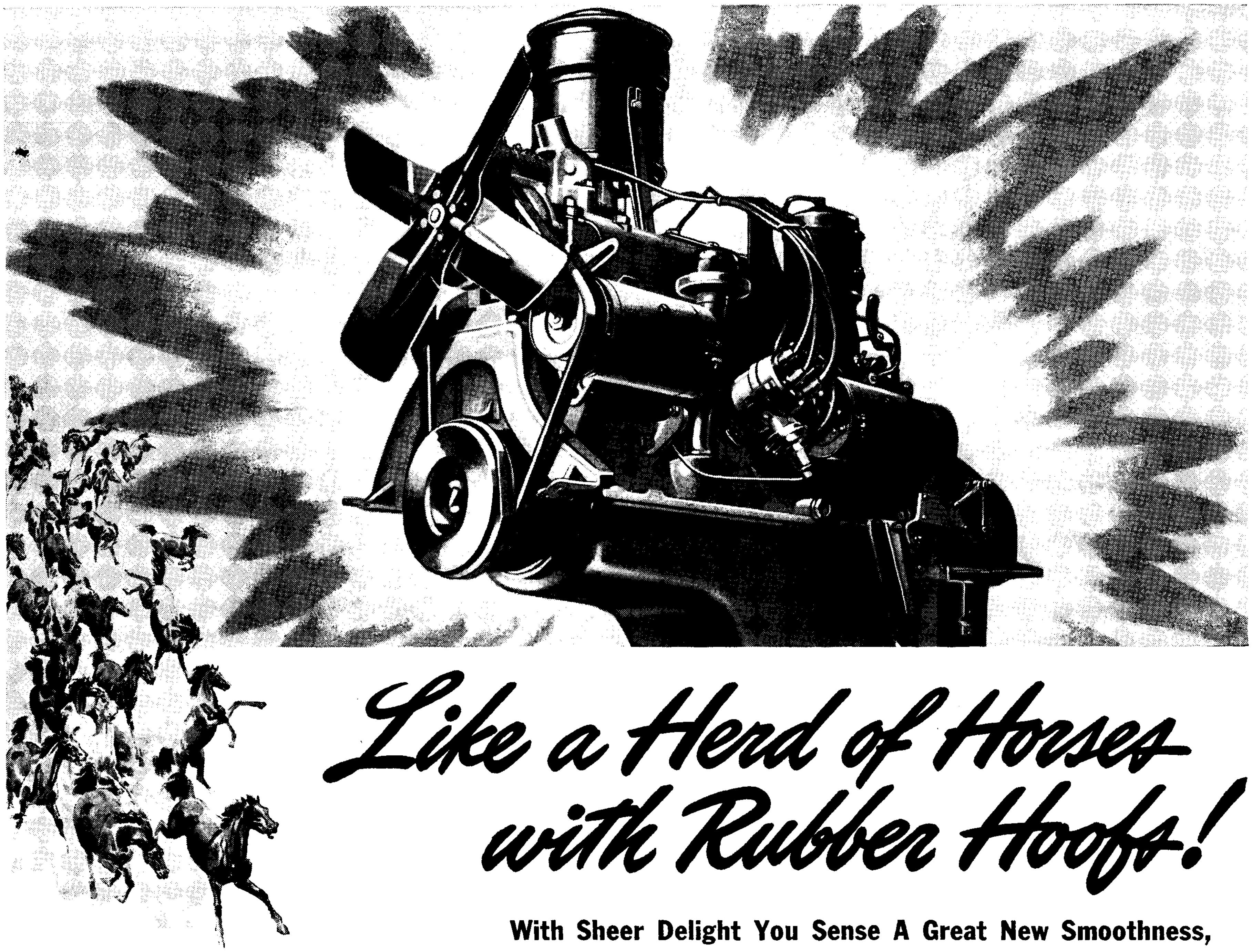
Joe came into the room, his clothes too perfect and too loud, his manner too assured. He said, " 'Morning," to Max, and "Hi, Poison" to Babs. Then he saw Eddie Gordon.

He stopped where he was, and his eyes narrowed. It was as though a warning sign had been flashed in front of his colorless eyes. He watched warily, remembering that he had met Eddie just once before—and then for a brief, dramatic instant on a mountaintop near Birmingham. He recognized the young fighter, all right, and he stood there tensely, watching for any sign of recognition from Eddie.

Max Ellison's smooth voice was saying, "Joe, this is Eddie Gordon," and Joe heard the other young man say, "Delighted to meet you . . ." and his



"Oh, don't worry; we'll get it out!"



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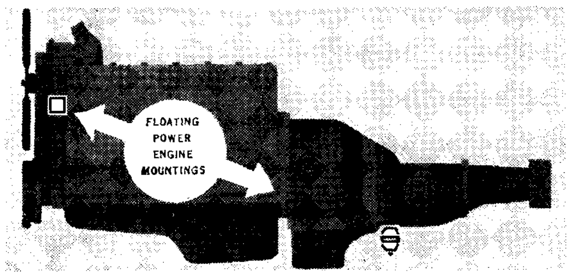

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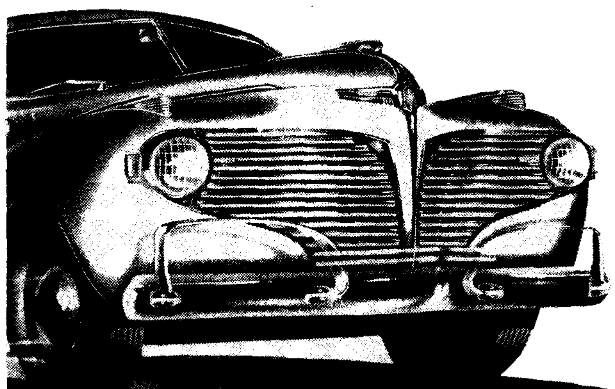

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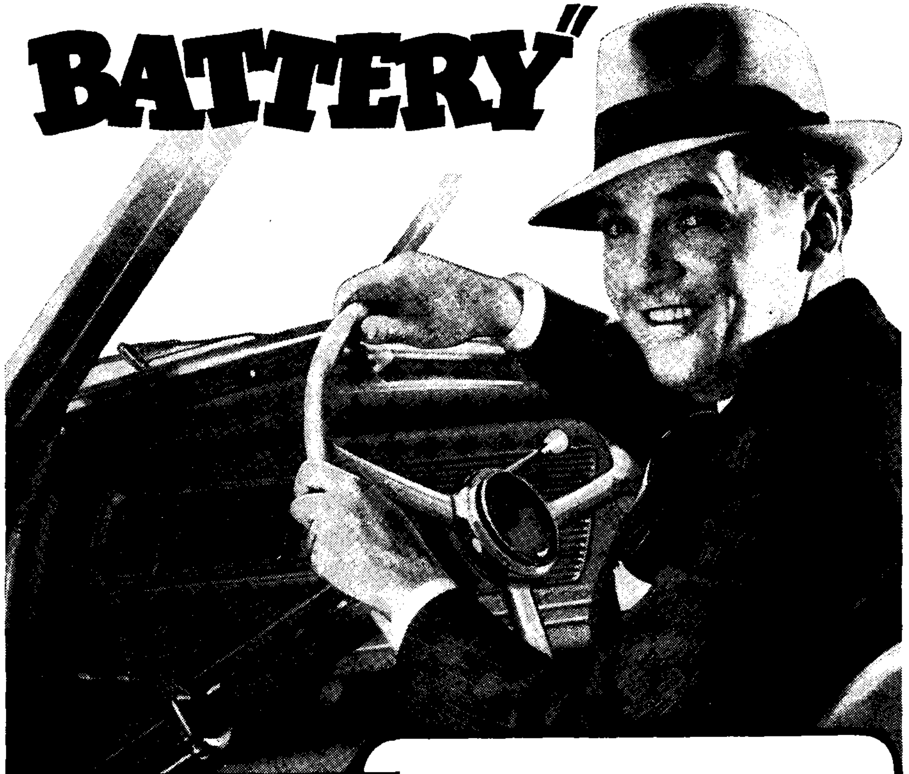

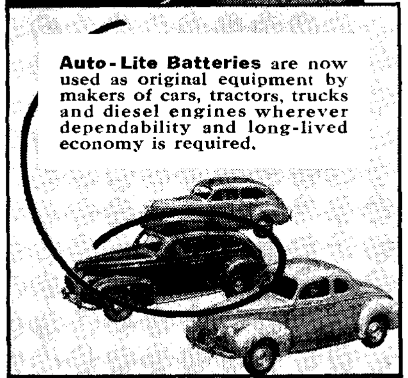

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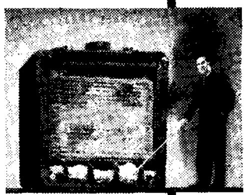
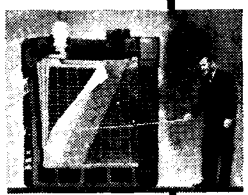


Here's how batteries usually wear out—the positive plates shed their power-producing material growing gradually weaker until power fails entirely.



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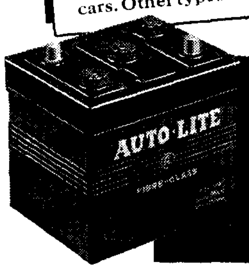


AUTO-LITE BATTERIES
ENGINEERED AS A BALANCED UNIT OF THE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

own small, hard hand was engulfed in Eddie's huge fist.

He looked steadily into Eddie's level brown eyes. So far so good, but Joe didn't like it. He said, "Eddie Gordon, the fighter?"

"Yes."

"I've heard of you. They say you're good."

He looked over at Max, and caught a wink from behind Ellison's metal-rimmed glasses. So Max hadn't told Gordon that Joe had been in Birmingham. Well, that was just fine. Since Eddie hadn't recognized him instantly, there was more than faint hope that he wouldn't recognize him at all. He asked, "Going to fight for Max?"

Ellison answered that one: "Don't know yet. There are complications."

"I see . . ."

Babs forced herself into the picture. She said to Joe Barton, "He's my new playmate. And he can't figure me out."

"Who can?"

"He's going to lunch with us."

Again Barton's eyes narrowed, again his wiry figure grew taut. But his voice was flat: "So he eats with us."

"I'm not eating," Eddie said. "I told Miss Ellison."

"Friendly lad," she said. "I'll probably have quite a job breaking him in."

Joe was thinking fast. Here was danger, but he knew better than to run away from it. He figured he'd better know whatever there was to know—and quick. So he said, "If Babs says you're in—you're in. You may as well give up."

Eddie shrugged. "I'll trail along, if that's what you want. But I'm still not eating."

Leaving the building, Babs said, "We'll use your car, Joe."

Barton shook his head. "No parking places. We'd better grab a taxi." He was thinking that the car might be a giveaway. There wouldn't have been many such cars in Birmingham. Babs said, "Imagine you in a taxi. But if you want . . ." and young Barton breathed more easily.

They went to a swank place on the East side, a room of impeccable respectability and fairly good cuisine. Joe ordered breakfast, Babs Ellison contented herself with a chicken salad and Eddie stuck to his decision not to eat.

"It's a hunger strike," explained Babs.

Eddie smiled at Joe Barton. "I'm working out at two o'clock," he explained. "That's the answer."

"I figured something like that." Joe was anxious to learn things. "Been in New York long?"

"Three days."

"Like it?"

"Pretty well."

"He'll like it better," prophesied Babs, "after I get to work on him."

Joe Barton smiled across at her, and Eddie looked at him curiously.

QUEER duck, this Barton. Just a runt, yet somehow he gave an impression of strength. Or, rather, of power. And he gave another impression, too—which was that he was pretty profoundly in love with Babs Ellison.

There, thought Eddie—was one for the books. They were as alike as two peas: young, wise, spoiled and—most certainly—uninhibited. It always interested Eddie to find out how people like this managed to find each other.

He wondered whether Babs liked Joe. Instinctively, he felt that she didn't: that she tolerated him because he had become a habit with her. He didn't know then that they had been brought up together, that Max Ellison and Lew Barton were lifelong friends. In fact, at the moment he didn't connect Joe Barton with the great political boss. "Couple of queer eggs," he thought, and let it go at that.

They chatted idly. Then Joe asked Babs something about the previous night. Evidently there had been an occurrence that didn't please him. Eddie sat back and listened. Her voice was sharp, and his was tinged with something that vaguely disturbed the watcher. Eddie found himself thinking, "He's nuts about her." Then: "I'd hate to have that guy jealous of me." It was silly of course. Joe Barton was a shrimp. It was just that certain something in his eyes: a ruthlessness, an intensity.

He interested Eddie, and so the young fighter sat back in his chair and listened to the quarrel. He kept his eyes fixed on Joe Barton. There was something he couldn't quite understand, an odd feeling he couldn't analyze.

Joe snapped off in the middle of a sentence. His voice was still hard as he swung back to Eddie. He said, "Well, what about it?"

Eddie was off guard. He said, "I don't understand what you mean."

"You've been staring at me for five minutes."

"I'm sorry . . ." Eddie flushed. "It's an awfully trite thing to say, Mr. Barton . . . but I have the craziest feeling that I've met you somewhere."

Again Barton's eyelids hid his hard, gray eyes. He said curtly, "Let's go."

But a new fear had been planted. He was thinking, "Gordon hasn't placed me yet. But if he keeps on thinking hard enough—maybe he will."

And then he carried his thoughts through to a conclusion.

"Before he remembers," reflected Barton, "I'd better do something about it."

THE item was of no great importance, and so in the Chronicle-Express—as in most of the other papers—it was hidden away in a corner of the sports section:

"Two eights, a six and two four-rounders comprise the boxing card tonight at the Bridge A. C. in downtown Brooklyn.

"In the main bout of eight rounds, the veteran slugger, Frankie Spillane, tangles with a newcomer, Eddie Gordon. Gordon has been knocking 'em over for the last couple of years in the South and Middle West, but tonight marks his first metropolitan appearance. He comes well recommended.

"In the other eight . . ."

That item, or its equivalent, was read by a few interested persons. It was read, for instance, by Max Ellison and Max showed it to the tall, angular gentleman seated opposite him in his office. He said, "That's where we're going tonight."

The tall man, who was Max's business manager, said, "You're interested in this Gordon, aren't you?"

"That's what I'm going to find out."

"This Spillane . . . he's pretty tough."

"Yeah," agreed Ellison. "It shapes up this way: It takes a darned good boy to beat Frankie. But the boy who can't beat him isn't good enough."

"Is Gordon a boxer? Frankie's never been knocked out, and the kid's only hope is to outpoint him."

"We'll see. I'm hoping that what we do see is worth the trip to Brooklyn."

And at just about that moment, Mr. Feets Johnson was in conference with a dusky damsel who resided in Harlem and worked as personal maid for Miss Barbara Ellison.

"Look, honey," Mr. Johnson was saying, "you just got to git over to Brooklyn tonight."

She said, "How come I cain't go 'long with you?"

"'Cause Ise takin' care of Mistuh Eddie. It's his fust fight in New Yawk, an' he couldn't git along 'thout me in his corner. But after the fight . . ." Feets made a sound which indicated that he and Miss Marvel Geech might go places. "I got five dollars against fifteen Mistuh Eddie knocks him out."

"You sho is a gamblin' fool, Brother Johnson."

"Gamblin'—yeh. But not no fool." He spoke gently. "Listen, Marvel—you got to be there an' see how I handle a champ. What I got is acument. An' this heah is a good ticket."

Marvel accepted the proffered gift. "All right, Feets—I'll go. But remember this: Most ginrally when I go places with a gemmun, I speck him to be with me."

"Next time, Miss Geech. Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg. But tonight's impawtant. Hist'ry is fixin' to be cooked up."

Mr. Johnson's enthusiasm was shared only in part by Cliff Halliday, ace sports columnist of the Chronicle-Express. Mr. Halliday had made the rounds of his office in the futile effort to find someone willing to accompany him. His offer of an extra seat at an insignificant Brooklyn club had met with no heartening response. One particular friend shook his head emphatically.

"The answer is still no, Cliff. I'm no traveler—and I don't like palookas. Besides, the whole thing is nuts."

Cliff donned an injured expression. "What causes you to say that, my smart friend?"

"You. The way you're acting. It isn't natural, Cliff—you running over yonder to see somebody no one ever heard of. What's the answer?"

Halliday struck an attitude. "My profession," he declaimed. "I give my all for it. I suffer and sweat and put up with hardships incalculable. And for what? For what, I ask you?"

"Darned if I know."

"For the purpose of getting good, fresh, live, zestful, sparkling copy for the beloved Chronicle-Express. Something to make readers read, buyers buy and the circulation department cheer. Feller, no matter what kind of a turkey Gordon turns out to be, there's a column in it, a column that will be reprinted in The Life and Letters Of."

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

"This Gordon has got himself a gal manager."

"What's new about that?"

"MORE than you wot of. Item: She's the daughter of Pop Mallory who was Gordon's manager—and who knew more about the fight game than even so astute a person as myself. Item: She's educated—so I hear—and a lady. Item: She's as pretty as seventeen dollars' worth of roses."

"I get it. Cliff Halliday, the handsome bachelor—"

"Right, so far."

"—Hears rumors of a babe at the other end of the subway. So he travels. Well, you can have her, sonny boy. Girls who manage fighters excite me less than none at all."

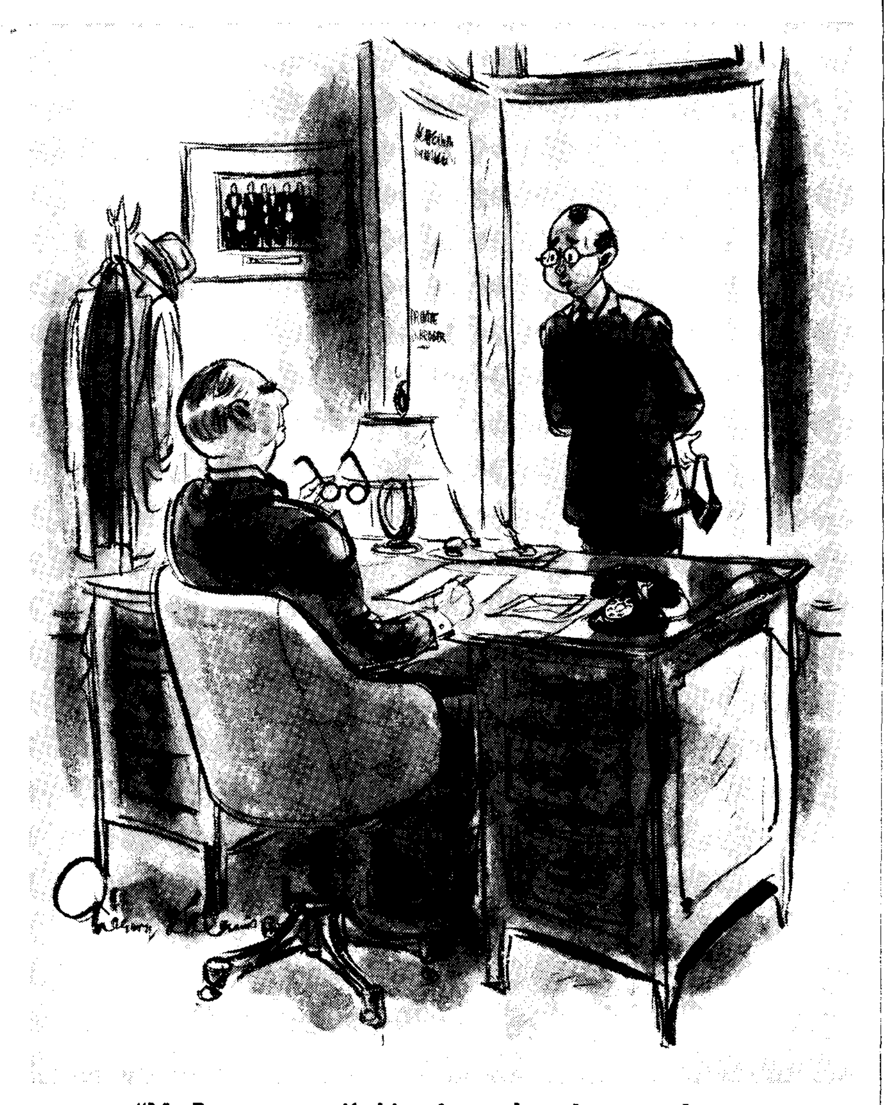
"No perception," mourned Cliff. "And now—where's that office boy who's been bothering me for ducats? Maybe he's got more sense than you."

There were others, too, who were interested in Eddie Gordon's pugilistic debut. Not all were happy about it, and among those who found no cause for elation the most notable was Joe Barton.

Joe's eyes were hot with anger, and his usually pasty cheeks were flushed. He said, "What's the big idea, Babs? Have you fallen for this guy?"

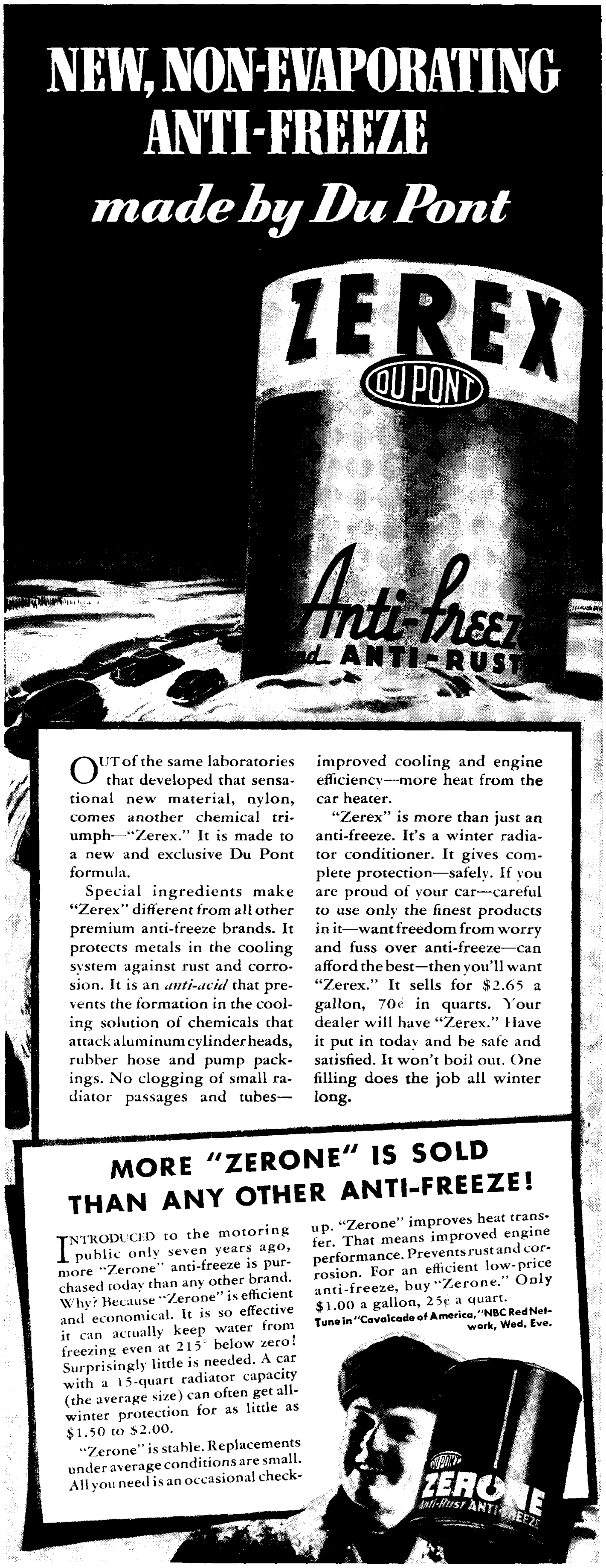
Max Ellison's daughter shrugged. "Suppose I have: What about it?"

(To be continued next week)



"Mr. Broger, my wife kissed me when she opened my pay envelope last Saturday—er— Did I get a raise?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO



NEW, NON-EVAPORATING ANTI-FREEZE

made by Du Pont

OUT of the same laboratories that developed that sensational new material, nylon, comes another chemical triumph—"Zerex." It is made to a new and exclusive Du Pont formula.

Special ingredients make "Zerex" different from all other premium anti-freeze brands. It protects metals in the cooling system against rust and corrosion. It is an *anti-acid* that prevents the formation in the cooling solution of chemicals that attack aluminum cylinder heads, rubber hose and pump packings. No clogging of small radiator passages and tubes—improved cooling and engine efficiency—more heat from the car heater.

"Zerex" is more than just an anti-freeze. It's a winter radiator conditioner. It gives complete protection—safely. If you are proud of your car—careful to use only the finest products in it—want freedom from worry and fuss over anti-freeze—can afford the best—then you'll want "Zerex." It sells for $2.65 a gallon, 70¢ in quarts. Your dealer will have "Zerex." Have it put in today and be safe and satisfied. It won't boil out. One filling does the job all winter long.

MORE "ZERONE" IS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER ANTI-FREEZE!

INTRODUCED to the motoring public only seven years ago, more "Zerone" anti-freeze is purchased today than any other brand. Why? Because "Zerone" is efficient and economical. It is so effective it can actually keep water from freezing even at 215° below zero! Surprisingly little is needed. A car with a 15-quart radiator capacity (the average size) can often get all-winter protection for as little as $1.50 to $2.00.

"Zerone" is stable. Replacements under average conditions are small. All you need is an occasional check-up. "Zerone" improves heat transfer. That means improved engine performance. Prevents rust and corrosion. For an efficient low-price anti-freeze, buy "Zerone." Only $1.00 a gallon, 25¢ a quart.

Tune in "Cavalcade of America," NBC Red Network, Wed. Eve.

The Daughter of the Dean

Continued from page 22

Mary, "He's a bright young man. He's very nice. Get rid of him."

Mary made a face. "Get *rid* of him?"

"Have dinner with me, Mary."

"Can't, Mike. Can't possibly."

"Mary!" He grasped her wrist and closed his fingers fiercely. "Please, Mary. I know that you don't want to, but you've *got* to." He held her wrist and looked at her.

MIKE climbed erect and pulled his helmet on. The nausea had departed. He was ready now. Not anxious, but resigned. The Bears knocked off a first down in two plays. They were big and fast and smarter than they had a right to be. They went another twenty yards to mid-field before the Titans held. Chicago kicked and Bodey brought it back a way. They gave the ball to Mike and Mike was buried at the line of scrimmage. Try again. This time his toes dug deep to borrow strength. Full speed ahead he hit them in the middle. Just a yard. One lousy yard. The Titans kicked. Chicago moved again and this time didn't fool. They traveled all the way, Delaney going over on a smart reverse. The big kid ran like snakes and music and two hundred pounds of ghost. Then he came back and kicked the extra point. Mike went to gargle water on the side lines and he didn't hear so much "appreciation" rolling from the crowded stands.

Lots of nice restaurants in Brooklyn. Down by Borough Hall there was a good one, serving mutton chops as large as footballs. "Medium rare," she said.

"Smart girl," said Mike. He chose a fork and turned it idly in his hands. He tried to think of things to say.

"You don't look very happy, Mike. What are you going to do with the fork?"

"I'm gonna jam it in my ear," he said. "I always wanted to know what I had inside my head. Not brains, of course, or else they never would have kicked me out of college. Maybe I've got roller skates inside my head, or boxing gloves. I can't make table talk. I want to look at you. But when I look at you I get ashamed." This isn't fair, he told himself. Don't talk like that. Don't cheat. Don't beg. Don't make it difficult for her.

SHE didn't answer him. She merely sipped her drink. Mike said, "We'll start all over. You've got relations in Brooklyn. Over on whatchamacallit." She told him once again what it was called. "You going to be there long?"

"Until I finish at Columbia. Next month. It's only a six months' course. But I wanted it. Then I'll go back to teaching."

"I never knew that you were up at Columbia, Mary. You never let me know. If you had only called the clubhouse, any—"

He heard her catch her breath and saw the swift, red anger at her throat. She dropped her hands to her napkin and he knew the monumental size of his mistake, the damned impertinence of his remark. "Well, really, Mike—" They were silent while the food was placed before them, until the waiter went away.

"Mary! Mary, I'm so sorry. I say these stupid things because I keep forgetting, get confused, and it isn't that I'm mean or want to hurt you—it's—oh, hell, nobody understands but me. Unless it's Biggie."

"I read about Biggie," Mary said. "I know he's out of danger now, because I called the hospital. He was always so nice, so kind. He tried so hard to be like you, Mike—when he should have been himself."

"He's a better man than I am, Mary."

"Yes, Mike. When you really think about it, I suppose he is."

"Too loyal, that's what he is. Too much of a pal. He tried to remove Delaney by the roots for me. Just because Delaney was doing the fancy things that I was supposed to do. Biggie tries too hard, that's all. And what the dickens does it get him?"

Delaney moved behind his interference, with his hips on hinges and his energies intact. He went fifteen yards before they brought him down, and he was laughing, with the ball clutched in his hands. He is the man I used to be, thought Mike. It isn't fun to be a corpse and watch a movie of your better days. It was Delaney who got Biggie, not intentionally, of course, but running roughshod like a race horse, with his hard knees flashing high.

He didn't seem heartbroken when they carried Biggie Weinbaum from the field, but then, again, if Biggie hadn't tried so hard . . .

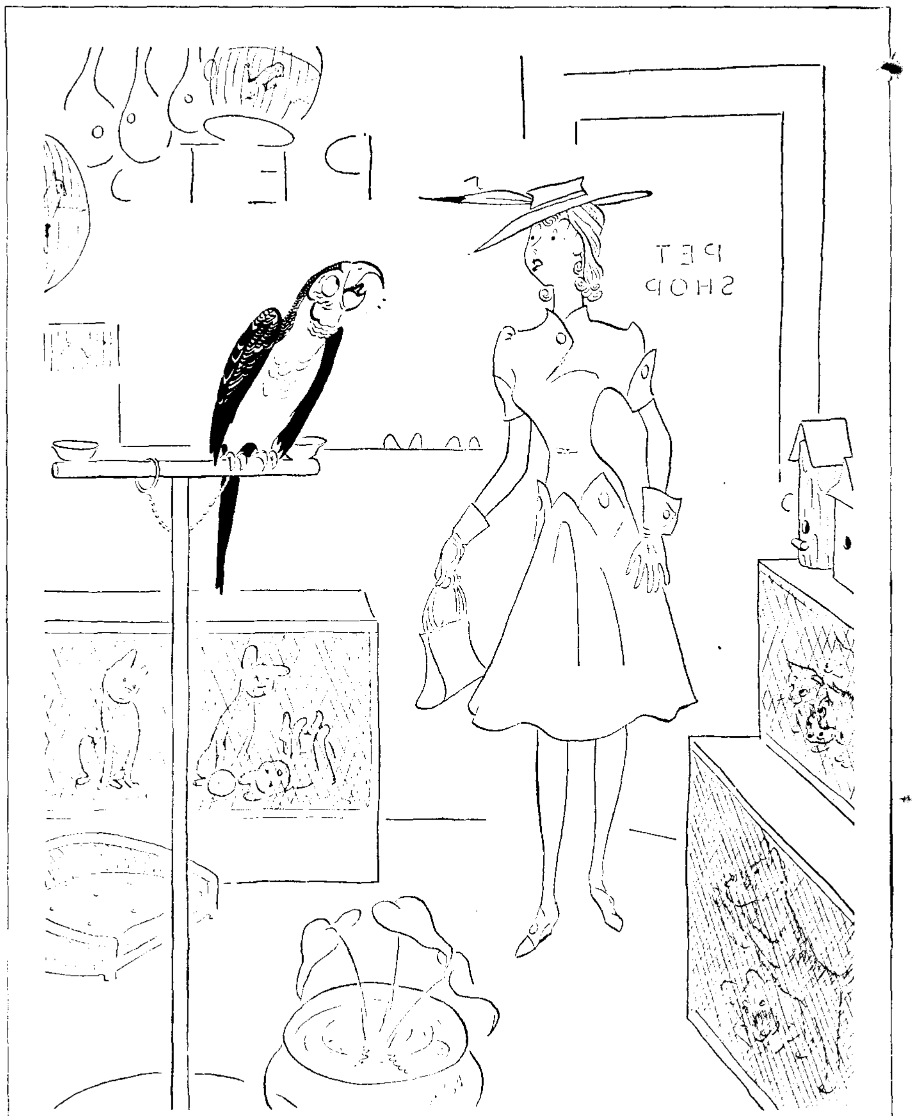
Bill Bodey said, "You all right, Mike? You all right, kid?" Mike said that he was fine. Chicago had the ball, was coming strong. The Titans were defending on their twenty-three-yard line. "Get in there, gang!" Bill Bodey said, and slapped a lot of Titans on their pants. This Bodey was a fine young man, a work horse out of Dartmouth, '36—just twenty-six years old and slated for the Titans' coaching job next year. An earnest guy, a sober guy, responsible, with wife and kid, ambition and a fair amount of brains. The job for Bodey, the automobile for Mike, as compensation.

Delaney carried for the Bears. Mike diagnosed the play, then threw himself between Delaney's interference driving hard. His valiance gained him nothing but a face full of Delaney's big left hand. Almost a first down now. In the stands the noise was growing bigger. McDermott stood Chicago's next advance upon its ears. Delaney carried wide and came at Mike. Mike stepped in, cold and calculating, hating just a little bit, and laid Delaney very limp upon the grass. But then Delaney, clever lad, stepped back and kicked a placement for three points and made the ball game ten to nothing in the favor of Chicago at the half.

Mike walked with weary resignation toward the dressing rooms. A pal of his, a man named Patsy Dominic, a natty little man who owned a chain of restaurants and some surprising lumps of money, met him at the door and said, "It's all right, Mike. Don't like the color, but I'll give you fifteen hundred for the car."

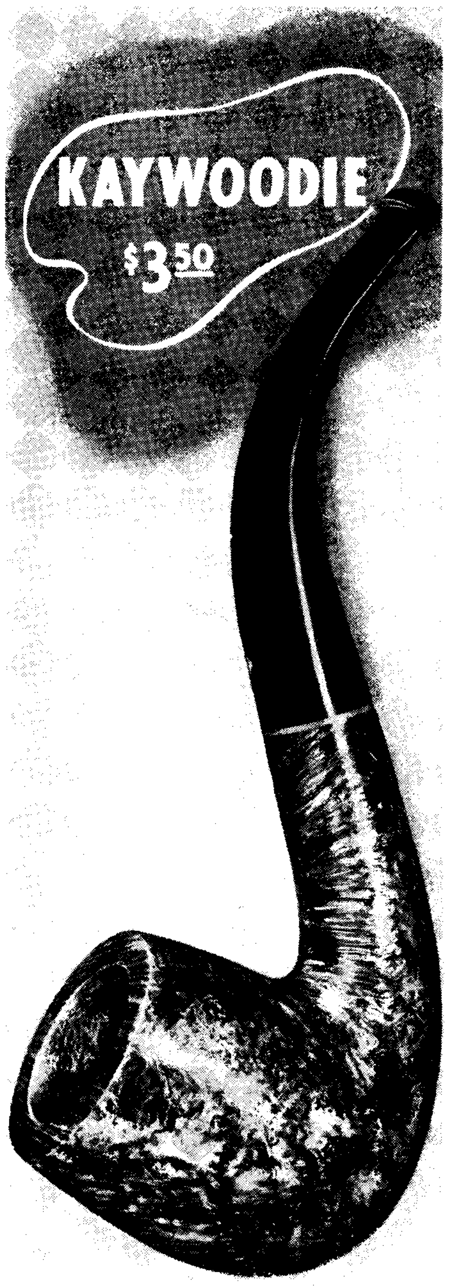
Mike looked at him. "Don't do me any favors, Patsy."

"Not doin' any favors," said his friend. "That car costs eighteen hundred bucks delivered at New York. I want to give



"The proprietor has stepped out for a moment, madam, but if you are looking for a talking parrot I'd be glad to help you"

GARRETT PRICE



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Many men find Kaywoodie the most comfortable of pipes. Frequently they ask why. There's no secret about it. Not the least valuable of our tools, originated by Kaywoodie craftsmen, is our collection of *unduplicated mouthpiece patterns.* Perfected over a period of years, they—(1) conform to general requirements of the teeth (2) balance each particular pipe. We are almost as proud of these patterns as of our pipes. You'll take pleasure in clamping your teeth on a new Kaywoodie—it feels better than you expected. The resilient compound "gives," is unusually comfortable . . . Particularly appreciated by those whose experience has been with inexpensive pipe-bits. Above, No. 14.

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Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac
21 interesting facts about pipes

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
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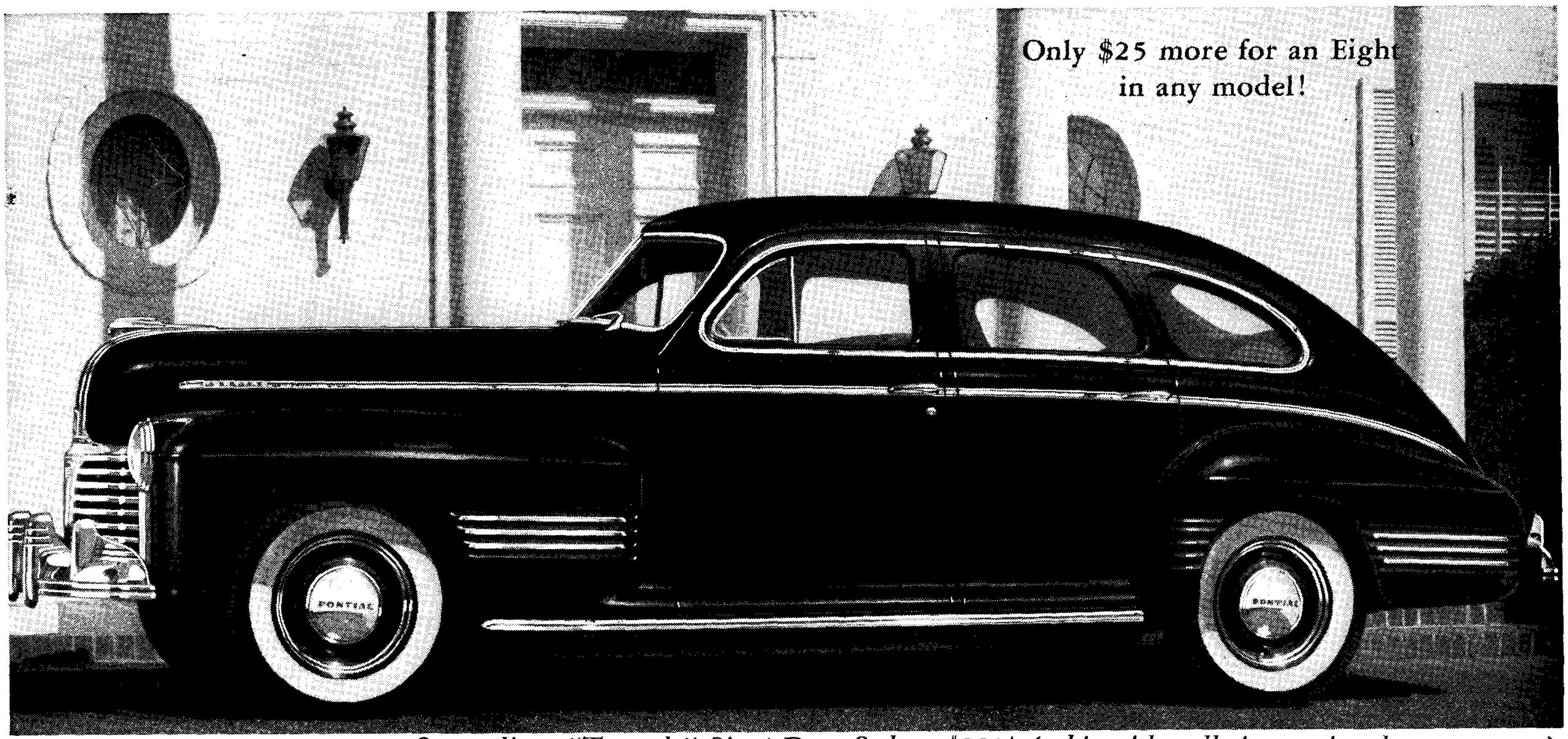
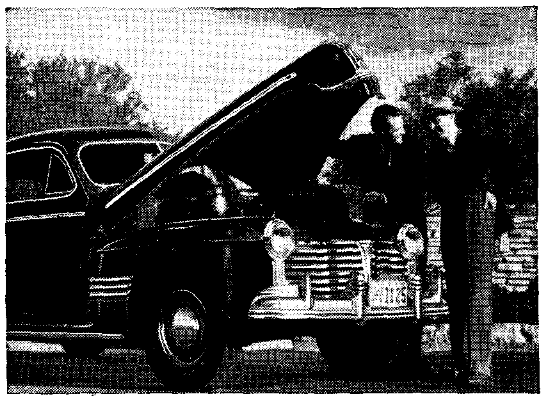

Only $25 more for an Eight in any model!

Streamliner "Torpedo" Six 4-Door Sedan, $980 (white sidewall tires optional at extra cost)*

We meant to make it what it is today...

One of the Finest!



Pontiac is the first to offer a choice of a six or an eight cylinder engine in any model for a difference of only $25. No matter which engine you choose, you get *all* the economy, dependability and brilliant performance for which Pontiac is famous.

No car is easier to handle than Pontiac. Semi-automatic Safety Shift, easy-action clutch with pedal booster, Tru-Arc Safety Steering and Multi-Sealed, Self Energizing Hydraulic Brakes make all driving operations easy, safe, sure and positive.

All Pontiac De Luxe "Torpedo" and Streamliner "Torpedo" models have enclosed safety steps replacing running boards. Custom "Torpedo" models are built so low that no running boards at all are necessary. However, purchasers may have wide, exterior running boards on this model, if they prefer, at slight extra cost which covers installation.

WE GET A LOT OF PLEASURE out of hearing people say that this new 1941 Pontiac "Torpedo" is the best car we ever built. We like to hear them praise its beauty . . . its bigness . . . its luxury and its performance. But, frankly, we're not surprised at the way all America has taken to this car—*we expected it.* We meant to make the 1941 Pontiac "Torpedo" just what it is—one of the finest.

That's why it offers such high-value features as Tru-Arc steering . . . Triple-Cushioned Ride . . . Pontiac's exclusive new life-time Oil Cleaner and many others. Yet, you can buy a Pontiac at a price just above the very lowest—and you can have your choice of a six or an eight *in any model* for only $25 difference! Why not visit your dealer today?

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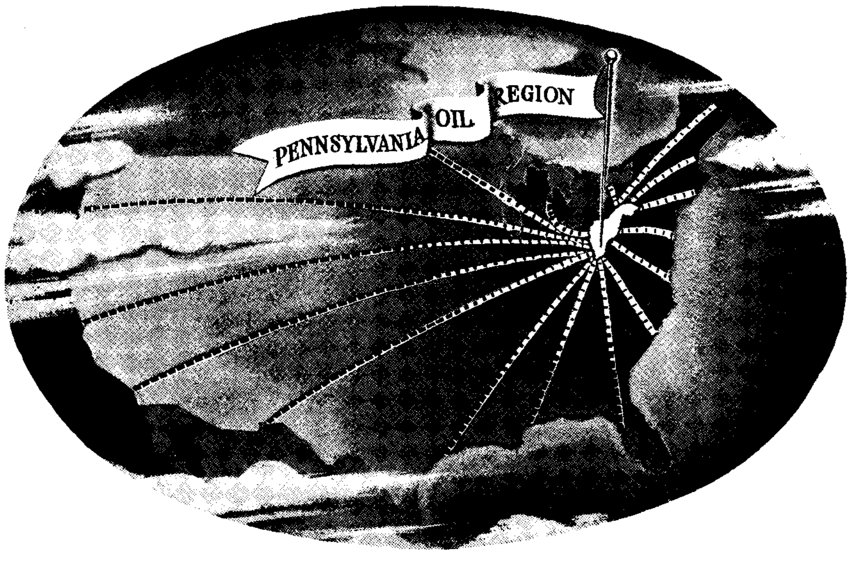

There is a Steady Flow from the Pennsylvania Grade Region to All Parts of America . . .

HERE IS PRODUCED THE WORLD'S CHOICEST OIL

By PARKER L. MELVIN
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SO THAT this Country's men may work, so their families may enjoy high standards of living in peace and safety . . . so the wheels of American progress may keep turning . . . oil, more oil, is a national demand. This places heavy responsibility on the whole petroleum industry.

To us in the Pennsylvania Grade Oil region, this responsibility lies even beyond "oil, more oil". . . *Ever finer oil* is our special problem. Knowing that Pennsylvania Grade is the world's choicest crude oil, we have constantly bettered production methods, and steadily improved methods of refining. Thus we have kept Pennsylvania Motor Oils always ahead—the pride of the people of this region—the choice of a great army of motorists—the preferred oil of most airlines. And do you realize that Americans are almost the only people in the world today who are privileged to *choose* their oil? Others must take any oil they can get. Discriminating Americans *choose* Pennsylvania.

The attitude of Pennsylvania Oil men to the public has never been "take it or leave it." Year after year, we have subscribed money, through our Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, to protect our good name and our well-known emblem. We have tried to be wise and far-sighted in research. In laboratories, and in rigid road tests, new-day demands have been met and tomorrow's needs have been anticipated.

Parker L. Melvin

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When you go to a service station for a quart of oil, or to have your crankcase drained and refilled . . . it is your opportunity to see that you get 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil. Such caution pays. Accepting "any oil" is not fair to your car.

Why? Because oil refined from Pennsylvania Grade Crude is superior chemically, and physically different. It has special qualities which make it lubricate better, last longer. You'll appreciate its quick-starting advantages this Winter.

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it to the wife. You want to get paid the way you said?"

"That's right. The way I said." Mike brought his large fatigue up to the Titans' dressing rooms. The fifteen hundred dollars would do Biggie and his family much more good than it would do himself. What the hell do I want with a car? he thought. I wouldn't have the dough to buy the gasoline, if I went farther than the Bronx in it. Mike, you many-muscled bum, you're through. Lie down. . . .

IT HAD been hard to talk to her when they were in the restaurant. For a while, ten intervening years sat awkwardly between them and the questions in their minds were much too many to find places on their tongues.

Mike raised his drink, "Well, Mary, here's to Biggie. Here's to us. Here's to little boys who fail to study their lessons. You can tell it to the class."

"I tell them all the time," she said. Her smile was slow and understanding. "Here's to you and Biggie, Mike."

He had a few more drinks and Mary said, "Well, how's the football business, Mike?"

"Stinks, that's how it is. Ten years of football only gets you bruises."

Mary didn't raise her eyes. "Disappointed, aren't you? About the coaching job, I mean. You wanted it."

It frightened him that she should know so much of him. "Yep, I'm disappointed. I'm an object lesson, see? Strong back, strong drink, weak mind."

"I get the point, of course."

"You what?" He didn't like the way she said it. Her voice had lost its pleasant understanding.

"The point is that you've quit. Can't fight any more because you're too busy licking your wounds. Funny man, Mike," Mary said. "I used to think, when I was a little girl—remember college, Mike?—that you were a spiritual time bomb about to explode. You know—rush out and win a war, or fly a wider ocean than anybody else, or be the President, or maybe fly some serum to Alaska, Brooklyn or Tibet—a lot of things—and I've been listening all this time for the explosion."

"I'm just a dud. Duds don't explode. A phony's what I am." He said it sullenly. He didn't like this moral summing up. He couldn't endure to sit and look at her forever, as she was, matured, and with her quiet pity. He used to be her guy, a long time ago. Foolish now to beg, to tell of good intentions gone awry, of that redemption that had not arrived.

"How's your father, Mary?"

"Fine," she said. "Just fine."

Good guy, her old man, the dean of men at Draper College. Very fair about it all, until there wasn't anything that he could do. At first her father didn't seem to mind. A word of caution here and there, but nothing else for many months. The springtime and the things you do on campuses: the soft drinks at the drugstore—no whisky, absolutely, except at dice games with the boys, and never being caught at it—the walks they took on many evenings, Mary close to him, her warm hand in his own, she loving him, he knowing it and grateful, humbled when she told him what a great man he could be if he just tried. It was a tender, world-expanding time he'd not forget, and when she wasn't near him he was lonely and hungry with her memory.

There'd been the prom in June, before he went away with Biggie for a lifeguard's job back home. The prom, the music and the dancing were in the gaily decorated gym, but people who had things to say, before they went away, were on the campus, in the shadows, where the trees in lantern light made pictures you'd remember when you'd gone away. Her hair was even softer than the evening, with the smell of flowers, and it belonged just where it was, against his shoulder. They were talking, with the hopefulness of kids.

". . . kind of crazy's what you are," she said. "Just big and dangerous, but good. Boy on the Burning Deck is what you are. I know. I've seen enough. A Galahad without a steady job and careless of yourself. I saw it in the game with Michigan. You give so much and yet you try to make it seem so little, then you get yourself involved. The studies don't matter really, Mike. Not for themselves. You're clever and can take them in your stride, or when your mind's made up. That's not the point. The point is that you're much too big for cheating, easy-sledding, darling."

Mike had kissed her and her yielding was a dividend of faith. All things proceed from here, had been his thought. This girl is finer, wiser, better than myself. I walk on holy ground. He made his resolutions. They were sturdy resolutions, made in earnest, forged in iron will, or so he thought, and covered many sins he would abandon in the future. The resolutions lasted many days, and even weeks, but vanished, somehow, in a summer's fun. He never could recall just how they got mixed up. . . .

They didn't say these things while they were having dinner, but, of course, they thought about them, Mary just as much as he, because the joke had also been on her.

He remembered the last time he had been with her at college, the final time . . . the mess with Duffy Stevens in his junior year, the scandal, all the tears and bitter sweat, the columns in the papers. That was 1930, he recalled, when Duffy Stevens was the Draper College football coach. Details of the trouble do not matter now, except that Mike should not have hit the man, no matter how unfair or obnoxious he had been, and implicated Biggie with his clumsiness.

That was the time, the dearest time in all his living up to now, when Mary said, "It's all over for us at Draper, Mike. Pop says this time there's nothing anyone can do. And Mike"—she hadn't looked at him—"he says he's certain that I shouldn't see you after this. He's right about most things."

Mike had said, "I know. Bad apples, worms, and all that stuff. I never did you any good, or anybody any good. 'By, darling—just don't look at me—just . . ." Very sentimental stuff it was.

"Mike!" And then her face came up, the cheeks were dry, the eyes were wet and proud. "I didn't say that I agreed with him, Mike, darling, if—"

"You what?"

SHE repeated what she'd said: "There's nothing left for us at Draper, Mike. But if you want me, I will go away with you. I'll marry you, because I love you better than the other things!"

That was the time. That was the time when Mike was champ and when he held her and the pain of all their caring passed between them and he said, "Good God, I don't deserve all this. I'll pack my things. I'll only be five minutes, Mary, darling. I'll see you at the gate at Bailey Street, down by the bus. . . ."

Biggie Weinbaum wore a long, sad face and listened while he stuffed things in a bag, preparing for departure. "She'll marry you? The finest girl we ever met is gonna *marry* you? You're gonna let her, Mike?"

"We love each other, Biggie. This thing really counts."

"Of course it counts. Counts now. But you should see the thing when you get through with it. When you, when we get through with anything. I have two dollars, Mike. How much have you?"

Mike didn't say, because both knew

how much he had. "This girl has brains," continued Biggie. "She's got something you never got in seven years of high school and three years of college. Just think about a girl like that, living with a bum—well, yes, I'm sorry, Mike—a bum like you in New York City. Live on what? Be honest, Mike. For once just think of what you're doing."

For once Mike counted cost in his appraisal of the thing he wanted most. He wished to say to Biggie, as he had said so many times before to interceptors of his plans, "The deuce you say. This girl belongs to me and no one else. This is the only chance I'll ever get. Don't be a dope." But he didn't say that.

It must have been a lonesome, shameful place for Mary, down by the gate at Bailey Street, down by the bus. Mike and Biggie went another way, ten years before Mike met her on the second tier at Ebbets Field. . . .

Now, watching her across the table, seeing her the way she was, far lovelier than even he remembered, the tragedy was that she had never married. His mean and private satisfactions that she hadn't were of no purpose now. Too late, because he had the poverty of proof and character, tonight, that he had on the night he left her waiting at the bus. But still, it would be warm and fine and comforting if he could hold her very close to him and tell her of the loneliness, the stupid, wasted years he'd been away from her.

"What do you do with yourself, Mike? Out of the football season, I mean. What do you do with your time?"

"You mean really?"

Mary shrugged. "I didn't mean to pin you down."

"I love you, Mary," is what he said, because it seemed the only thing to say, and then to cover up, he made a gag of it. "All day and night, nine days a week, I love you like a man should love his mother. Got no time to be the President in spite of all the pretty things you used to say of my potentialities. Just love you all day, Mary, darling. Funny, huh? You want another drink?"

"No, Mike. No drink. I think it's time we left. It has been fun, though. Really it's been very nice." They took a taxi to her uncle's house. She didn't waste much time. "Good luck next Sunday with the Bears. Goodby."

Could be, of course, that she was in the stands, watching him and knowing him and all the little wheels that went around inside of him. He wondered if she knew how tired he was; how difficult it is redeeming, even for the eyes of someone who is special, hero muscle from the fat of deadened discontent.

"A Galahad without a steady job," she called him once. Well, that was fanciful and loving, and a picture in her mind before she really knew him. That was said because she'd wanted to believe he was like that, when they were kids.

But in the huddle, Bodey said, "You've got it, Mike. It's number twenty-four. Just make the hole for Michael, boys; he'll do the rest." The way he said it, confident and sure, unqualified. That was the thing, and Mike felt in himself a little thrill, the old desire to go. He wished to say to Bodey, "You're not so bad. You're all right, kid. A punk like you, from Dartmouth, too. Phi Beta Kappa, all that stuff, and twenty-six years old—the next coach of the Titans. And has a wife. Well, more power to you, kid. . . ."

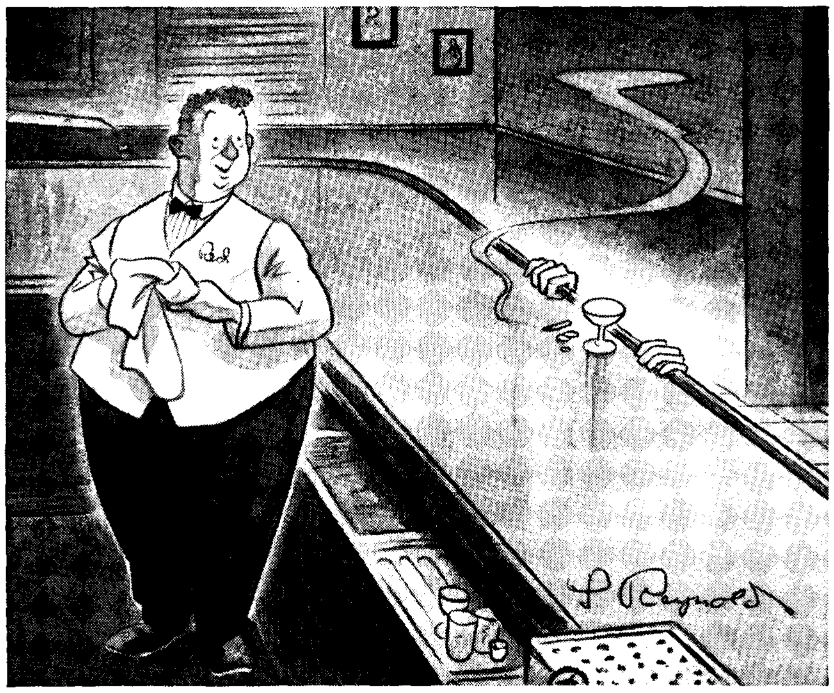
THE ball came back. Mike took it in his big hands and moved with nice precision in the wake of Bodey and McDermott. Mac got the end and got him clean and Bodey didn't spare himself against Delaney's knees. Mike found a lane to travel in for fifteen yards. He swiveled once, and rather neatly, too, and worked his way beyond two other guys before they nailed him from behind. Bodey's mouth was full of blood and when he grinned you couldn't see his teeth.

The signals, very crisp, relentless in the frozen afternoon. The ball came back to him. He didn't know how many times, and he was driving, giving out and spending of himself, because, somehow, it seemed the only thing to do.

First down again, and Mike looked up and saw the goal posts not so very far away and heard the voice of Bodey calling "twenty-four" again. Nice to play the game for Mary. Nice to make believe that she was watching, anyhow. Six yards. Six very stubborn yards Chicago didn't care to give away, and then a tidy little lateral, from Mike to Bodey to McDermott and only seven yards to go to get a score.

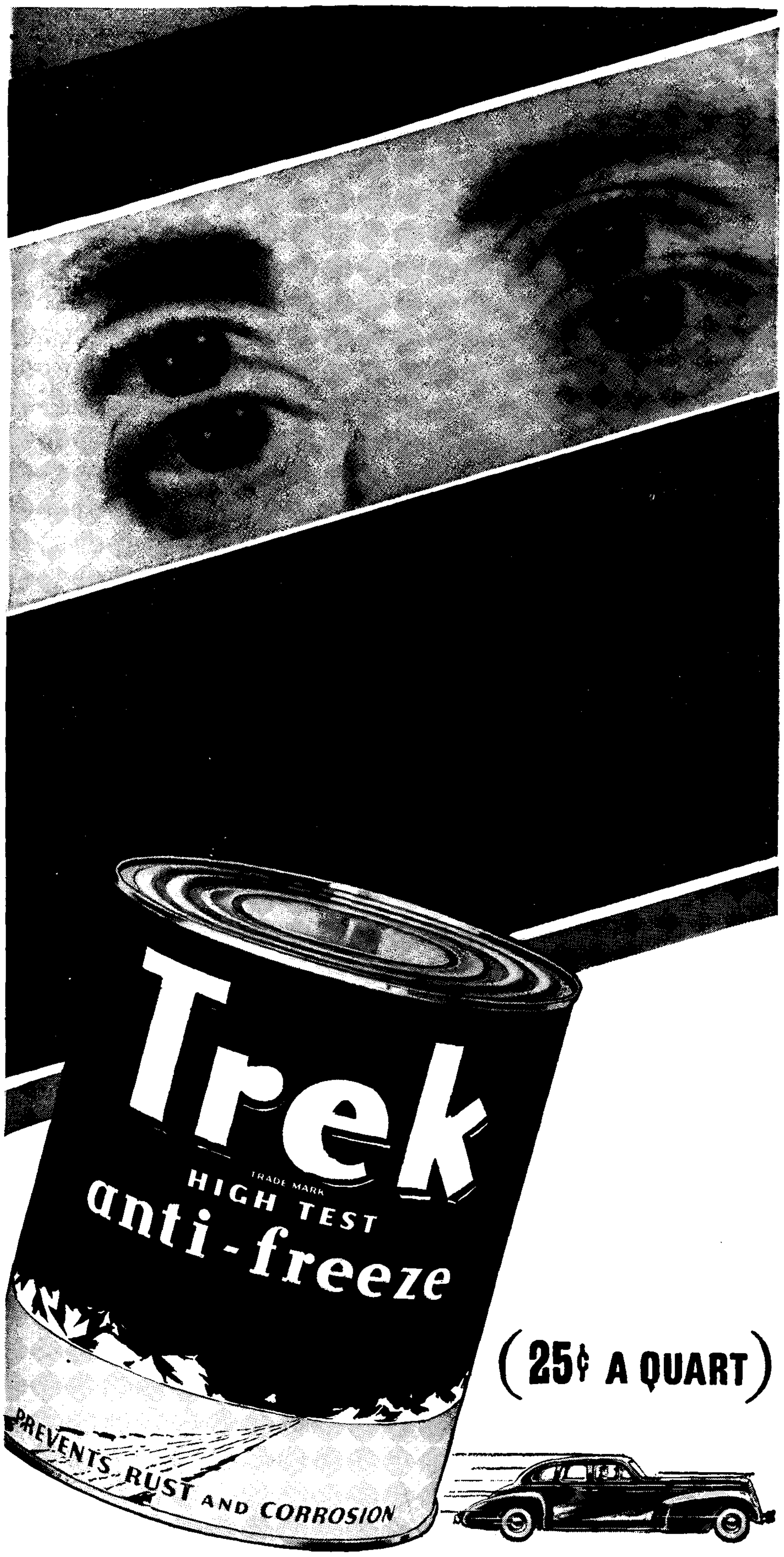
He went over standing up and heard the noise exploding in his ears, the crowd, his pals and lots of things. He couldn't see so well because somebody'd punched him in the nose and made the tears come down like rain.

Bodey said, "You do it, Mike," when they were lined up in an effort for the



"How'd you like that pick-me-up, Mr. McCabe?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



HERE'S an anti-freeze that resists engine heat like no other brand in the "dollar-a-gallon" field..."TREK" *High-Test* anti-freeze! Made of specially inhibited concentrated methanol. It prevents rust and corrosion ...keeps a clean cooling system clean. Get "TREK" anti-freeze today and enjoy protection you NEVER got before for a dollar a gallon!

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Trek

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THEY'D LOVE A
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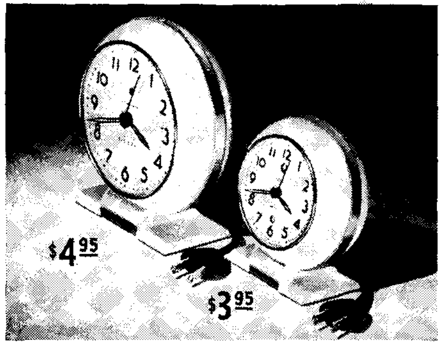
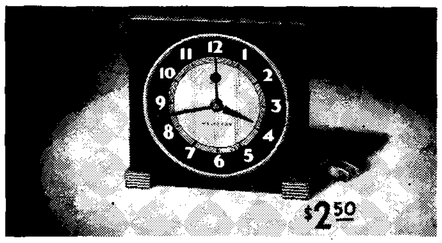


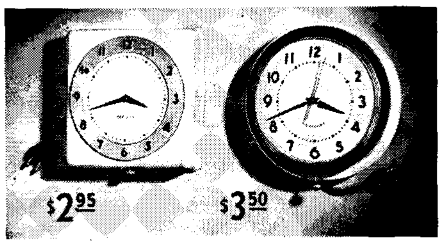
BIG BEN ELECTRIC is a Christmas gift anyone would cherish. Self starting. Pleasant 2-Voice chime alarm. Black with nickel trim or ivory finish with gold color trim $4.95

BABY BEN ELECTRIC is a small alarm clock that makes a marvelous gift! Self starting. Lovely ivory finish with gold color trim . . . $3.95

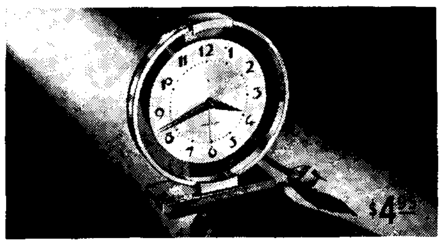
Above clocks with luminous dials, a dollar more



COUNTRY CLUB Electric is a handsome alarm clock that also serves beautifully as a time clock. Maroon, plain dial, $2.50. Ivory finish, luminous dial $3.45



KITCHEN CLOCKS make grand gifts for mothers! Both are electric. The square clock comes in choice of three finishes at $2.95. The round clock is self starting, gives you a choice of four colors, and is priced at $3.50



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extra point. "Your feet have personality." McDermott held the ball and Mike was very cold. He stepped in easily and kicked it through the middle. They could see a man stand up and catch it in the box seats. That was seven points.

Except that seven points were not enough. Chicago had ten points and they were written very clearly on the scoreboard. The Bears would receive.

Mike put a heavy leg against the ball and watched it ride deep to Delaney as the big guy moved in place for it and started up the field. Delaney was a centaur up the side lines. It was Levine who got him by the ankles on the forty-two-yard line. Mike hovered close, behind the line, observed the play, a smart reverse, with Lipski faking to Delaney, then traveling alone. Mike buried Lipski in Chicago's backfield, but then a moment later, Delaney got away and galloped twenty-three yards to the Titans' thirty-five. The minutes ran along and there were not so many left. The Titans held. Chicago kicked, with Sanchez putting it out of bounds on the Titans' four. This was not a pleasant place to be. The remedy, of course, would be to kick your way out of your troubles. One mistake would mean the ball game and there wasn't time. Three minutes maybe. Three or four. Bodey had his guts along with him. He called the play. "Eighty-two," he said, and Mike went back in kick formation.

IT WAS not a kick. Mike galloped toward the line of scrimmage, then paused and held the ball and shed the frantic, reaching arms that grasped at him, saw Weemis, running clear and free as wind and by himself. Mike let it go and placed it just a bit ahead of Weemis, left it hanging in the air for him to pack away. They pulled him down at mid-field and the Titans went to work against the busy clock that kept on eating up the seconds.

Mike thought, this is the time. If you are tough, if you are Mr. Football, if you are even half the man you always thought you were, this is the time.

Tough yards. All tough ones. People fought for them. Mike drove himself and slashed Chicago's line and broke himself against the opposition. Ten yards and twenty. Thirty more to go. Bodey mixed the offense just enough and on a spinner, nicely handled, ran the ball himself for seven yards. McDermott got a few. Then Mike dug deep and damned the pain, the hollow sickness down inside of him, and pushed it to Chicago's fifteen-yard line. There was nothing left then. He was done, all gone, but on his feet, and looking now he saw Delaney flat upon his back. Time out, Chicago!

Come and get Delaney! That's a laugh. Did Biggie hear? Would they let him use the radio?

He bit into the sponge they offered him and let the water freeze upon his face. He held his chest with both big hands, afraid that it might come apart if he let go. And then the signals once again, the driving, and the lift of energy derived from will. The smashing contact and the sweet reward of yielding flesh before him. On the ten-yard line, the six, the four, then over for the score. The job was done and it was difficult to stand erect.

But he felt clean and honest and he knew he hadn't funked it. Just a game of ball for Mary, and a very nice one, too. . . .

It was late, and he was by himself, *successful in avoidance of the boys and* their prolonged congratulations. He had a soda in the drugstore near the hospital. He liked the feel of ice cream on his swollen lips. He bought a lot of little things for Biggie, candy, magazines and things like that, and wondered how he'd ever get the fifteen hundred bucks to him, so Biggie wouldn't know the source of it. Biggie had a family now, had things to build for, needed help. He went down the hall to Biggie's room and walked inside.

Mary sat beside the bed and she seemed busy with her hands, stuffing things away into her purse. She seemed confused when she saw Mike. But Myra, Biggie's wife, was looking fine and rather pretty, quite content. The patient looked the best of all. His bandage was becoming.

Biggie said, "I'll move over, pal, and let you in. You played a ball game, Mike. You were the best today. You were the guy you used to be. I want to tell you we were proud. Sit down. Sit down before you fall."

Mary said, "A good job, Mike." But that was all she said.

Biggie's wife said many things. She said to Biggie, "Show him, Harold. Tell him."

Biggie grinned. "Oh, that. I guess he knows."

"Knows what?"

"About the dough."

"What dough?"

"Appreciation Days. They're running wild. The club is taking care of everything up here"—his gesture meant the hospital—"Bodey called, a little while ago, and said the club was going to slice two thousand dollars off the gate. They said they thought I'd rather have the cash than any automobile. Those guys are smart, huh, Mike? You find a guy to buy your car?"

Mike said, "Yeah. I found a guy."

"Well, Biggie," Mary rose. Her gloves were on her hands. She held her purse. "It's been nice, Biggie. You're going to be just great, I know. And, Mrs. Weinbaum—hope I'll see you soon again. 'By, Mike." Then she was gone. She had seemed a bit embarrassed and in haste to get away.

Mike watched the door with weary eyes. "Remember, Biggie? Remember when?"

He put his head down in his hands, not for effect, but from fatigue and for the purpose of concealing many things that would be written on his face.

Biggie said, "Look, Mike. If I were you—if I was strong enough to beat Chicago just a little while ago, I'd chase her down the hall."

Myra said, "The girl was just embarrassed. She was showing us pictures of you when you walked in here."

"We thought you would be out drunk with the boys," said Biggie. "Show him the pictures, Myra."

Myra showed the pictures. Pictures of Mike at college and pictures of Mike with the Titans. Pictures spaced across the years and dated on the backs of them. "A lonely, lovely gal," said Biggie. "A sorry case that she should want the likes of you. But that's the way it is. You take it from a pal. You take it from a guy who knows. I helped you make a great mistake the last time, Mike."

HE FOUND her in the hall downstairs, where evidently she had waited, putting powder on her face to repair the toll of tears. She saw him and she blew her nose. "Hello, Galahad," she said, and held his arm. "You must have fallen off your horse." There was meaning in the tightening of her fingers on his arm.

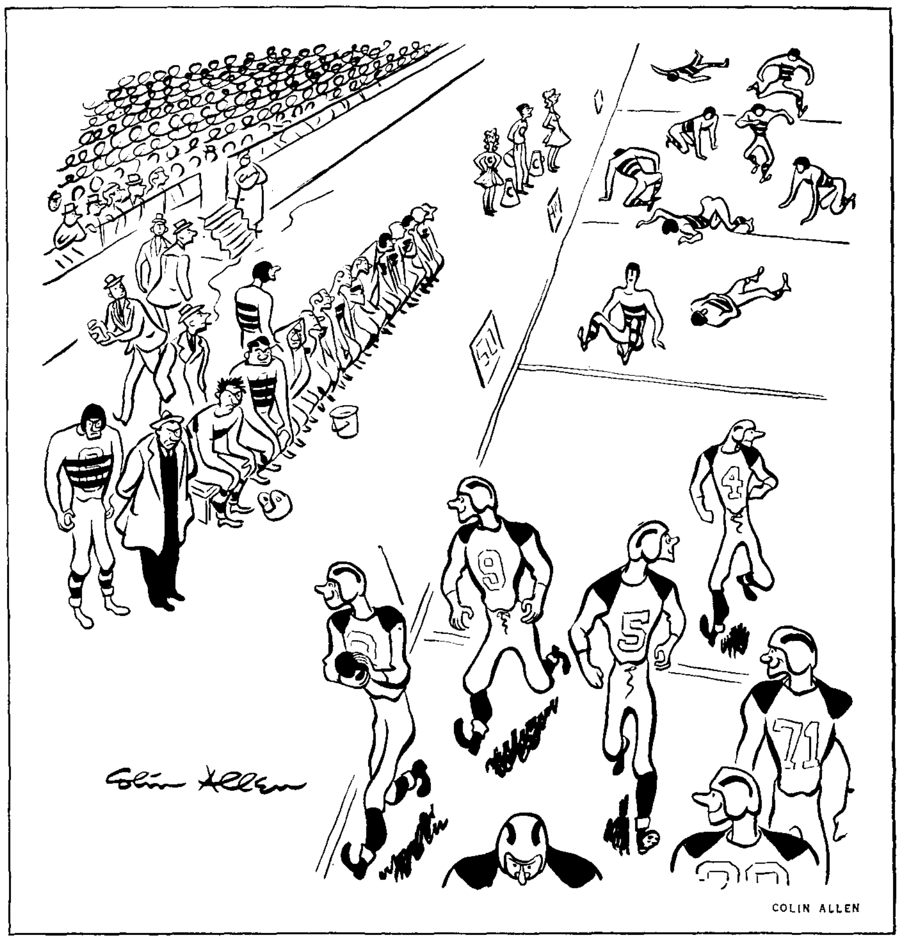
"I've got fifteen hundred bucks," he said. "I need you, Mary. Without you I'm a beggar and a bum."

"I wouldn't care if you had fifteen cents. Oh, Mike—" She laughed. "You think that you need me? That's only half of it, you fool—you darling fool. Ten years is a dreadful time to be alone." Then there were tears. "You must think that I haven't any shame. Well, Mike, I haven't any shame."

"The heck with tears," he said. He pressed her hand. "You haven't any shame. I haven't any job. So what?"

"A job? Just read the papers, darling. They're going to need a coach at Cleveland and the situation isn't settled at Detroit. You take a man like you. A sober, settled man like you, responsible and handsome, the greatest football player of his time. It's really easy when you try, or when you care. Meanwhile, we'll get along."

They walked out to the street and they were very close together. He was tired but didn't care and then he said, "Let's wait together for a bus. Remember the one we missed?"



Back from Havana:—

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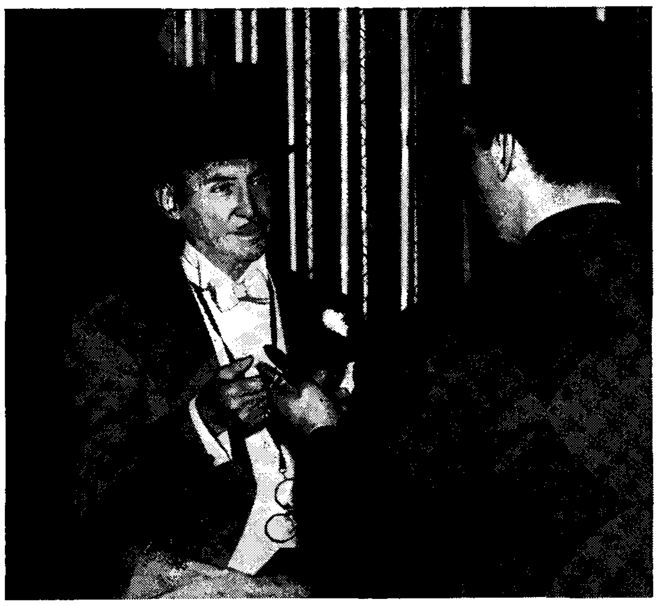

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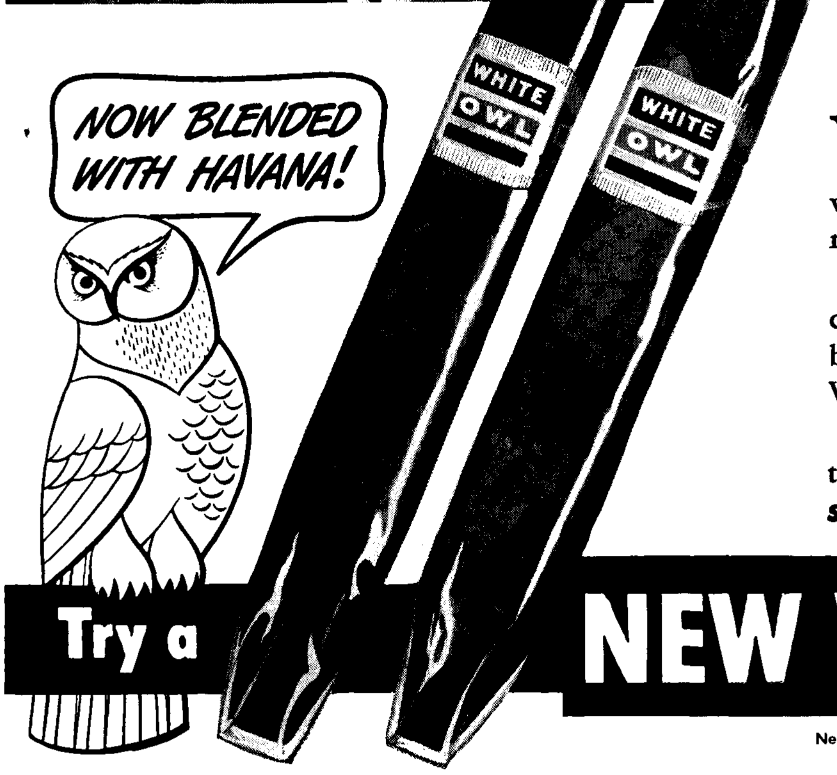

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Something to Remember

Continued from page 17

him westward through the city, lasted as long as it took him to smoke a cigarette. He got out in front of a two-storied brick house, climbed broad steps to a large veranda, and rang the bell.

Grace Presley opened the door and he could tell by the look on her face that he had guessed right.

"Where is she?" he said.

"Mal, she—she didn't want me to tell you she was here."

"Where is she?"

SHE was in the living room, sitting in a wing chair beside a bridge lamp. Her face was utterly white.

There was no haste about Grove, no panic, no breathless rush of words.

Grace Presley was Julia's sister, older by several years. Her voice was hardly above a whisper when she said, "How—how did you find out?"

"Van Wert," Malcolm Grove said out of his deep preoccupation.

Julia, making no sound, covered her face with her hands.

Grace Presley sat down slowly, quietly, as if she were afraid of disturbing someone. "What did he say?"

Grove said, "A tenant saw Julia running out of the building about the time Wes was killed."

Julia stared straight before her. "You shouldn't *have* come here, Mal. Stay out of this—go away!"

The hopelessness of her voice shook him. He thought, "If you'd married me, if you'd buried the conviction that you ruined my career, all this would never have happened." He said, "There's no use talking like that, Julia. I won't go."

He brought over a chair, placed it in front of her and sat down. He took hold of her hands, pressing them reassuringly in his own. There was a calm, warm urgency in his eyes; and seeing it, feeling it envelop her, she pressed backward in her chair.

"They'll come here," he said quietly. "You've got to expect that. But don't worry." He paused for a minute, then said, "Julia, did you let him in?"

She shook her head.

"How did he get in?"

"He must have had a key—from when we lived there."

"That's unlawful entry. What did he do, try to attack you?"

Her jaw shook, and with sudden terror in her eyes she jumped up and ran across the room. Grace stopped her, holding on grimly.

"Julia, please, please!" she begged.

"Let me go!" Julia cried. "I won't talk about it! I can't talk about it! Don't you see I can't talk about it?" She turned her wide, stricken gaze on Malcolm Grove. "Mal, I'm all right. I'll be all right. It was self-defense. He had no right there. He—"

Grove took her away from Grace Presley, placing his hands on her shoulders. Then he put his arms around her and all at once she clung to him and he could feel the awful pounding of her heart and it melted him and he held her tightly, kissing the top of her head. Her breathless voice kept saying over and over again, in a hoarse whisper, "Oh, darling. Oh, darling . . ."

The ringing of the doorbell made Grove lift his eyes and at the same time he felt Julia draw away from him.

"Get it, Grace," he said.

Lieutenant Adler came into the room, a brown Homburg in his hand, his eyes grave and his broad, dark face half hidden by the upturned collar of his ulster. He glanced at Grove without any change of expression, then addressed Julia:

"Mrs. Gifford?"

She was biting into her lip. She nodded.

"They want you over at police headquarters for questioning."

Grove said, "Just for questioning, Lieutenant?"

"Just for questioning, Mr. Grove. We picked up her brother and he confessed he killed Gifford."

Grace Presley turned away, sobbing.

But Julia's eyes flashed. "He's a fool! He lied! *I* killed him! He broke into my apartment and *I* killed him!"

Adler stared gravely at her. "Did you black his eye first, Mrs. Gifford? Did you leave marks of blows on his jaw and on his cheek, Mrs. Gifford?" He walked over slowly, took her hands and gazed down moodily at them. "Not with these hands, Mrs. Gifford," he said.

She pulled her hands away violently and glared at Adler.

"A reporter at the trial two years ago remembered your brother threatening to kill Gifford—"

Her whole body trembled. "You'll see," she said grimly. "I know what I did."

"Sure, ma'am," Adler said understandingly. "The movie at that neighborhood picture theater let out at exactly five past eleven, and the manager saw you go out then. The crash in your apartment was at eleven. It takes five minutes, about, to walk from the picture house to where you live. Will you get your coat, Mrs. Gifford?"

Grove took Julia into the library, to get her coat. She was dazed, bewildered.

"What happened?" he muttered.

"Ed came over to my place to use my typewriter for a thesis he was working on, so I went to the movies. When I came in"—she ran her hand slowly across the top of her head—"Wes was lying on the pantry floor, his eyes staring. Ed had gone. I ran out and tried to phone him. There was no answer." She turned and gripped Grove's arm. "Mal, I'd stand a better chance than he would, wouldn't I?"

"That's what you thought, didn't you?"

ADLER led Malcolm Grove into a warm, dark brown office and said, "We can wait in here till the D. A. gets finished questioning her. Have a seat."

Grove sat down.

The lieutenant removed his hat and overcoat and hung them up. From his pocket he took a scarred, big-bowled pipe and a tin of tobacco and while he loaded the pipe glanced from time to time at Malcolm Grove. He lit up slowly, sat down in an oaken armchair and leaned back, his short, thick bulk filling the chair. At length he said:

"I was away two years ago when that trouble happened. Me and the missus. I came down with the flu, damned near died, and they gave me a furlough. Me and the missus went to Florida for two months. Nice place, Florida. Ever been there?"

Grove shook his head.

"The missus was kind of sorry when you got kicked out as special prosecutor. She never did have any use for the district attorney's office, on account of she says we do all the work and they get all the credit. Women are funny. Take the young lady, for instance—trying to shield her brother. Of course, she ain't got a chance."

Grove stirred.

Adler held up his pipe and gazed at it. "Of course, the missus never did think you and her were guilty of what—well, of what they said happened. I guess a lot of people wondered about that. Even about that picture."

Grove said, "There was nothing faked about the picture, but it didn't mean what it seemed to. You can tell Mrs. Adler that much, Lieutenant."

"I'll tell her what you said. What did happen, Mr. Grove? I think the missus would like to hear your angle."

"The missus or you, Lieutenant?"

Adler gazed at his pipe, then put it back in his mouth, turned to his desk and began reading a newspaper. Grove got up, crossed to the desk.

"I didn't mean it the way it sounded," he said.

Adler continued to concentrate on the newspaper.

Suddenly Grove struck the desk with his fist.

He said, "But for that—this tonight wouldn't have happened! But for a dirty, jealous, lousy husband—"

"Take it easy, Mr. Grove."

"Take it easy!" Grove cried. "He was a rat, I tell you. Humiliated her constantly and made her life a hell. And you sit there and tell me to take it easy! He locked her out the night she came to my place and she came in the rain and was soaked to the skin and that's why she was found in pajamas and dressing gown. My sister's things, you understand, Lieutenant. My sister was living with me then and when Julia Gifford came over she came because she thought my sister was there, not me. I hardly knew her. But that night my sister was out at the theater and a night club, and I told Julia Gifford to stay anyhow; my sister wouldn't be late.

"I left her in the living room and went back to bed. Later she woke me up tapping on the bedroom door and said someone was trying to get into the apartment. I woke up slowly, and I got up and went plowing into the living room in my robe and just then they got the door open. Julia Gifford was beside me—in a dressing gown. They had a flash camera."

"Some picture," Adler said, without levity. "And your sister wasn't in?"

"NOT yet. Gifford, after he'd locked Julia out, went out himself, on the town. She'd told him where she was going—a thing he denied later. Anyhow, he happened to drop in at a night club where my sister was having supper with friends. He saw her there, and got the idea. It was enough, the picture and the witnesses, to get him a divorce and nearly to break her heart with shame!"

Adler said, "And to cook your goose."

"Yes, and to cook my goose," Grove said.

Adler nodded. "I remember they said you stood a good chance of being senator some day." He sighed and knocked out his pipe. "Too bad, too bad."

"It was only afterward," Grove said, "that I got to know her, really." And he thought, "To love her, really." He stood up straight. "It certainly saved Van Wert's skin!" he said harshly.

Adler had no comment to make on that. "Well," he said, "I'll go see what's doing."

JULIA'S brother stood up when Grove entered the cell and said in a tired voice, "Hello, Mal."

"Hello, Eddie. I've got ten minutes to talk to you. Sit down."

"How is Julia?"

"She just had a session with Van Wert. She's all right. They won't let her see you yet, though. I'm here as counsel."

"Thanks, Mal." Eddie sat down on the cot and put his elbows on his knees. He was a lanky youth and now he crouched over, his head hanging wearily between his shoulders. "What—what did Julia tell them?"

Grove sat down beside him, offered him a cigarette and, when he shook his head, lit one himself. "She decided not to say anything. First off, she said she did it."

"They told me she did it and they couldn't find her."

"They found her later. She'd run to Grace's."

"They came to where I live and got me out of bed. They were looking for her. They said she did it."

Grove nodded. "Naturally, when she wasn't home, and when somebody saw her leave the building shortly after Gifford was killed. What did you say in the confession you made?"

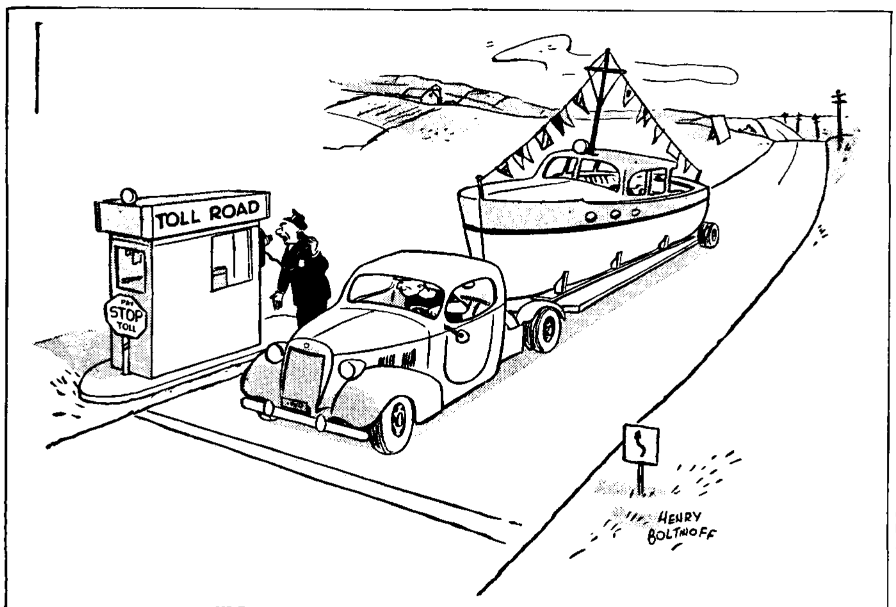
"I don't remember. I guess I described how I did it. I don't remember. I remember they showed me the ice pick and I said, yes, that was it. He came in and I told him to get out before Julia came back and he wouldn't. We fought and then I got hold of the ice pick and stabbed him."

"Did he force his way in or did you let him in?"

"I—I let him in. Well, he knocked and I opened the door and there he was." He rubbed his hand across his eyes. "Tell Julia not to worry. You mustn't let them hound her, Mal. I did it because he deserved it, tell them. Don't let them try to hang it on her."

Grove said, "They gave that up, Eddie. There's evidence that she couldn't have done it, because at the time of the crime she was in the neighborhood movie theater. That's why I'm here. That's why—" He stopped. "What's the matter, Eddie?"

The boy's mouth hung open, and he



"No, I haven't been drinking. All I said was, 'What's the charge for boats?'"

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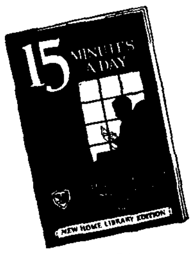

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stared wide-eyed and unbelieving at Malcolm Grove.

"Eddie, what's wrong? What's the matter?"

"She—she *didn't* do it?"

"No, of course she didn't."

"Mal!" Eddie gripped him by the wrist. "Look, Mal. You're sure they said that? Mal, what did Julia tell you? You, I mean—not them."

"She didn't do it."

Eddie's jaw locked hard and his face was chalk-white. He stared fiercely at the wall of the cell and began shaking his head. "Mal, I didn't do it. I thought Julia—They said—"

"How did you skin your knuckles?"

EDDIE looked at his knuckles. "They asked that too. On the walk home. I slipped on some ice and fell. My knee's skinned too." He stood up abruptly. "That confession I made." He wheeled around. "Can they use it?"

"Yes, they can use it. Did they take pictures of your hands—your knuckles, I mean?"

Eddie nodded dumbly, then said, "Yes, they did."

"Did anybody see you on the walk home?"

"Nobody. It was cold and my coat collar, I had my coat collar up. I didn't meet anyone."

"What time did you leave Julia's?"

"Half past ten. And I got home to my room at half past eleven. I don't know what time it was when they woke me up and took me away."

"Before two, anyhow, because I phoned you about that time and there was no answer."

Eddie said hollowly, "If it wasn't Julia, and it wasn't me—" His voice caught in his throat and he turned slowly and looked at Malcolm Grove.

Grove was leaning back against the wall, his cigarette hanging motionless from his lips, his eyes drowsing behind half-open lids.

Eddie sat down beside him, laid a hand on his knee. "Mal. Was it—was it—"

"Me, Eddie?"

Eddie looked away miserably.

Grove slapped him on the back and stood up. "Better get some sleep. I'll see you tomorrow."

Julia was waiting for him in the corridor and without saying a word he took her arm and they went outside and walked up the block to a taxi stand. Inside the cab, as it drove off, Grove closed both hands over one of Julia's.

"Yes, darling?" she said.

"He didn't kill Wes."

"Malcolm!"

"Sh! He didn't. You didn't. And I have an alibi."

She turned toward him in the darkness, taking her hand from between his and instantly gripping one of his hands between her own.

He shook his head. "No, don't think that. That's what Eddie thought. No, the alibi is sound because I didn't, in fact, kill him."

Her body relaxed against his, her head on his shoulder. "Don't say things in a way to frighten me."

"I didn't mean to, Julia. But listen. After Wes divorced you, he went downhill faster than he'd gone before. He drank heavily, and you remember how he used to phone you and get maudlin. Before the year was out he was broke and he'd been thrown out of any number of places for drunkenness. Then he went away. Then he came back. He was away for a year, in all, as far as we know. At any rate, Adler said they found out that he checked into the Belvedere Hotel day before yesterday. Listen. You didn't kill him. I didn't kill him. Eddie didn't kill him. When he did that rotten thing two years ago, all of us suffered. But one man didn't. One man was saved from public disgrace."

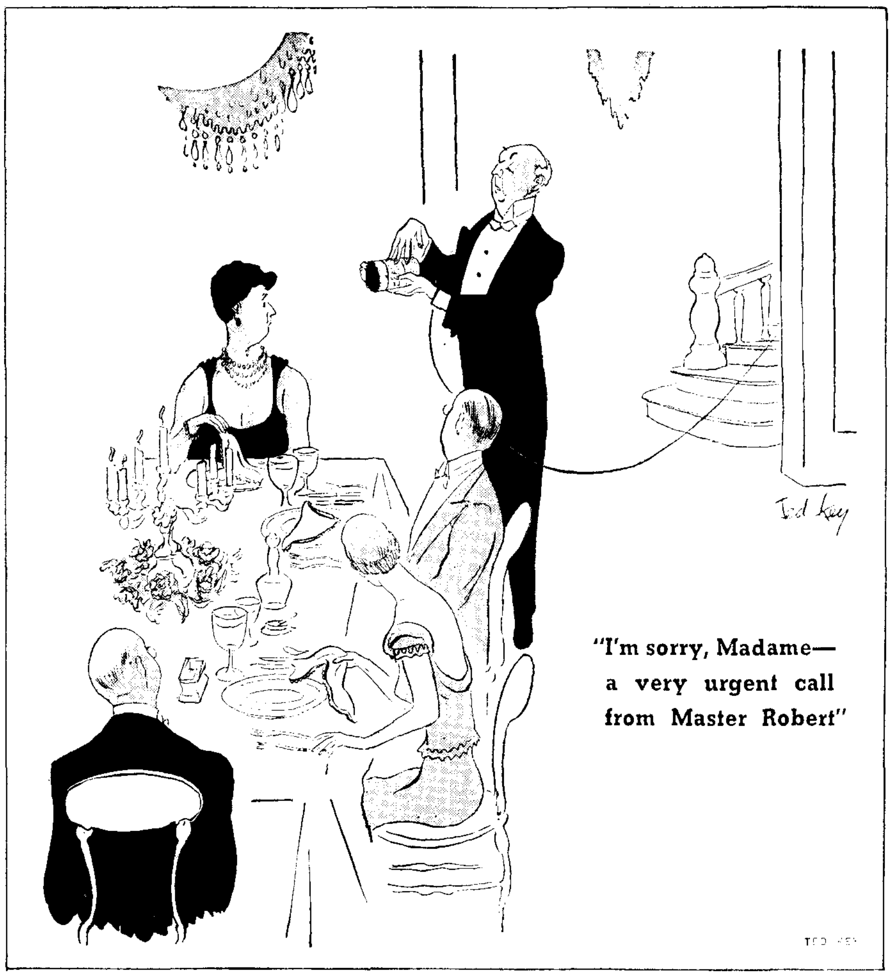
"Van Wert."

He nodded. "Van Wert."

"But no, Mal. It couldn't be. Oh, Mal, it couldn't—"

"It's been in the back of my mind these two years," he said grimly. "Where did Wes get the money to hit the primrose path the way he did after your divorce? Why did he go away for a year? Why did he come back? Why did he come back to your place?"

She shook her head and held on to him. "No, no, no, Mal. You're letting your imagination run away with you. You forget that whatever Eddie told you, or whatever we believe, he's in jail. He made a confession. He has no alibi."


"I'm sorry, Madame—a very urgent call from Master Robert"

Grove was silent. He put his arm around her and pulled her head down against his shoulder.

When he walked into the lobby of his hotel an hour later two old men in overalls were mopping the tile floor. Lieutenant Adler was watching them with a glum, vacant expression.

"Hello, Mr. Grove," he said. "I thought you might be along."

"You get around, Lieutenant."

"Oh, I get around. I just checked with the clerk there about when you came in. The elevator boy too. It's okay."

"Thanks for reassuring me. Come up and have a drink."

Adler peered at him curiously for a moment, then said, "Well, sure. Wait till I make a phone call, will you? There's a booth right here. Excuse me."

Grove waited in front of the elevator and when Adler reappeared they went up to Grove's apartment. Grove brought a bottle, a siphon, ice and two glasses from the pantry.

"You saw the boy, all right?" Adler said.

"Yes."

"Fine-looking boy."

"Pour your own, Lieutenant. This fizz all right?"

"Just the whisky with a couple lumps of ice. Fizz gives me gas. Soon as I laid eyes on that young lady, I says to myself, 'No, sir, Henry, that young lady's no tramp.' Henry's my first name. Three lumps, thanks, that's enough."

Grove gave him a covert, measuring glance, then poured himself a drink and shot in some water. "What do you think of her brother, Lieutenant?"

"Like I said, a fine-looking boy. Lots of pride. Polite. Good, natural control. No black streak of anger in him—like there is in you, for instance. Offhand, just looking at him, I'd say he was the last person in the world to strike anybody, let alone kill him."

"Not like me, you mean."

Adler shrugged. "Oh, you'd kill a man, all right, if you got black-mad enough."

"I guess I could have got mad enough at Gifford, couldn't I have?"

"All things considered, why, I'd say yes."

"Look," said Grove, an edge suddenly on his voice, "cut out the ring-around-the-rosy, Lieutenant. If you're still playing around with the idea that I killed Gifford, get a warrant for my arrest, toss me in the clink and then try to get me indicted. And then, I repeat, try to get me indicted! And do you know what, Lieutenant?" he demanded. "Do you know why you're horsing around here? I'll tell you. Because you've found that there's a fluke somewhere in the case against the boy."

ADLER scratched his chin. "That's no news to me, Mr. Grove. I never did think, now you bring it up, that he was guilty. He was too blamed anxious to write that confession."

The door buzzer sounded and Adler said, "Probably the D. A."

"Van Wert? What's he want here?"

"I phoned him downstairs to stop by on his way home."

For a moment Grove's face looked almost malevolent. "You're cute, Lieutenant," he said ironically, and opened the door.

"Well," Van Wert said, looking in, "a little get-together. Been riding him, Adler?"

"We've been kind of discussing things," Adler said. "You know."

"That's nice, that's very nice," Van Wert said dryly. As he entered the room, his eyes scanned the dark green carpet. He bent over, picked up a small particle

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that shone beneath the lights, said, "H'm, I was wondering where I'd broken my fingernail. Must have been when I was in here earlier. It fits, see?" He carried the broken fragment across the room and placed it in an ash tray.

"That's too bad," said Adler.

"Ever since I was a boy," Van Wert explained, "I could never enter a room without looking for stray bits of lint, or paper, or whatever, and picking them up. Practically an obsession. What did you say, Lieutenant?"

"That's too bad, I said, Mr. Van Wert."

"What's too bad?"

"You said that was part of your fingernail, didn't you?"

Van Wert stared coldly at him. "You heard me, didn't you?"

"I wanted to be sure. Because I found that piece of broken fingernail in the kitchen in Mrs. Gifford's apartment and put it in the back of my watch case. Then when you came around there after I phoned you I noticed the way you got down on hands and knees and swept up the floor with a dust brush, looking. You keep your nails so nice, longer than most men. I couldn't help noticing later, at headquarters, one of them was busted."

Van Wert wore a malicious grin as he extended his hands, palms down. "With these hands, I suppose, I blackened Gifford's eyes and put those other marks on his face!"

"No, I wouldn't say that. Because I had some X-rays made at the morgue of his head. The dents in his forehead and on his jawbone were made by something sharper than knuckles. The head of the ice pick, I think. It fits the dents."

The grin faded slowly from Van Wert's lips and while he stood there, with the color draining from his face, Adler picked up the fragment of fingernail from the ash tray, said, "I dropped it in here when me and Mr. Grove came up for a drink, counting on the way you look for specks on a carpet whenever you come in a room." He put it in the back of his watch case. "Well, Mr. Van Wert, I guess we might as well go back to headquarters."

Van Wert got good control of his voice. "I never knew your imagination had such range, Lieutenant."

"I got no imagination, none at all. If you want to phone the fingerprint bureau, Mr. Van Wert, and ask whose fingerprints are on the face of Gifford's wrist watch, you can."

Van Wert's lips broke from their thin, satiric line, and his eyes shimmered. After a minute's silence he said in his cold, bloodless voice:

"Will it be all right, Lieutenant, if I go home? You understand what I mean, of course."

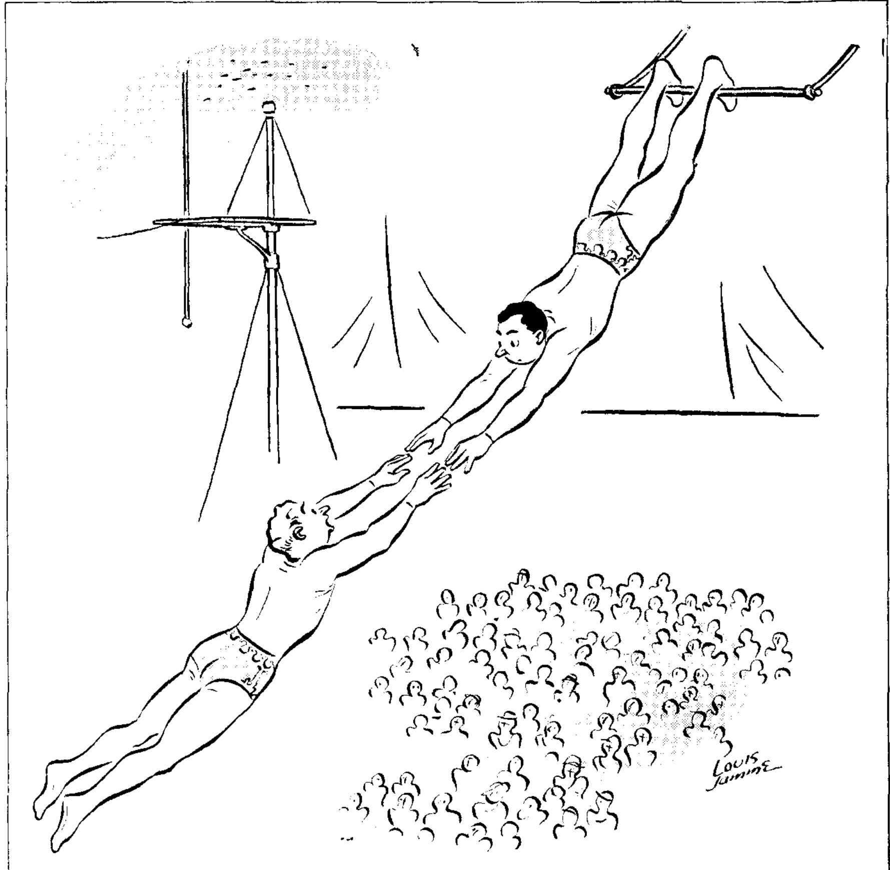
"I understand. With me it'd be okay, Mr. Van Wert. But you forget there's a third party in the room."

GROVE said, "He can go home, all right, if he first sits down at that desk and writes out what happened."

"Very well," said Van Wert, and he sat down at the desk and picked up a pen. As he wrote, he said, "Gifford came back for more money and I was unable to give him any. He threatened to tell his ex-wife what happened about two years ago. He went, I followed him, and nobody was home. He opened the door with a key he had kept and I found him in the apartment, waiting for her. You know what happened. When you fired Gifford from your staff two years ago, Grove, he came to my office looking for a job, saying that he knew you well and that, considering his wife and your sister were good friends, he had access to the apartment where you then lived. I engaged him—off the record, of course—and paid him out of my own pocket.

"One night he phoned me and I met him at a street corner and he said he knew for certain that his wife was alone in your apartment with you and how much would I pay, cash, if he got a couple of private cops, a camera, and broke in. You had me with my back against the wall, Grove. I offered him ten thousand. He wanted fifteen. I gave him fifteen."

He continued writing, the pen scratching its swift way across the paper. There was no other sound in the room. Then, abruptly, the scratching stopped, and Van Wert said, "Read it." He sat back, his arms out straight on the desk. He noticed a stray piece of thread on the sleeve of his overcoat and, pinching it between thumb and forefinger, he rolled it up and dropped it carefully into an ash tray.



"I was hoping I'd see you here, Joe"

LOUIS JAMME

Race Against Time

Continued from page 16

York. When he started his career he was running against such men as Joie Ray, Paavo Nurmi, Leo Lormond, Ray Conger, Joe Mangan and Bonthron. They were finished as competitors years ago and Venzke still goes on. He ran in the Olympics, ran abroad twice with visiting American teams and has held every American title in middle-distance runs with the exception of the A.A.U. outdoor mile. From 1926 to 1940 he has a record of seventy-two mile races run under 4:20. He has run fifty-four races under 4:15. His lifetime average for 106 mile races is 4:18.6. In the 1,500-meter event he has run forty-eight races with an average of 3:57 (which amounts to a mile pace of about 4:14).

He once teamed with Jerry Stagenberg and ran in a three-mile freak relay against Nurmi and Willie Ritola. Each man would run 220 yards and then be relieved by his partner, who in turn would run 220 yards and be relieved by *his* partner. It was pulled off in a New York armory and it almost killed Venzke.

"Just about the time you'd take a breath, you had to run your 220 again," says Gene. "We kept up with the Finns for a while but they finally ran us groggy. It was like being on a treadmill. I was never so tired in my life."

His other choice memory is the famous "horizontal mile" run in the K.C. meet in New York in 1936. There were only three entries—Venzke, Cunningham and Joe Mangan. For weeks in advance Frank Brennan, director of the meet, went bleating around that the winner of this amazing affair would massacre all known records. They finally ran it in 4:46.8, the most horrible race ever run anywhere in the history of the world. Venzke explained it.

The Worst Race Ever Run

"Glenn was determined not to set the pace because he had done that with me once before and I had dogged him around and finally passed him and broken the 1,500-meter record. Mangan always had a great finishing kick and that year had been licking Glenn with it. So he wasn't going to set the pace either. The Tuesday before the meet I was in bed with a 102 temperature and on Saturday I could barely walk around the track."

"So we started. Mangan was having a great time. He swung his shoulders and threw up his arms as if he were trying to get warmed up. He hitched at his pants. He waved to people in the seats and yelled yoo-hoo. It got slower and slower. The band started to play a dirge and the crowd kept time with the runners by clapping in unison very solemnly. It was all right with me; the slower the better. If Glenn and Joe had stopped, I'd have stopped right with them. Glenn finally put on a spurt and won, but by that time nobody cared."

The only other nightmare Venzke remembers is a trip abroad in which he ran eighteen races in fifteen days. The American team would finish a meet, take a train immediately, be met at the next town by committees, dragged around to see the sights and be banqueted and then go out and run again.

"Those foreign guys were smarter," says Gene. "You'd meet them, say, in Amsterdam and then they'd skip two meets and show up again in Copenhagen, fresh as daisies. It was plain murder for us."

Well, that's the life of a Venzke after eighteen years of competition. He started in Boyertown High when he couldn't come close to breaking five minutes for the mile. After that he went to work in a die factory, stayed there five years and began running road races, plodding fifteen-mile affairs that saw Gene finishing a nifty sixty-fifth practically every time. Working next to him in the factory was Bernie Sandquist, who convinced him that he was a fool to run those long races and got him into the Swedish-American A.C., where he began to specialize on the mile. His first success came in 1930 when he finished fourth in the A.A.U. mile at Pittsburgh and then ran in the American four-mile relay that defeated Great Britain. Losing his job in the 1929 unpleasantness, he decided to go back to school and was at Pottstown High when he broke the indoor mile record at 4:10.

A Young Man's Game

"Mike Sweeney at Hill School did more than anybody else to make me a runner," says Venzke. "They had no track team at Pottstown so I got permission from Mr. Sweeney to use the outdoor board track at Hill. For a year he paid no attention to me, but when he saw I was keeping at it, he gave me pointers on how to hold my arms, keep body balance and conserve energy."

What prompted Gene to be an athlete was his desire to get off the farm. They still say around Boyertown that he would have made a big-league ballplayer or maybe a fine boxer, but track was the only thing he could do by himself—an important factor since there were no ball teams at Boyertown or Pottstown High.

His running won him a college education at Penn and has given him the wide knowledge that comes from travel. The fact that he is one of the most intelligent athletes operating in any field is rather vitiated by the circumstance that he is up to his ears in Pennsylvania politics (he ran for the legislature this spring but lost), but in reality he is extremely well-grounded in economics and international affairs.

At an age when most athletes have only their scrapbooks to console them, he is still at it.

Maybe it's because he is running for glory; to die for dear old Pottstown or something like that?

"No, it isn't that," Gene admits. "As a matter of fact that dear old Pottstown stuff doesn't get a runner very far. If somebody is running around 4:09 and the best you can do is 4:12, you can cross your fingers, you can pray, you can work up your spirit until it's about to choke you—but that guy will still pass you in the homestretch."

Then what, in the name of heaven, can keep him at it?

"Since you pin me down like that," says Venzke at last, "I'll tell you. I think I've got it all figured out. I may be an old-timer in point of competition but I can still run the legs off all but two or three men in the country. But the important thing is this: As long as I keep running, I know I'm still a young man; the minute I stop, I know I'll start getting old."

Thus, we may expect to see Venzke running for years to come with that beautiful stride of his which has caused him to be called the picture-book runner. He's already training in cross-country races, so the gentlemen who sit up in the reserved seats will just have to resign themselves to their fate. There they sit, fat and comfortable and contented, while down on the track Youth is being served. This is known as the Law of Compensation.

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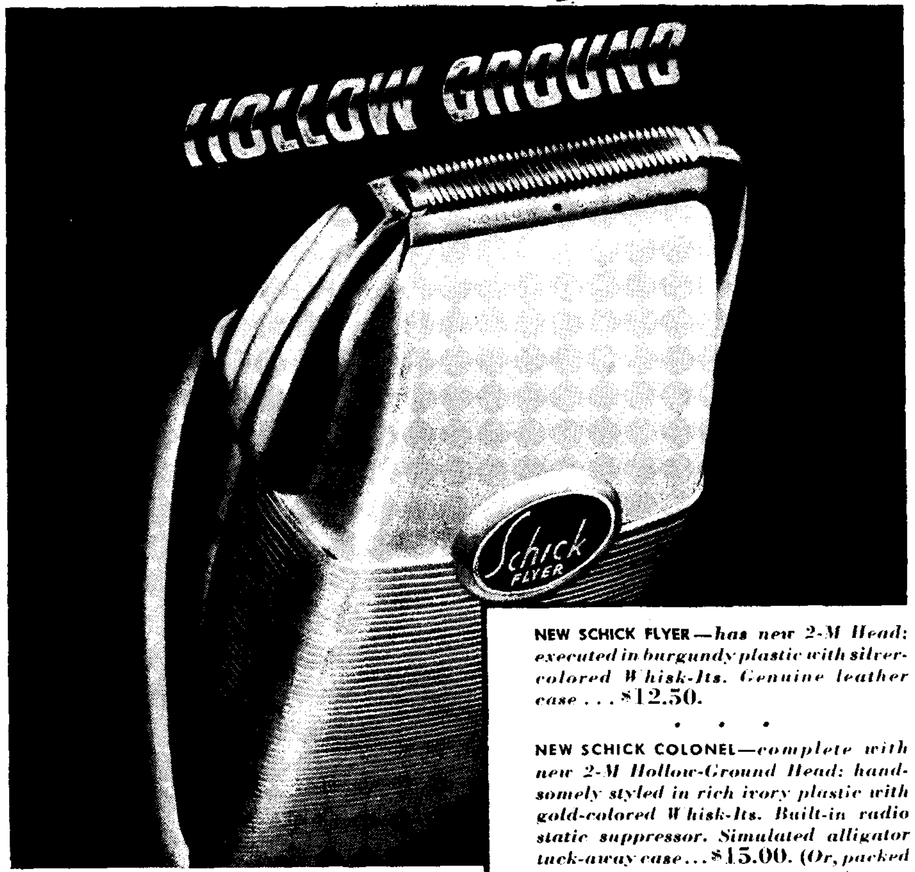

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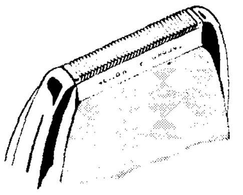

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The Drifter

Continued from page 20

by new hope. "But suppose he stayed here. Would you—?"

"He won't stay," said Aurora in a small, tired tone. "Could I have my horse? Could you lend me a gun?"

Portia opened the door and yelled over the yard: "Bill, get Aurora Brant's horse." She walked across the room, into another, and returned with a rifle which she handed to Aurora. The two of them waited in strained silence, full of speech but not speaking. A man came out of the snow and left Aurora's horse at the porch; he went back into the snowfall.

"Thanks," said Aurora. "I wish we could be friends. But that's never possible since we are what we are."

"I don't think you like me any more than I like you," Portia said.

"Goodby," said Aurora, and left the house. She stepped to the saddle, put the rifle across her lap and rode downgrade. At the edge of the valley she looked back at the house now dim-shaped in the snow. In another hundred yards she was in a gray-white lost world, only the vague, black margin of the east ridge guiding her.

THE three Broken Bit men, Long George and Len Teal and Snap, came out of the timber and sighted Keene in the open ground beyond the Bowley house. Long George clawed for his rifle and took a chance shot. Keene faded back into the trees, whereupon Long George said: "Here we go." Len Teal murmured: "Better be careful how we chase after that fellow," but obediently followed.

Snap called: "I'll go tell Grat," turning away. He reached the east-west road and found DePard a mile along it; DePard came on rapidly, summoned by Long George's shot. He had Red John and all seven of the other Broken Bit riders with him.

"He just came out of Bowley's old place," called Snap. "He's in those trees now."

"Alone?" asked Red John.

"Saw nobody with him."

DePard made a quick motion with his hand, slicing his party in half. Snap wheeled back with four of DePard's men. DePard sat hard and angry on the saddle. He stared at his foreman, not admiring Red John at all. "So he rode up the trail last night and got to Bowley's. You condemned fool, you'd have had him if you'd stuck where I told you."

"Grat," said Red John, turned to pale fury by the words, "don't talk to me like that."

"You had him. You got cold feet and ran."

"I wasn't afraid of him," yelled Red John. He slapped his hand hard down on his leg. "Don't tell me that! Not of him and not of you. Not of any man alive! Don't talk to me like that!"

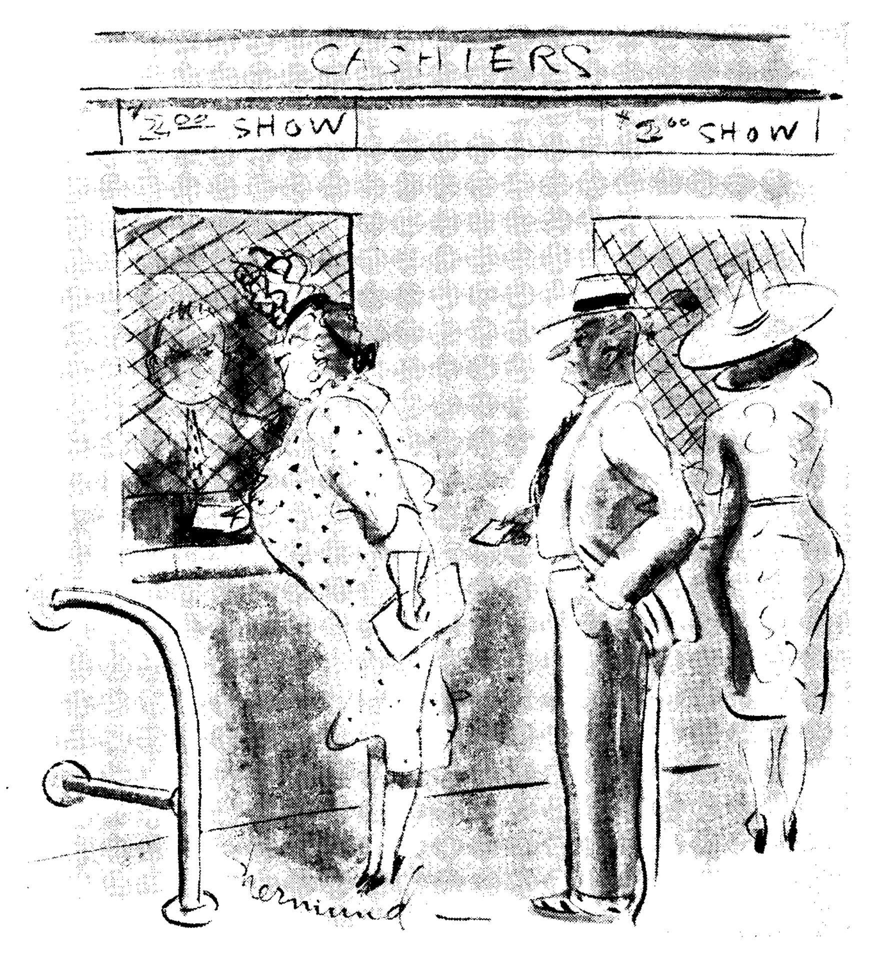
"You're a woman chaser," said DePard. "Never knew a chaser that wasn't soft as putty. What'd you run for?"

"Why didn't you stay with her?" shouted Red John. "You took her from the store. I didn't. If we ever get caught you're the man that dragged a woman into the hills, not me. You think I'm sucker enough to get stuck with that?"

"First I ever heard of your bein' worried about a woman."

"I know when to stop," said Red John. "I got sense. You don't catch me getting hung for woman-grabbin'. There's a lot of things a man can get by with. But that's one thing he don't talk himself out of if he's caught."

"Red," said DePard, "take these boys and go straight down the Lost Man trail. Pinch in toward the Bowley house and don't make any racket about it. You'd better see you get this Keene or maybe you'll get hung yet."



"Here I am for my ill-gotten gains!"

BARBARA SHERMUND

He watched Red and the two remaining hands swing into the timber; he listened to the grunting of their horses until the sound died, and thereafter he followed Snap's trail. One more rifle echo swelled through the steady fall snow. He said, "Fine—fine," and gritted his big teeth together and plunged ahead.

Red John led his party up the slope of the ridge to the trail; he went along this main way until he reached the intersection of the trail leading west to Crews'. Deep holes showed the passage of a recent rider outbound from Crews'. Continuing forward, he came to the trail which slanted downhill to the Bowley place. All this area was chopped by previous riding and he stopped again, not sure of what had happened. Aurora, he believed, had gone back to Crews'; and it looked as if somebody had gone with her. Not Keene, who was somewhere below, but another rider.

HE WAS on the defensive from that moment, realizing other people now knew of his part in this night's business; it would be a story all over the flats within eight hours. He thought to himself: "I told her it wasn't my idea. She knows it." But he was rooted to the snow, full of fear and not knowing what next to do.

"You fellows go on down there," he said finally. "DePard's probably reached the Bowley place by now. There's somebody else floatin' around up here. I got to find out."

They dropped downslope away from him, disappearing around a bend. In that direction, farther off than the Bowley house and farther to the left, another small, cold, thin echo broke. Red John put his hands on the horn, dead-centered and thoroughly unable to come to a decision with himself. For when he fully realized how damning a story Aurora Brant would tell of him, he was seized by the paralyzing foresight of his own fate. This fear had come on him in the line cabin the night before. Watching Aurora, he had seen himself in her eyes, he had at last caught the enormity of his act. Fear had never left him since. Whether or not DePard won the battle with Keene and the homesteaders, the answer was still the same.

There would always be somebody on the Silver Bow waiting for him. He was marked.

When he came to review the reputation he had the picture grew blacker and blacker. He thought of all the women he had known. They made a ring around him and they were smiling at him, mocking him and watching him slowly shrivel. Their laughter was a heartless, distant chiming. He groaned aloud and a stinging sensation crawled along his skin and then he knew he had to leave the country at the earliest moment. He was through here.

Seized by a terrible unsettling need of haste, he muttered to himself, "Maybe it's too late," and the loneliest feeling in the world belonged to him now—the feeling of being hunted—and every corridor in the timber turned black and full of risk and for the first time in his life he lost confidence. "Got to get out of here," he sighed. His breathing worked deeper into his chest; he dragged in air and found it insufficient. He thought of the pass which, because of its elevation, would now be deep in snow. He thought of the valley lying westward, too open a stretch to risk. He kicked his horse into motion but when he realized he had done it blindly he pulled up and took a hard grip on himself. There was really only one way to leave this country now. He would follow Lost Man, under the timber's shelter, cross the Silver Bow by dark and make a long run to the railroad. He would catch a train at Virgil, which was a water-tank stop east of Prairie.

It had to be the train; he had to put a thousand miles behind him as rapidly as possible. There was nothing in him now but a pure dread of capture.

Cleve Stewart came to this cross-trail spot not more than five minutes after Red John had departed, and Cleve stopped to inspect the scuffed snow. His own tracks and those of Aurora were there; and others as well. The whole area had been crisscrossed by travel. Wind was rising again and snow fell slanting and thick, screening everything beyond twenty yards Day's light had turned duller. Out of the broken country to the east came the distant sing of a shot. This, he thought, was far beyond and below the Bowley house; it seemed DePard had caught Keene's trail.

Aiming through the pines on a downgrade course which would bring him to the narrow meadow skirting the Short Hills, he found tracks printed before him; these he followed with an increased care. A kind of cold, growling sensation got at his nerves and now in this cultivated and unsure man was an emotion which astonished him and which, because of his analytical mind, he tried to understand. In a way it was like looking back into the dim beginnings of his ancestral line and seeing the apparition of a squat and shaggy man whose little red eyes stared out from deep sockets beneath a sloping forehead; a man with matted hair, crouching because he had not yet learned to stand, with nothing on his face but the feral instinct to kill for safety or for meat.

Every fragment of conscious philosophy Cleve Stewart owned denied the existence of that little shaggy man behind him. Yet there the little man was, his sly eyes peering out of a half covert, as though he had been following Cleve Stewart and would never cease to follow. Cleve shook the fancy away. Yet he said: "Perhaps we are all nearer to him than we think," and then he felt better; he felt prouder and tougher.

Following the tracks laid down before him, he was less unsure; somewhere within him the spirit of the little man stirred.

These tracks threaded the timber and came to the edge of the narrow meadow; they made a crisscross pattern on the meadow and soon came back to the timber. Out in the meadow snow whirled steadily from the sky and Stewart saw nothing but the half-materialized outline of a broken ridge across the way. Somewhere in this day Keene traveled and somewhere DePard traveled; but now Stewart was isolated and at loss. The tracks paralleled the meadow, keeping within the trees. Following them, Stewart went on a hundred yards and saw the tracks double back in the direction of the ridge crest.

It occurred to him to give the tracks a closer inspection. Out of the saddle and on his knees, he looked into footdeep prints and saw the clear stamp of the hoof mark, still uncovered by fresher snow; the traveler was at no great distance ahead.

FADING back into the timber near the Bowley house, Keene ran through the timber, parallel to the meadow, and came into the open again. The two Broken Bit men were dissolved shadows in the screening shimmer of snowfall. A shot barked out. He pushed at the horse with his spurs, sending it forward in labored jumps, until the gray wall of a ridge broke through the weather. Keene reached the ridge's first slope and passed into a side gulch; he followed the gulch a few yards, slid into timber and swung about. The two

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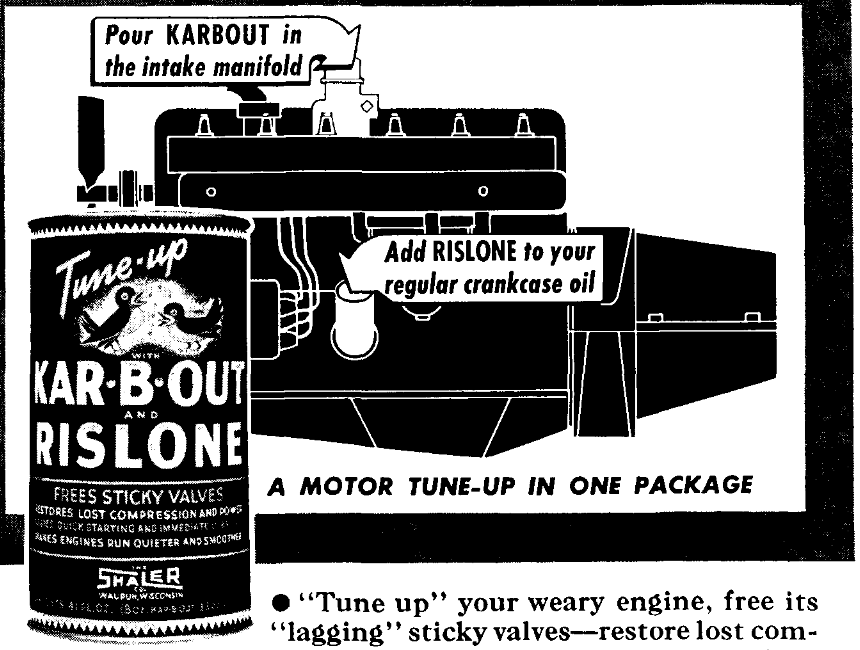
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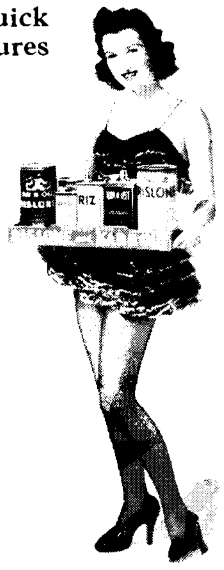

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Broken Bit men's shadows had vanished.

He held the rifle on his lap, waiting. Wind, growing stronger, trembled the pine branches overhead and shook stringers of snow on him. Somewhere in the meadow he heard a voice calling and then one Broken Bit man broke from the woolly smother. Keene flung up the rifle, aimed low, and fired. The Broken Bit rider's horse dropped sidewise and the rider, flinging himself clear of the saddle, rolled on and on. Keene put a second shot near the man, hearing his wild, high yell. The man reared up, rushing back into the snow screen.

He heard the other Broken Bit man calling. From the head of the ravine a gun spoke in quick signal.

KEENE dropped back to the side gulch, climbed a short distance and cut to the east, returning toward the source of the signal shot. He arrived at a low point of the ridge, with the meadow below him. Standing against the dark wall of pines, he heard DePard's men calling but could not see them. Those voices drifted with the wind.

They came nearer. Keene reined his horse gently into the timber and stood fast. Below him the shadows of Broken Bit's men began to emerge. They drifted along the far side of the meadow, never fully taking shape; and over there they stopped. He heard their voices again. In a little while the voices faded and the shadows faded.

He came off the ridge into the meadow and now he had DePard in front of him, with DePard going away. DePard's crew had left a broad set of tracks on the snow and along these tracks Keene drifted. The tracks circled gradually toward the east edge of the meadow. When he saw that, Keene pulled up.

Somewhere on his left a door squealed and a board fell against another board. Swinging about Keene faced the unseen edge of timber to the west. Over there, closer than he had supposed, lay the Bowley house and as he paused to consider that he saw a new set of shadows break the snow screen again in a ragged file. This was another party. One pace farther away and they would have been beyond sight; one pace nearer and they would have seen him. But they moved on and were gone. He heard a voice say, "Try a shot."

The shot broke against the wind. The same voice said: "Here's tracks."

Listening closely to further sound from that area, he caught the brittle scuff of snow whose source seemed to swing with the wind. Keene shook his head. He bent low in the saddle to get the wind out of his ears and heard the sound definitely originate behind. What occurred to him then, even before he looked back, was that DePard had followed his tracks up the side of the east ridge and around into the open ground. He had cut back on DePard; now DePard had cut back on him.

He looked about, to discover at once shapes forming in the oatmeal thickness of the air. This would be DePard's main bunch following the tracks he had left behind him. They were moving slowly, turning more distinct in the day. DePard's voice yelled: "There!"

Keene clipped the horse with his heels, rushing away. A shot beat along the wind and DePard's continuing halloo sailed out of the rear. Keene swung to the right, looked back to find no shadows near him, and straightened forward once more. This unseen meadow was all in a moment crisscrossed by the hard-thrown shouting of men seeking contact and next he heard horses slogging along the snow not far away, and when he heard that he swung to the left with the intention of reaching the pines on the Lost Man side of the meadow. Making the swing, he came through the mists at the same instant another man raced up from a lower quarter of the meadow.

It was Snap. He saw Snap's red face stretch in surprise, he saw Snap's gun rise. Keene's pony slammed its shoulder against Snap's horse and the roar of the Broken Bit man's gun walloped Keene's face and drove at his eardrums. Keene had his rifle half lifted and as Snap rolled back from the collision of the horses, Keene brought the barrel of the gun down on Snap's head and knocked him senseless from the saddle.

He was still moving to the left, now watching shadows move in. He straightened at once, with a great-lunged cry hard at his heels: "Keep him away from the trees!"

They had him boxed. He moved to the right, the pony plunging up and down in the drifts and making great labor of it. He lost the shapes on his left. Still veering to the right, he reached the sharp eastern slope of the meadow wall and found no breach. The meadow, he guessed, formed a watercourse of the hills and would lead at last into the open country near the Silver Bow. Meanwhile, he heard DePard's voice from a greater distance and thus knew he had temporarily escaped Broken Bit's encircling maneuver. Running on, Keene found a low notch in the ridge wall and swung at it immediately. The horse broke through a crust of ice into a creek, stumbled and caught its balance. Then Keene rose steadily into the ridge.

There was no timber within view. The ground beneath him grew increasingly rough and the horse, spending out its strength on the steep slope, began to falter. Keene dropped from the saddle and went ahead of the horse. He had lost all sound of men behind him; he had lost as well the general pattern of the country. In these broken hills there was no way of knowing what was ahead.

HE CAME at last to a level rim and started over it, soon arriving at thoroughly impassable ground. Timber clung to the sharp edge of a rock barrier. Turning, he followed a ledge. The ledge grew narrow and within five minutes he came to a dead stop. The rock wall, edging in, pinched him off on the left. To his right was the edge of a canyon whose bottom was lost beneath the gray shadows and the snowfall.

Keene kicked away the snow and got down on his knees, digging into the surface of the ledge. He got a chunk of rock and let it drop into the canyon. No sound came back to him. He dug out another rock, heavier than the first, and heaved it over the brink and thought he heard the answering splash of water. He had guessed that steady washing echo around him came from the wind; now he believed it came from a fast-running creek in the bottom of the canyon.

He had fifty feet of rope on the saddle horn. He made a solid tie to the off stirrup of the saddle and flung the rest of the rope into the canyon. Flat on his belly, with his head hooked over the rim, he saw the yellow rope's end pay out through the snow and shadow and disappear. He jiggled the rope up and down, feeling it drag along the side of the canyon but unable to determine whether or not it touched bottom.

He gripped the rifle and let himself over the rim, descending on the rope. Above him the horse stirred and for a moment he felt himself being dragged sidewise along the canyon's face as the horse started on the back trail. That motion presently stopped. Keene sank rapidly down, chest scraping the rocky outcrop of the canyon's face. His hat fell off, the sound of the creek reached up to him. At the bitter end of the rope he swung slowly, like the weight of a pendulum's arm, his feet touching nothing but air. The horse again moved and the taut rope, catching on the rough rim above, jerked him violently into the wall. He snagged his cheek against a stunted pine somehow growing in that impossible place.

Keene pushed himself far back from the wall with his feet and let go. Tight-braced for a long fall, he dropped immediately into a swift water that carried him off his feet and sent him sidewise against a niggerhead in the current. He gripped the niggerhead and stood erect, still clinging to the rifle. The shock of the water took all wind from him. He opened his mouth wide and a guttering sound came out of his throat as breath returned; he was hip-high in a current hitting him like the edge of a board.

Steadying himself against the niggerhead, he gouged his boot heels into the slick gravel of the creek's bottom, stepped cautiously forward and found shallows before him. He came up to dry land. He came up also to the round face of a gallery cut into the canyon's wall. Looking into the gallery he saw the black ashes of a dead fire, a coffeepot and a frying pan.

This was the hide-out to which Portia Crews had brought him two nights before.

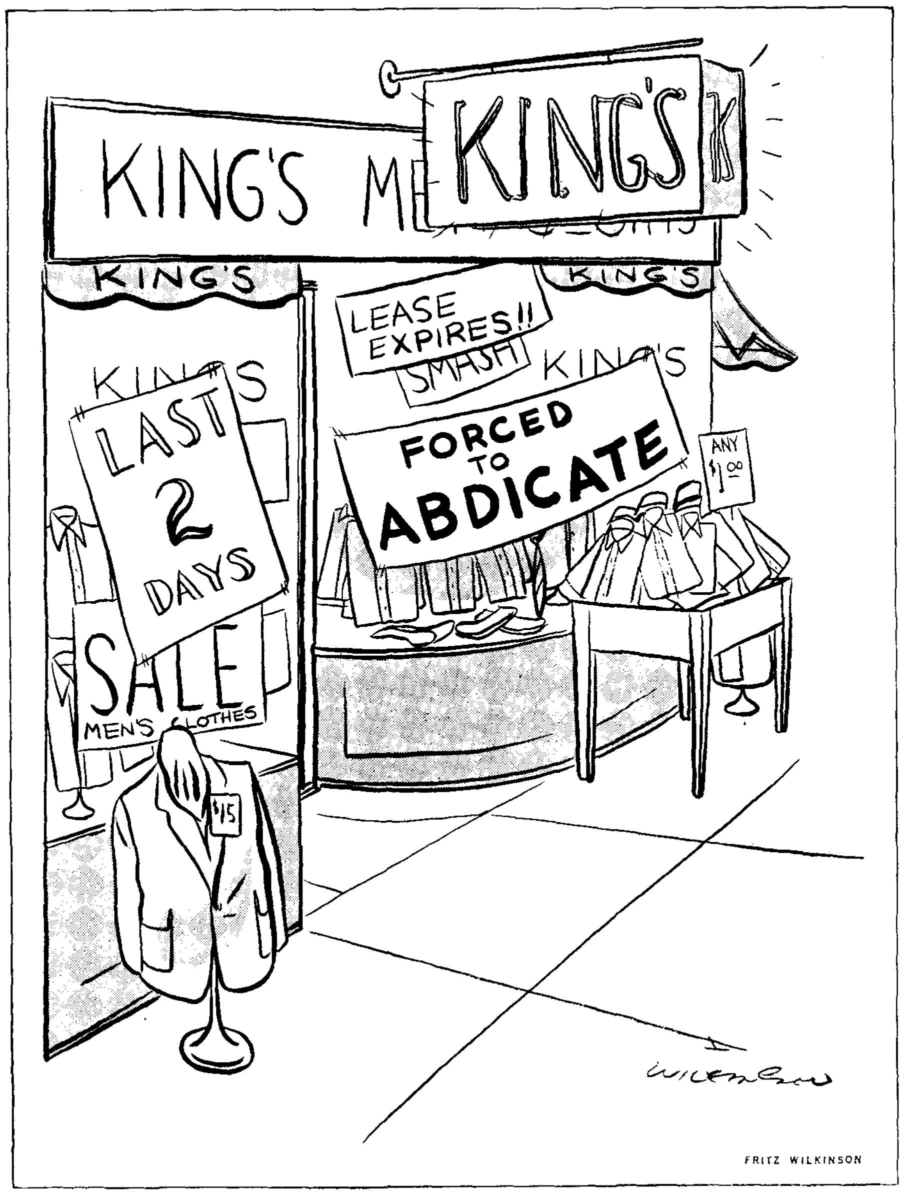
A SHOT broke along the canyon, setting up a long and hollow drumming. Keene ducked back into the gallery. Looking upward, he saw the end of the lariat move out of sight, drawn away by men standing on the rim. Cold as ice, with water dripping slowly along his skin, he remembered there was but one exit from this gorge. . . .

Cleve Stewart had the wind against his back and the tracks of the unknown traveler before him. For a while the tracks moved straight into the south, keeping to the middle of the meadow. A half mile or more on, those tracks began to veer errantly, as though the man had been struck again by the uncertainty he had displayed previously in the pines. The tracks moved over to the Short Hills edge of the meadow, started up a slope and got as far as the timber; here they doubled back into the meadow, crossed it and turned.

Cleve had nursed the thought that this might be Keene ahead of him. The longer he followed the trail the more sure he became that it was not, for Keene was too certain a man to leave that kind of a print behind him. More likely, Stewart guessed, the fellow ahead belonged to Broken Bit.

The day was biting cold and this guess made him colder. Still, he was not afraid; realizing at last where those tracks might lead him, Cleve Stewart said to himself, as one man talking to another: "Well, this is it. You're in it now." If he came suddenly upon the Broken Bit man and if the Broken Bit man moved for his gun he, Stewart, would draw. There was one ticklish point, though, in all this reasoning. If he drew, should he fire at once or should he wait? If he waited the delay might kill him. He had been long enough in the country to have heard tougher men explain their philosophy of fighting. There was, they had said, a time for talking but a man had to judge when that time was past. How was he to know? He had never drawn a gun on a man. Keene, he thought, would know all this by heart.

He found more in Keene to admire at this moment than ever before. It was not a simple thing to fight. It was not easy to move blindly through snow, playing hide-and-seek with trouble. It took courage, but it took something more as well—it took a sound knowledge of other men, the ability to read in their



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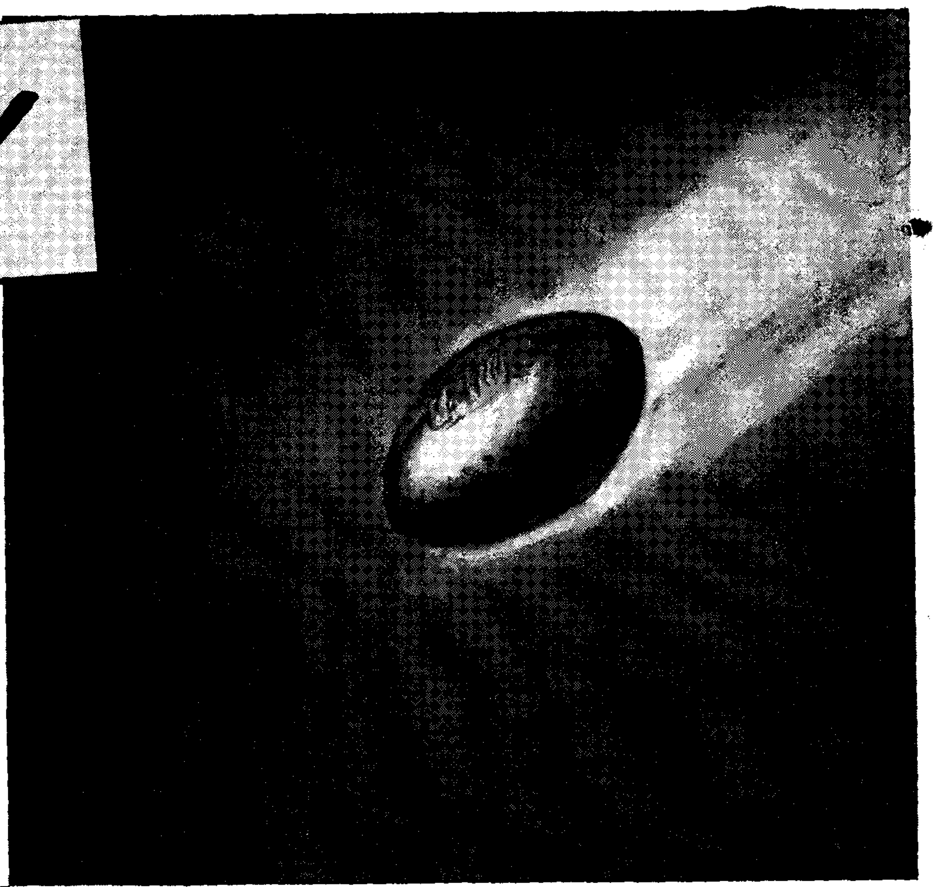

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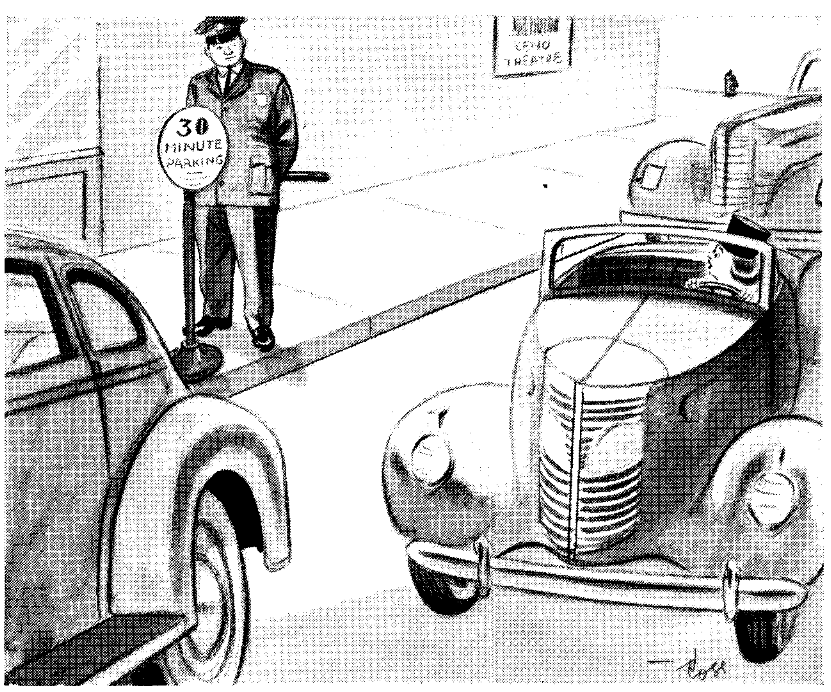

"Does that thirty minutes include the time it takes me to park? If it does, I won't bother!"

AL ROSS

eyes the things they would do, it took a hard-gained experience in all the clever tricks of living, an ability to listen into the wind, to read the patterns on the earth, to make a story out of dust and distant motion. As an educated man, possessing the prejudices of education, Cleve Stewart always had felt a certain contempt for men whose lives were confined to action; to him they were half blind, knowing nothing of the great and gentle philosophies that made life understandable.

But somewhere in the last twenty-four hours Stewart's world had come down about him; a complete change had occurred in him. The wisdom that came from earthy men, the wisdom of survival and bitter wind beating into a man's bones, of hunger suffered and thirst endured—this was the real wisdom, gained not from books or the tales of other travelers but personally experienced so that a man got it into his spirit and nerves and blood. A man had to know of what he was made. Knowing that, he knew everything.

To his rear and to his left one shot trembled in the hidden day. After a pause other shots broke in tumbling repetition. Stewart swung around, riding into the wind. He came against the high shoulder of the ridge on the Short Hills side, finding no easy way of climbing from the meadow. Plugging upwind, he caught no more sounds, and therefore he stopped and waited out a long five minutes; and at last turned back to search for the trail he had abandoned. He moved away from the foot of the east ridge into the middle of the meadow and went slowly forward. Snow thickened and raced before the wind, closing about him and narrowing his vision. A shadow, very vague, showed ahead and he thought he had drifted against the trees on the Lost Man side of the meadow. He pulled away to clear those trees, but the shadow seemed to move with him; and then, out of the driving gray-white wall, a rider came at him.

He was no more than a double length of a horse from this rider when he recognized the long, red-whipped face of Red John shadowed by his hatbrim. He saw the chill shock in Red John's eyes and without need of thinking, without hesitation of any kind, Cleve Stewart flung up his rifle.

Red John howled one formless word and pulled away. Red John's hand pointed and Stewart, weaving in the saddle, heard the beat of Red John's gun and thought he felt the breath of the bullet on his face. Stewart drove a shot at the foreman now sliding off into the pall; he knew he had missed and pulled the horse to a stop and fired again, this time at the pure wall of snow before him. Red John had vanished.

Cleve Stewart yelled, not knowing why, and gripped the rifle hard with his hands. He had been shot at and had answered with his own gun—and he was experiencing a feeling of ease and certainty he had never known; it was a sweet and whole sensation that changed him and made the world forever different. He yelled again and kicked his horse into a plunging run, trying to lift Red John out of the snow curtain.

Red John looked behind him and saw nothing; now he was half mad from thinking too long of his situation and he wasted one more bullet before taking control of himself. He moved to the right and came upon the high shoulder of the east ridge and discovered no quick way of leaving the meadow. He went along with his body bent forward in the saddle, exhausting his horse by the steady rake of his spurs. In his mind he saw himself swinging slowly at the end of a rope, with women—those familiar faces coming again before him—laughing at his broken neck. He heard that laughter in the wind, high and heartless and wild.

He slanted off from the ridge, aiming at the timber on the Lost Man side of the meadow. The trees, he thought, would be safest. In them he might squirm and dodge his way to the Silver Bow and there wait until darkness came before crossing the ford. Behind him, in faintest echo, was the reverberation of firing. Before him a streak of darkness materialized in the steady flicker of snow. A voice said: "Who's that?"

Red John threw his weight about, he jerked the horse hard aside. Those shadows closed in, they emerged and became full bodies. He was at a dead stop, his horse confused and shaking; and he looked across the short space at the half-surprised faces of young Joe Spackman and the little group of homesteaders.

They had caught him, never expecting it; they were off guard at the moment—the elder Spackman with his round Hollander's face loose in half-formed wonder, the Scotsman Comrie, Kilrain and Elijah Patterson, and other men he had never seen. They bulked before him, they made a half circle around him—silent and reflective and slowly pondering him.

Young Joe Spackman said: "Put up your hands, Red. I'm going to ride around and snatch your gun. Put up your hands."

In the rising wind was that wild, condemning laughter of women. It screamed against Red John's ears; he thought of their voices once so soft-whispering in his ears, he thought of warmth never to touch him again, he thought of Jennie Cannon and saw her face lift to him under the moonlight, half smiling and half afraid. That was his last thought except one, and it was his hardest thought.

Young Spackman said: "You're caught, Red. Do what I tell you. Put up your hands."

Red John had one hand in his coat pocket, gripping the solid butt of his revolver. He pulled out the hand, with the gun, and jammed the gun's muzzle into his mouth. He had started to speak but those words, whatever they might have been, were blown everlastingly away when he pulled the trigger.

The homesteaders sat rooted, watching Red John roll from the saddle and drop; blood brightened the snow and turned quickly black. Comrie clenched his teeth together at the sight. Kilrain grew pale. The elder Spackman said in a sick voice: "Why did he do that?"

Young Joe, who understood what madness could be like, said: "He knew what was going to happen to him."

The older Spackman glanced at his son. "Why, I guess he did," and continued to watch young Joe.

Comrie called: "Watch out—"

A shape broke through the thick mists. Young Joe reached for his rifle and aimed it full on that shape; and dropped the gun as Cleve Stewart moved into view.

Comrie said: "You after him?" and pointed to the ground.

Stewart stared down. Day's cold had hardened his face beyond the ability to change expression. But because he was a reflective man, he sat long silent, thinking of those things that must have been last in Red John's mind. The great and wise philosophers, looking into the hearts of men two thousand years ago, and five thousand miles from this spot, had spoken of this thing, foretelling Red John's end. He looked up at the homesteaders and moved his shoulders slightly.

"Keene's back of us somewhere. DePard's got his crew there, pretty close to Keene. I've heard firing."

"Time's now to finish this," said Comrie.

"Come on then," said Stewart, and led them back into the wind.

Big Jesse Morspeare, hard on Keene's heels the previous night, had reached Aurora's store and found it empty. By then the storm had warned him to take shelter but the store was a spot not to his liking and therefore he crossed the flats to the line cabin, which was the closest shelter, unknowingly on the heels of both Keene and DePard. When he found the warm stove in the line cabin he sat long in the cabin's darkness, suspicious yet not wanting to risk the storm, his slow mind meanwhile plucking at the edges of the puzzle.

When day came he moved doggedly south on the ridge trail with Keene uppermost in his sullen head. At the Bowley turnoff he saw tracks and followed them to the house, finding nothing. Returning to the main trail, he moved south until he reached the east-west road, snow whirling soft and thick around him and the wind beginning to take on voice in the timber. A mile from the Broken Bit ranch he saw a shape rise through the making storm and in a little while he overtook Red John's horse, which walked slowly in the direction of the ranch. Blood lay frozen on the riderless saddle.

He towed the horse into the ranch, finding an empty yard and an empty barn. The cookstove was buried beneath a mound of snow, the Chinaman had disappeared. Morspeare sat in the barn, cold and troubled and useless. He knew nothing of DePard's whereabouts, he suspected the worst from Red John's saddle. Now alone, a masterless and unbridled animal, he brooded in sullen silence. Constantly he thought of Keene and because he was a man capable only of great loyalty and great hatred—no lesser emotions lying between those extremes—he saw Keene as the cause of all this ruin and his rage increased and left him with a savage, inarticulate longing to kill.

Keene stood back in the rock gallery, listening to echoes beat along the narrow gorge. DePard's men were fifty feet above him on the rim, out of sight in the snowstorm, blindly firing down in hope of a chance hit. Wind rolled into the gallery and built up the ice-chill of his wet clothes. His legs and feet ached from cold; his muscles began to knot up.

The firing quit. Keene moved to the edge of the creek, knowing he could not stay here. The only exit was downgrade to his left, and this exit, he realized, DePard would now have blocked. But he had to move on, warned by the frigid splinters of this weather driving into his marrow, into his vitals. This was not the smooth and lulling approach of cold death; this was pain biting at him, burning through him. He gripped the rifle and fell into a spraddled run. His legs were thick and clumsy, his feet were granite blocks within his wet boots. He tripped over a snow-hidden boulder and dropped on his belly, sliding forward. He got up, angered by the fall and pushed by the need of haste, at last fully conscious of the danger in his body. He continued to shiver as he ran; he stamped his feet hard against the snow. Sensations came up through his legs in slow, delayed waves. Pain quit, and by that he knew his feet were freezing.

He watched the canyon wall on his left, he watched the creek to his right. Presently the creek began to move away from him and the canyon wall took on a shallow pitch; the mouth of the canyon was before him, widening into the invisible meadow ahead. He was still at a steady running gait. Creek and canyon wall vanished; he was alone in the white-driving smother, the rifle chest-high and slanted forward. In this windy, blind area he heard a voice rise and grow dim, and a shape came up from nothing and wavered in the snow screen. He ran dead at it, he fired at it and saw the shape sway aside and vanish. He continued forward at this changeless gait, with other gray shapes sliding along the edge of visibility and disappearing. A rider curved up from the right, the grunt of the horse stiff and deep in the wind. Keene turned the muzzle of the rifle at the still-unseen target and fired; a voice howled in full volume against the wind. That sound trembled in the storm and was blown away.

He pounded his dead feet hard into the snow as he ran. He was out in the valley flat, feeling nothing at all from toe to knee. Wind shouldered him, snow spatted against his cheeks and built ragged awnings on his eyebrows. He heard the same on-pushing voice come nearer. A rider rushed invisibly past; going on five yards, Keene saw the tracks of that horse. Men were circling in the storm, crisscrossing the area in search of him and once more he heard them calling. One voice lifted high:

"Here's his trail!"

(To be concluded next week)

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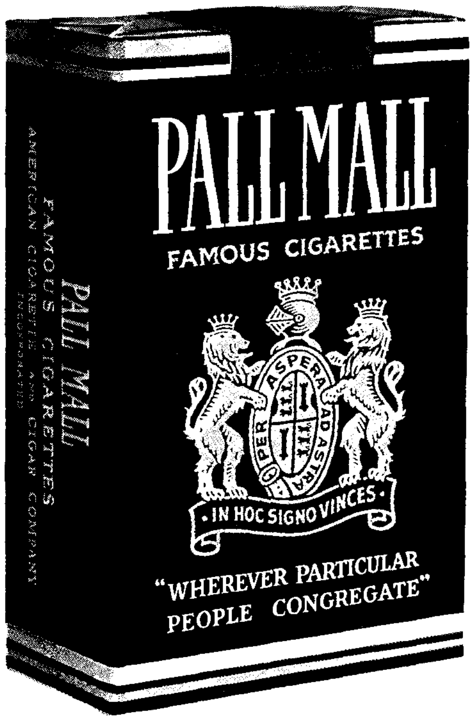
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They'll Bud Again

Continued from page 18

It was the same warm feeling of contentment, greatly intensified. When a man had a good crop and a good wife, there wasn't much he could ask for.

Millie was small and beside his bulk she was tiny. He looked down at her as he mounted the steps to the back porch and reached out to touch the dark, shining hair of her head.

"Lookin' the grove over, are you, lady?" he asked. "Lookin' over the best crop in Pinellas County?"

"The raddio—" she began.

He swung her off her feet, his big hands almost meeting around her waist, and laughed into her face as it came level with his.

"You and Pap," he said. "I'm goin' to throw that raddio away if it gets you worried over nothin', like now. There ain't nothin' goin' to happen—nothin' can happen—to us. Not this season."

"I don't know," Pap said, behind him. "I seen years when ever'thing was just right, like it is now, and along come a freeze out of nowhere."

DALE lowered Millie and put an arm around her shoulder, drawing her close to him. He was awkwardly gentle whenever he touched her. Eight years together had not done away with his fear that something as fragile as Millie might be hurt by such a heavy, clumsy man as he.

"That was another year," he told Pap. "That ain't this year."

They walked into the house, the screen door clacking shut behind them. On the kitchen table, an old radio was talking in a brassy voice.

"—meteorologist at Lakeland," the loud-speaker chanted, "issued warnings covering Bartow, Plant City, St. Petersburg, Clearwater, Dunedin—"

Dale snapped the switch that choked off the radio's voice. He scowled at the set, dragging deeply at his cigarette.

The radio was wrong. It had to be wrong. There might be a cool spell coming but it wouldn't be bad. Nothing that could hurt the fruit, even the tangerines.

"Mebbe," Pap said, from the sink, "we'd better cut us some wood and stack it, just to play safe."

Dale nodded, slowly.

"All right," he said. "But we ain't goin' to need it. We can cut it and stack it, maybe, but we ain't goin' to have to fire it. You wait and see."

They worked in the clearing by the swamp that afternoon. Dale swung his ax tirelessly as he cut the branches of fat pine into three-foot lengths. Pap stacked the wood through the grove, in every second row, thirty feet apart.

The work brought out the sweat on Dale's forehead and in the small of his back. It was hot, swinging the ax under the afternoon sun, but when he stopped to rest he could feel the freshening wind. It was a cool wind, with the suggestion of a bite.

The pucker between Dale's eyebrows deepened as the afternoon wore on and the wind grew stronger, and colder.

Dusk fell suddenly as the mackerel sky gave way to sullen gray clouds that piled up out of the northwest. It was dark when Dale helped Pap stack the last pile of wood in place among the tangerines. The two men's hands were stiff with cold and Pap was shivering under his old patched sweater as they walked back to the house.

"Cold," the old man mumbled. "Turned almighty cold in a hurry. Reminds me of the time—twenty-six, I think it was—when it come off cold like this and—"

"It ain't goin' to happen this year," Dale broke in. His voice was harsh.

A man can talk against a rising fear but the red thread of the thermometer pays no heed. It was thirty-five by the thermometer on the back porch when the two men reached the house and across the road the gangs were beginning to light the high-chimneyed stoves in Saunders' grove.

"Wastin' oil," Dale sniffed. "A man with all the money and men that Saunders has sure can waste a lot. Firin' stoves the first time there's a cool breeze!"

He tried to keep talking during supper; tried to show Millie that there was nothing to be scared of. The fruit was going to be all right and there would be money to buy the things he had promised her. Store-bought dresses and some shoes to replace the sneakers she wore. Stockings and some toilet water, if she wanted. There was a nightgown he had seen her eying in the window of a Clearwater store. Thin stuff, with some kind of needlework around the neck. He'd buy that nightgown himself as a surprise—he didn't care how much of a fool he'd look in a lady's store. It would be worth it to see Millie's face when he gave her his surprise.

After supper, the red thread of the thermometer had sunk to thirty-three.

"Them tangerines, now," Pap said, "we got to fire them, boy."

Dale got out of his chair, slowly, wearily, and dropped his paper to the floor. "All right," he said heavily. "We'll fire the tangerines."

Something made him stop on the way to the back door with Pap, and turn back to Millie. He bent over her and put his face to hers for a brief instant.

"You ain't to worry," he said softly. "It's goin' to be all right."

"Yes," Millie said. "I know."

"Twenty-eight," Pap called from the back porch. "Twenty-eight, already."

The ruddy glare of the first fires were reassuring for a time. The thick, pungent smoke rolled through the grove, swathing the tangerine trees with its protective coat. The evenly spaced fires made it seem that an army was bivouacked among the trees with campfires dotting the black night. An invisible army, mobilized to fight an invisible foe.

"Them store teeth, now," Pap said once. "They sure would have been fine."

Dale squinted as the smoke brought tears to his eyes. He kicked at a branch, shoving it farther into the fire.

"We're goin' to be all right," he said. "This cold will be over before mornin'."

ALL night, the two men worked at firing the grove. It was nearly midnight when they lighted the wood piles protecting the oranges, and nearly dawn before they put a torch to the stacks among the grapefruit trees. It was midmorning before they staggered back to the house, smoke-stained, red-eyed, numbed by exhaustion.

"No relief in sight," the radio was chanting. "Moderate to strong northerly winds and lower temperatures tonight and—"

Millie's mouth was steady and her head was up. She busied herself, deftly and silently, to serve the two men; to feed them and virtually drive them to bed for a few short hours of restless sleep.

She kept watch over the thermometer, hating it for an inexorably humanless thing that heralded disaster. She looked at its shrinking red line, her hands balled into small fists.

"You can't do this to him," she said,

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half aloud. "You ain't got the right to do this to him."

Pap and Dale dragged themselves out again, to cut more wood and stack it. All that night the fires glared and the thick smoke rolled through the grove. And the next night and the next.

It was the morning of the fifth day, and Millie was at the stove, the skillet hot and ready for Dale's eggs and bacon, when the big, black-haired man, her husband, stumbled over the threshold of the kitchen door and thrust out a hand to steady himself. She looked at him and there was a cry, deep within her, as she saw the haggardness of his dirty, stubbled face.

HE CLOSED the door carefully behind him, crossed the room to a chair and slumped down in it.

"You all right," she asked.

He was silent for a moment and then he looked up at her.

"Where's Pap?" he asked.

Millie gestured toward a door that opened off the kitchen.

"I made him lie down," she told him. "He didn't want to but I made him. He's wore out."

Dale nodded dully.

He turned on the radio and, as the brassy voice of the loud-speaker rattled temperature predictions, immediately snapped it off again. Bacon hissed in the frying pan. Millie spoke quietly, as though the question had not been hammering at her, demanding to be asked.

"How is it?"

He shook his head.

"Bad," he said. "It's goin' to be worse. Tonight's goin' to be around eighteen."

Silence except for the bacon in the pan.

"How's the wood holdin' out?" she asked.

He hunched his shoulders.

"Don't make no difference," he said. "We ain't goin' to fire tonight."

"Not goin' to fire!"

He looked out the window at the burdened trees. The trees that had promised all of them so much.

"Ain't no use," he said. "Tangerines are gone. The Temples are gone. The grapefruit will go tonight, what there is left. It'll go even if we fire all the wood between here and Largo."

There was a harsh scrape of chair legs as he heaved himself to his feet.

"Fire tonight?" he asked. His voice rose, cracked. "Hell, no! Me, I'm goin' to get a quart of liquor and slug myself. I'm goin' to let the grove freeze and be damned. And when I get through sleepin', I'm goin' down to the county board and I'm goin' to say, here, I'm down and out and you got to take care of us. That's what I'm goin' to do!"

Millie's hand went to her mouth and she looked at him over the tips of her fingers. He glared at her defiantly for a moment and then his eyes fell.

"Why not?" he asked defensively. "What's the good of workin' and sweatin' and blindin' myself, gettin' old before my time, never gettin' anything I hoped to get?"

He looked up at her again.

"I—there was a nightdress I was goin' to get you. I was goin' to surprise you. It had some embroidery or something around the neck, like. And Pap's store teeth. And a gas stove for you. We was goin' to drive in to Clearwater and get a store-bought meal at that cafeteria. See a picture show."

He flung an arm toward the window.

"This was the year and there ain't nothin' left now," he said. "I got a grove full of frozen fruit. Out of all the things I thought I was goin' to get, I got frozen fruit."

He cursed then, bitterly, steadily, in an even, low-pitched voice. Cursed the weather, the grove, the thermometer, the voice on the radio. Millie was shaking her head dumbly, her hand still pressed against her mouth. Pap, when he opened the door to the kitchen, stood there blinking at his son's rage.

Dale finally broke off, the curses dribbling into a half sob. He turned his back on his wife and his father and looked out the window at the grove.

"Cussin' ain't doin' any good, son," Pap said. "We'll get us some sleep and then we'll get some more wood to fire them grapefruit that's left. You're tired out, is all. A little sleep and you'll feel better."

The bacon turned black in the skillet as Millie watched her husband. She waited for Dale to speak and panic mounted within her as she saw the big man shake his head, slowly, grimly, with awful finality.

"No," he said. "I tried. God knows I tried. But no more. A man can stand so much."

"The grove!" Pap cried. "You ain't goin' to let the grove go! The fruit may be gone but the trees ain't hurt. They'll bud again, son!"

The old man's hand caught at Dale's arm as he trudged toward the door.

"You can't leave the grove to freeze!" he implored. "You can't do that!"

Dale kept walking, past Pap, past Millie at the stove. The knob turned under his hand and the cold air of the outdoors rushed into the warm room.

"When ever'thing's gone," Dale said, "there ain't no use to keep tryin'. And ever'thing's gone. I'm tired. I can't try no more."

Behind him, as he slammed the door, he left a strangely shrunken old man who seemed to have withered within his clothes. Pap's shoulders drooped and he stared at the floor. Millie crossed the room and put her forehead against the old man's bony shoulder.

"Oh, Pap," she cried. "What're we goin' to do?"

Pap looked down at her and then at the door. His eyes shifted to the window that looked out on the grove.

"Do? Why, me, I'm goin' down to the swamp and cut some wood for tonight. We're goin' to need it, Millie. We're sure goin' to need it."

He left, because Millie could not keep him in the house, and all morning long the chunk of Pap's ax sounded through the still, frosty air. She took coffee to him and when she saw him she knew that Dale had been right. Everything was gone. Pap, she knew, could not possibly last out the day. He tried to smile at her, but his face trembled and his hands shook as he lifted the coffee to his mouth. The pile of wood was pitifully small.

"Kind of slow gettin' started," he explained when he saw her look at the wood. "But I'll get goin' soon as I get the kinks out of me. Don't you be worryin', Millie."

SHE could not coax him back to the house, though she knew there was no hope that he could fire the grove that night. The early afternoon sun brought brightness but little warmth, and clouds darkened the northwest again. The wind freshened and the red thread of the thermometer began to drop. The grove would go that night and the ruin would be complete. The freeze already had killed the soul of one man and before dawn it would conquer a valiant heart. Pap's.

"A freeze does more than spoil fruit." Millie told the thermometer. "It does somethin' to a man, and whatever it does there ain't many men that get over it. A tree will bud again, but it's different with men."

Then, just before dusk, Millie dropped the pan of potatoes she had been peeling. The dishpan clanged on the floor and the potatoes bumped over the lino-

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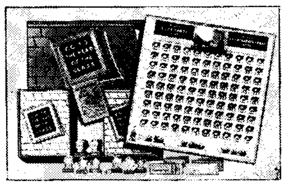

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leum as she stood listening, her face chalk-white.

The ax was silent. A minute dragged past, another, and there was no sound from the swamp where Pap worked.

She found the old man sitting down, one hand still grasping the ax helve, his head bowed so that it nearly touched his updrawn knees. The narrow shoulders were shaking.

She knelt beside him, an arm around his thin frame, saying things meant to comfort him.

"I can't do it," he told her brokenly. "I just give out, Millie. I'm old, girl. Awful old."

"It's all right, Pap. You done fine."

He shook his head.

"I didn't do it," he said. "I ain't no good no more, Millie. I thought mebbe I could save the grove, but I can't."

"Never mind, Pap. You done what you could."

SHE helped him to his feet and for the first time realized what a frail bundle he was. The vitalic spark he always had had—the same spark that his son, Dale, once had possessed—was gone, leaving an aged, worn-out man with dull, rheumy eyes.

"I'm afeard, Millie," he was whimpering. "I'm afeard the grove's goin' tonight. I'm afeard ever'thing's done for now."

They turned, the old man and the girl, at the sound of crackling brush behind them. They looked and said nothing as Dale walked into the clearing.

He had been drinking but he was not drunk. His face was pale, under the black stubble, and his eyes were not the agates they had been that morning when he had walked past Pap and Millie, out of the house. Those eyes went from Millie to Pap and back to the woman again.

"Millie—" he began.

He saw the ax and the small pile of wood. He leaned down to grasp the ax handle, to balance the gleaming thing in his hands.

"I—I was down to the saloon," he said. "I got talkin' to the fellers that hang out around there. They—well, they said what I wanted to hear told me. They said I done the right thing, leavin' the grove to freeze. They told me it wasn't no use fightin' somethin' you never could lick."

They waited, Pap and Millie, as he searched for the words. Dale turned and drove the ax into a thick branch. A chip flew into the air, arched and dropped into a clump of palmetto. He turned back to them.

"They was all agreein' with me," he continued. "They was tellin' me how the gov'ment ought to make it easier for a feller to make a livin'. How it wasn't no use tryin' to do anything on your own, no more."

Again the ax swung up and then down with a meaty sound.

"It was what I wanted to hear, like I told you. It proved I was right and you two was wrong. I started rememberin' some of the things they said, so's I could prove to you how right I was."

He drew the back of his hand across his mouth. His eyes were wide and beseeching as he looked at Pap and Millie.

"I don't know how to tell you," he said, "but somethin' happened. All of a sudden, it was. I was listenin' to them talk and I begun lookin' at them, the fellers that was at the bar there. I looked at their faces and it was like I was seein' them for the first time. Like they just walked in."

His brow wrinkled as he tried to explain.

"There was thin fellers and fat fellers, little and big ones, but they all looked alike. I mean somethin' that should have been in their faces wasn't there. Like some kind of a frost had spoiled them, like it does a piece of fruit. I—"

He broke off, hunting for some explanation that would make all this clearer. Millie helped him by nodding slowly.

"I know what you mean," she said. "There's people that let trouble shrivel them up like a frozen orange. They shrivel up and they never get back to what they was. They're culls, that's what they are, and there's no helpin' them."

Dale's eyes lighted at her understanding.

"That's it," he said. "Culls is a good name for them. That fits them."

The ax bit into the wood again.

"So when I saw them, really saw them, I says what the hell am I doin' here, wastin' time with these fellers that ain't got anything left inside them, when I ought to be home, tryin' to save our grove from freezin'. So I come home."

He looked at the head of the ax and ran his thumb over the edge.

"I hope—I hope I ain't too late. I don't mean for the firin' alone. I mean—"

He stopped.

MILLIE left Pap's side and walked up to Dale. She put her hands against his shoulders and looked at her husband, smiling and shaking her head.

"Not too late," she said. "No."

Behind her, Pap blinked, coughed and spat on the chip-littered ground. Dale looked over his wife's head at his father.

"We're goin' to fire tonight, Pap," he said. "Iffen we ain't got enough wood, we'll fire the palmetto in the north lot. The wind's right for that. We're goin' to fire the grove somehow, Pap, and we're goin' to save them grapefruit we got left."

Pap bobbed his head. His eyes were bright again and his shoulders were squared under the old sweater he wore.

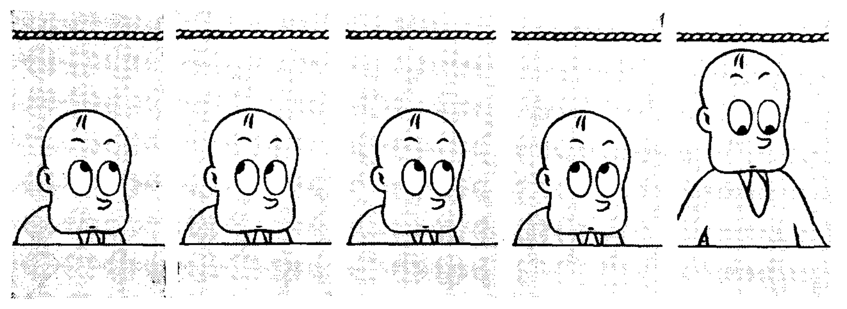
"We'll save 'em, son," he promised. "The two of us—the three of us—we'll save 'em."

Dale grinned and Millie, watching him, felt something catch in her throat at the sight of that smile. It had been so long!

"And iffen we don't save the grapefruit," Dale said, "iffen every piece of fruit in the grove freezes, we won't lose the trees. They're good, strong trees. They'll bud again."

Pap nodded jubilantly.

"Yes, sir, son," he crowed. "They'll sure enough bud again!"



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Honor's No Kin to Glory

Continued from page 10

information that followed Matchet's headlong arrival challenged even Nicolas Dankard's distracted being.

"You'd never," Matchet cried at them, "guess what happened! Right on parade, with most of the Corps listening, Mr. Brazier asked to be detached, left behind, on guard duty. It didn't need a lantern to see the staff was flabbergasted; Old Ship ordered him, urged him more like, to report privately; but," Matchet's irony was savage, "he wanted the entire world to know the glorious nature of his sacrifice. He felt responsible, Mr. Brazier explained, for a breach of conduct that had gravely damaged another's honor, and begged permission to share the penalty."

He would, Garth said feebly, be doggoned.

TO NICOLAS, Polk Brazier's public disgrace seemed no more than a thin mockery of his own abject fate, a darker expression of the first sergeant's enigmatic spite, and correspondingly bad blood suffused his entire view of that derisive antagonism. A door closed behind him. Matchet and Garth had gone. With the pale arrival of day every sound in the quadrangle and on the company parade was audible in the tower room. There was no formation for mess—individuals, vociferous groups, hurried to breakfast and the filling of haversacks. The Corps assembled outside the Arch, the rapid iteration of roll call echoed by the sergeants' reports to their captains. Isolated in expanding light, Nicolas Dankard automatically followed the Battalion's shift from line to column in squads of four; it marched off with a concerted rhythmical tread that diminished until past the sally post and over the Valley pike it died away.

The disconsolate and sullen company at the Virginia Military Institute listened rigidly to the verbal lashing their captain, Mr. Brazier, laid on the Mudfish's unbuttoned jacket and slovenly belt. Aside from necessary, scrupulously observed formalities Nicolas totally ignored Polk Brazier. He moved through the mechanics of existence in apathy that, resembling an evil trance, reduced even his despair to heavy inertia. Battalion drill was perfunctory and dress parade suspended; the evening gun sounded and the flag sank without accompanying ceremonial. The following day dragged empty of significance to its leaden end; a despondent silence enveloped the accomplished evening broken only by the sentry's measured pace in the quadrangle.

Nicolas Dankard, a vague shape in the tower room's gathering darkness, eventually rose and lighted the gas jet. He returned to the ink-stained table, the annexations that followed the First Punic War. "Sicily," he said still again, "Sardinia and Corsica." A loud, unexpected knock on the door preceded the delivery of a letter by General Smith's orderly. It was from his mother at Fredericksburg, Nicolas saw; the letter had been opened and passed, a superscription advised, through Headquarters of the 11th Union Corps. Mrs. Bethesda Dankard informed Nicolas that his sister Effie had died of lung fever.

The sheer dismay at this fresh calamity was obvious in every phrase of an exhausted woman's effort to preserve a Christian resignation. This was bad, Nicolas acknowledged—Effie's labors in the Hivo fulling mill had been their principal dependence. "It was the wet and lint," Mrs. Dankard wrote; "your sister racked herself into Eternity."

The burden of Nicolas Dankard's wretchedness grew unbearable and then vanished in the liberating spell of mortal necessity. The intolerable strain brought on them by Effie's death, Nicolas told himself, made it impossible for him to remain at the Institute. Closing the history book, he was startled by a deep sob of inexpressible relief. His resolution blazed into a consuming prospect of glory. War! General Breckinridge occupied Staunton, forty miles down the Valley, facing Sigel, the Yankee cavalry, at Woodstock; and marching all night, hurrying through the day, he would reach the battlefield little, if any, behind the Corps of Cadets.

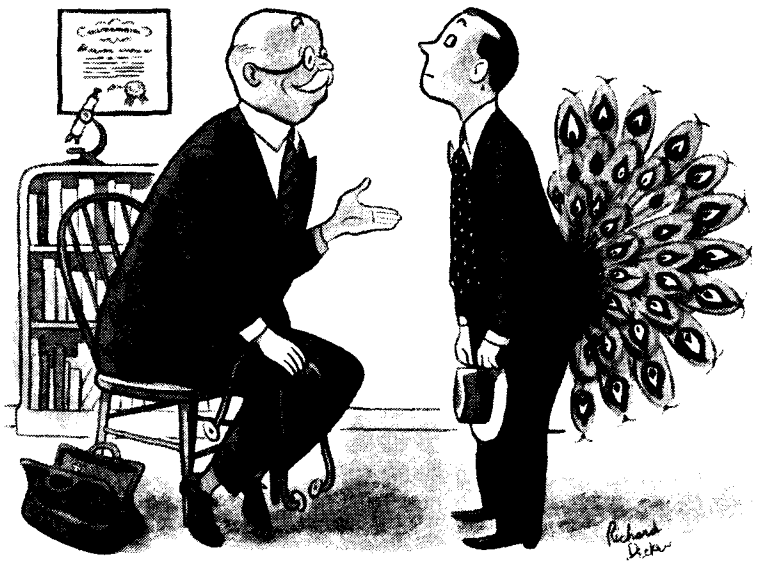
The preparation for that momentous flight was simplified by the compulsion to take nothing that was the Institute's—an hour later Nicolas safely descended the rocky embankment on the turnpike carrying only his poncho. The dawn was overcast, clouds veiled gently rolling hills, and intermittent showers, beating on the poncho, saturated canvas gaiters and ran into Nicolas Dankard's shoes. The rain plastered the last apple blossoms on the ground and cultivated land was darkly green. The Cadet Battalion, he discovered, had camped at Midway; noon ought to fetch him to Staunton; and resting in a dilapidated church shed he twisted the water from his shirt and drained sodden shoes. The solitary Negro woman in a log house gave him milk and ashcake with sorghum, and leaving on the table a wet shinplaster, the penny or two that remained in a Confederate dollar, he proceeded over a road now deep in mud and ruts. His clothes resembled icy films but all hardship brought Nicolas conscious satisfaction: it verified his escape from the ignominious past. Moving indomitably on with bowed head he was unprepared for the thronged streets of Staunton.

Refreshment at a general store, a tot of whisky, raw turnips and an ounce of Heart's Delight tobacco, exhausted Nicolas Dankard's funds but included a sweeping account of the military scene by a disabled corporal in the Augusta Reserves. The Confederate vanguard, he explained, Imboden's little division, falling back from Mount Jackson, was south of New Market. The Cadet Corps, Nicolas was informed, spent a night outside Staunton, and the entire town had flocked to witness its dress parade. The Battalion had advanced with the morning.

THE realization that forty miles still lay between him and his destination, removed to New Market, drove Nicolas on. But a sudden, crushing weariness and sharp pains in his legs made a continuation of his rapid pace harrowing, then impossible. The halt in Staunton, it seemed, had been more wearisome than the long, hard march from the Virginia Military Institute. A curious opposition was set up between his determination to keep moving and his spent physical being. Feverish images burned in Nicolas Dankard's mind—his mind, he thought, was an overseer grinding out a last vital spark in the slave that was his body. A thunderhead rose over Mount Crawford; and, stumbling, Nicolas plunged forward instantly asleep in a deep tangle of wet sweet grass.

He rode into Harrisonburg at nightfall on a caisson with Major McLaughlin's column of artillery.

The movement of troops had stopped for the day, and in the fields and groves beside the turnpike, along brimming streams, details were cutting wood and constructing rude shelters for the company mess kettles. The rosy blur of



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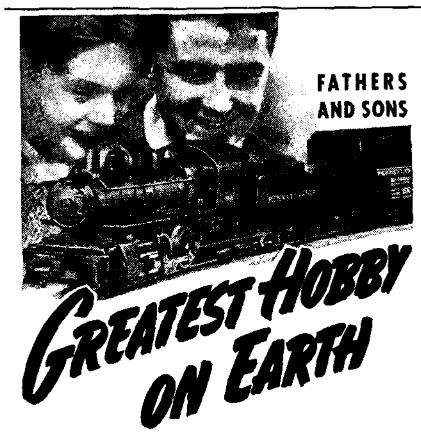

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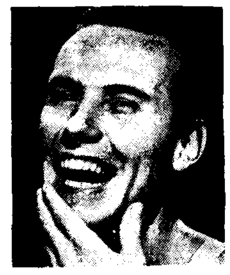

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campfires multiplied against the gathering dark.

He passed the 62nd Mounted Virginia Infantry, deprived of its horses and spreading out on both sides of the road; but farther on the drawling accents of the deep South brought him to a halt. Nicolas Dankard saw figures black in silhouette or sharply illuminated around a log fire; the men, gaunt and worn with long service, had the unmistakable appearance of life on the border; and he stood at a stiff and soldierly attention while an orderly sluiced the naked shoulders of his hard-bitten officer with water from a camp bucket.

His casual enlistment in the depleted ranks of Woodson's Missouri Rangers, Nicolas recognized, was a piece of sheer luck; that celebrated body was certain to be in the van of battle; yet a sense of lofty privilege, the whole miracle of his escape from a fatal obligation, were invaded by contrary apprehensions. For one thing, no turning of Nicolas Dankard's life had supported a dependence on miracles, and for another, the price of his liberation—a deserter's lonesome insecurity—was unexpectedly oppressive. Wrapped in the poncho beside a low campfire, mingled thunder and sleep were rent by the bugle's shrill urgency.

Nicolas chopped wood and, carrying it to the field kitchen, aided in the preparation of Brunswick stew and great pots of coffee for breakfast. Wharton's brigade passed down the Valley turnpike jeering at the Rangers' air of deliberate ease, waves of cheers followed General Breckinridge and his staff, and Nicolas largely regained the excited confidence of freedom and active service. The joyful eagerness that possessed him was suddenly blasted by the approach of a mounted and soldierly young figure with the sword and five brass buttons of an officer on his cadet jacket. Mr. Brazier dismounted and walked up to him with a spent and impassive formality.

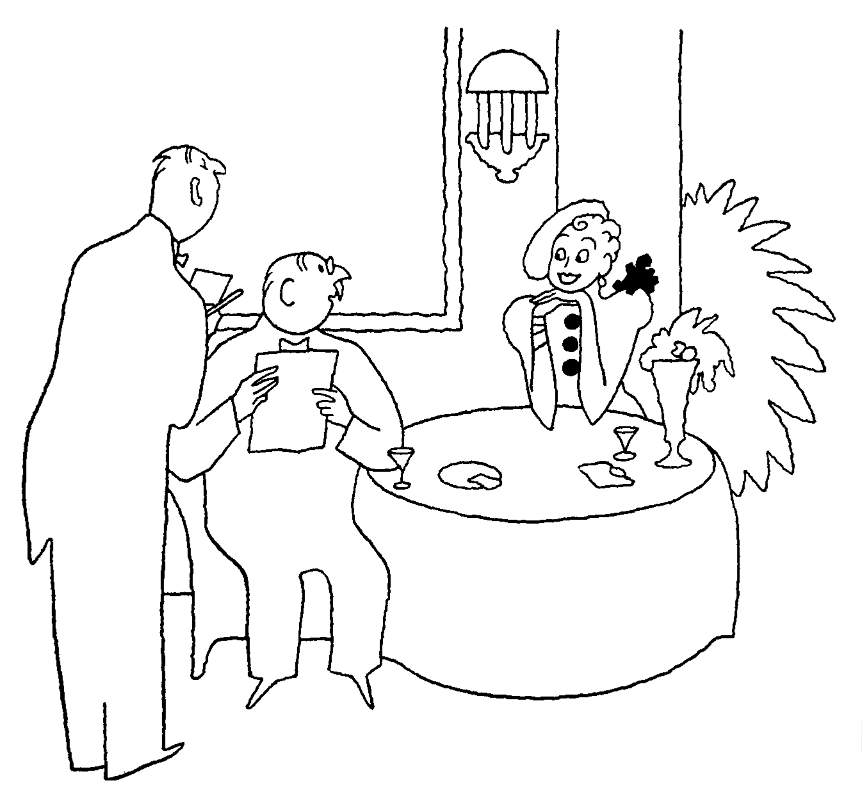
The bitter resentment that filled Nicolas Dankard flared into utter rage. He only faintly heard the words that placed him under arrest. All the accumulated wretchedness and humiliation of the past drove his fist into Polk Brazier's face. Dankard pounded and smashed in the merciless frenzy of a lifetime's pinched suppression. It was no fight. He stood above Polk Brazier's senseless body sick with violence, dully aware of the detached and ironical approbation of Woodson's Missouri Rangers.

The regiment moved toward New Market: Lyle Clark's sharpshooters. Nicolas gathered, had driven the Yankee advance back into the town; and Woodson's Rangers, with the 62nd Virginia, swept the enemy from its houses and streets. Nicolas Dankard fought, he loaded and fired, with mechanical precision. A Union soldier blazed at him from a cover of lilacs. Nicolas' bayonet stabbed, and he went on oddly conscious of how sweet the lilacs were. Beyond New Market he saw McLaughlin's guns on a hill to the left; horse holders stood at the heads of horses; stretchers bore twisting or immobile gray figures; companies on foot waited inattentively, smoking, eating from haversacks; men slept; it was the rear guard of battle.

THE Rangers were deployed, supporting the Confederate battery, and briefly at rest Nicolas Dankard was overtaken by sharp regret for his disastrous encounter with Mr. Brazier. He had last seen Polk Brazier, conscious but still dazed, with camp followers who had already appropriated his horse; and once more Nicolas was baffled by the appalling consequences of a seemingly trivial and unpremeditated temper. The first sergeant, he now realized, had not merely encouraged but deliberately provoked his act of madness in the guardhouse. That discovery, however, only increased Nicolas Dankard's bewilderment—there was literally nothing to account for Mr. Brazier's attacks, his down, on him. The regiment advanced.

The rain stopped and fell, it stopped again, and a heavy air held the battle smoke close to earth. Nicolas charged through dark confusion into formless and mortal combat. Muskets made orange-colored flashes in the saffron gloom, and through a rift Nicolas saw a farmhouse with columned portico set amid apple trees. He went laboriously forward in soft spring mud past the farmhouse, through an orchard to the fence that marked its northern limit, but there he was pressed back by the retreating Virginia line.

"Fall back," an officer shouted, "fall



"Goodness, don't bother ordering any appetizer for me, Mr. Simmons. I'm hungry already"

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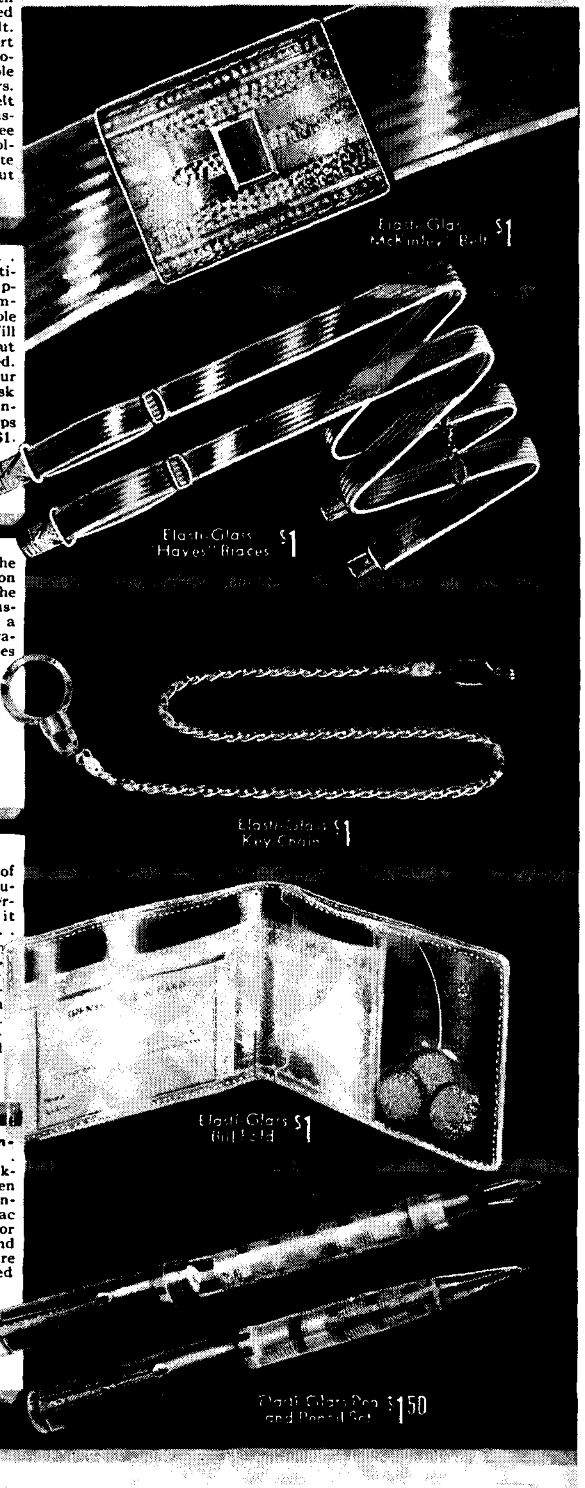
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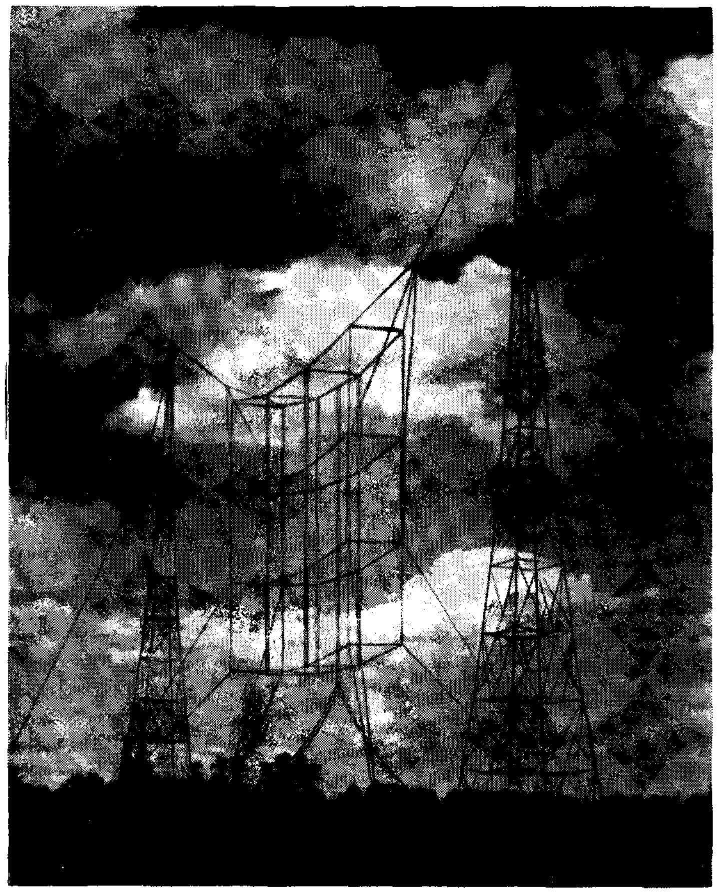

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back, 62nd! We must wait for support."

That desperate cry, met by the body of Woodson's Rangers, was turned into a ringing shout. The pall of darkness lifted and Nicolas Dankard saw the Battalion of Cadets advancing in faultless alignment through young wheat. The color guard, the cream-colored flag with its heavy gilt fringe, swept proudly on, led by Colonel Ship. Along the battle front Breckinridge's troops returned the Union fire; Echol's Brigade was thrown forward on Nicolas' right; the Rebel yell rose triumphant and he stumbled on with the Virginians driving Sigel's army back upon its artillery. The yellow murk settled treacherously in hollows, Nicolas was continually delayed by the South's dead, and then a wide vista of the battlefield, the Cadet Corps, was visible.

Colonel Ship, he saw, was down. Cadets young like Godden, ancients of eighteen like himself, fell; the file closers redressed the line.

THE advance converging on the Yankee cannon grew headlong in air now clear enough to reveal the individual features of men. The ground mounting to the Federal battery was thronged by Confederate foot soldiers struggling with one another for the privilege of capturing the guns; but Nicolas Dankard's spirit was insensible to any transport of victory; he was crushed by the searing discovery that his freedom was an illusion. His escape, in reality a contemptible flight from exact justice and duty, had merely added a burden of shame to the hard sacrifice of girls and a woman. It was the wet and lint of the fulling mill, his mother had written, that killed Effie; her effort, in Jacobus Dankard's words, to make an officer and a gentleman of him!

An occasional shot was still fired by the retreating Federal infantry, and Nicolas desperately hoped that a minie ball would obliterate his disgrace. None did. Instead, a shoestring broke, the shoe nearly came off, and he knelt mending the string. He rose, overcome by a sense of fateful imminence, and turning, Nicolas gazed squarely into Polk Brazier's bruised and haggard face. He rigidly saluted his superior.

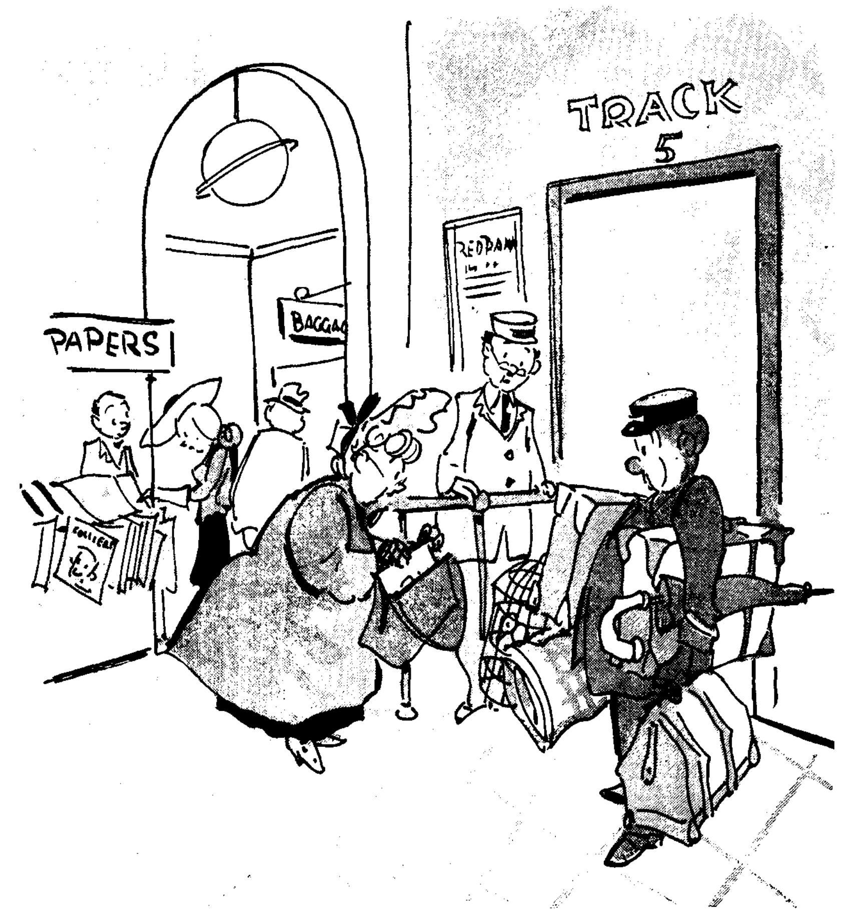
"Mr. Dankard," Cadet Captain Brazier said evenly, "under orders of General Smith, issued at the Virginia Military Institute, May 13th, you are hereby directed to proceed in custody to that place—"

Nicolas heard the dull impact of the bullet that struck Polk Brazier's chest. Mr. Brazier flung out an arm and reeled, but Nicolas Dankard kept him from falling. The bright blood stained them both. It was necessary, lowering Polk gently in the mud, to bend close to catch the whistling thinness of his words.

"I told General Smith," Polk Brazier laboriously asserted, "I'd find you in the smoke of Sigel's guns. Death wouldn't stand in way. That was wrong." He choked redly. "Mr. Dankard," the voice had all but perished, "I owe you this—this explanation. Hell, Nicolas, I'm sorry. Never let anybody know I was a Brazier and coward. Afraid of dying. Not all sacrifice . . . staying with Institute detail. Shocking relief. Then you bolted to the front. Deserter. Had to fix that between us. Scared green. Even a little firecracker—"

He died.

Gazing down with a tight throat at Polk Brazier's eternal remoteness from human strife, Nicolas was pervaded by an inner stillness that banished emotion. For the first time in memory his heart and brain were clear, the way a spring of water was clear, and untroubled. The obscure tangle of existence had been reduced to a few simple and familiar precepts. Duty was one. That was identical with discipline; it was the outward habit of honor. The triumphant Confederate shouts were meaningless to his possessed senses. Nicolas Dankard was deaf to glory. Discipline, he repeated with soundless lips—a soldier's duty and the virtue of a gentleman. Not in the muck, Nicolas told himself, bending over Polk Brazier. Moving slowly under his supremely honorable burden he went with a composed spirit to the rear.



"Here's a nickel, porter. I declare I don't know why I put up with this tipping evil!"

REAMER KELLER

Campus Capers

Continued from page 14

superficially resembled that of Tony de Marco or Paul Draper.

There are always a few potential song writers in any group of 1,200 young men and these musically inclined lads were given the assignment of writing songs. The whole thing was done in a professional manner. Two years ago hard-boiled Variety lifted a surprised and incredulous eye at the show given by the Brown students. It actually praised the show. At that time our Barbara Ham's place in the show was a fairly modest one. She danced a little, sang a little and said a few lines. But at rehearsals she did a great deal more. She helped to direct the show; she tossed in a few dance suggestions. Last spring the boys and girls who ran the show wisely put everything in Barbara's hands and the result was terrific. Miss Ham did not paint the scenery but she did about everything else. She created dances for the chorus and specialty numbers that would compare favorably with those seen on any musical-comedy stage this season. She rehearsed the dancing and did some specialties herself. She was the reason why the last Brown University show (called Ten to One) was perhaps the most professional-looking performance ever seen on a college campus. Most college dramatic organizations hire professional coaches, but there wasn't even a professional electrician connected with Ten to One.

I watched Barbara Ham rehearse the cast of Ten to One and except that she is prettier you couldn't tell her from Buddy De Sylva rehearsing Panama Hattie or Al Jolson rehearsing himself. Brown has always quite successfully ignored the presence of girls on its campus. Pembroke was something to be mentioned, if at all, with condescending tolerance. According to the university charter it was part of Brown University, but no student can ever be persuaded to admit that Brown was a coeducational institution.

The Campus Celebrity

Now Brown undergraduates are in the unhappy position of taking orders from a slim but often sharp-tongued lady who bosses the show with complete confidence and who often stops a rehearsal to inquire tartly of a campus hero, "Didn't you get any sleep last night? Don't loaf on this stage. And loosen up. For heaven's sake, loosen up . . . don't fight the music."

It is no wonder that the ivy on the old buildings turns over in shame. But the strange part of it is that the undergraduates resent this female intrusion not a bit. In fact, Barbara ranks with the president of the senior class, the captain of the football team and other undergraduate luminaries. Brown students are very happy to take orders from her because they are convinced that she knows her stuff. In fact, they are very proud of Miss Barbara and occasionally, under pressure, will now admit that Pembroke is a part of Brown University.

Barbara started to dance about the time she began to walk. She would dance at home, on the street, in school or anywhere else where there was room for her two feet. Her parents, noticing her talent, sent her to the best teacher they could find in Boston—Diana Sieveling. Now she began to learn patterns where before her nimble feet had merely been ad libbing. She danced in high-school shows and then directed school musicals, which brings us right up to Barbara standing on the stage of Brown's magnificent modern theater.

"All out for the Boogie Woogie number," Barbara snaps. Eight lads and eight lassies bounce up on the stage. It is ten o'clock at night and the rehearsal had been going since seven. That afternoon Barbara had rehearsed specialty numbers, and there had been the small matter of four classes to attend. The Boogie Woogie number is a sort of rumba with a college education, set to weird, haunting music. When it was over Barbara nodded her approval and told how she had thought of the dance.

"I go to the Acadia and to Rhodes a lot," she explained. "They are two large dance halls here in Providence. I always watch the jitterbugs because they are constantly improvising and sometimes you get an idea from a step or two one of them will do. One night at Rhodes I watched a girl rumba. She had all sorts of variations. She did a lot of strutting and she did strange things with her hips. I went home and diagramed a couple of her steps on a blackboard and tried them in front of a mirror. Then I went on from there and I realized that we'd want a song closely related to the conga and the rumba. So we got the song and the Boogie Woogie number was the result."

In the Best Broadway Manner

Now it was time for the Stop, Look and Listen number. Watching the collegiate chorus go through its paces, it was difficult to believe that this was Waterman Street, Providence, and not West Forty-eighth Street, New York.

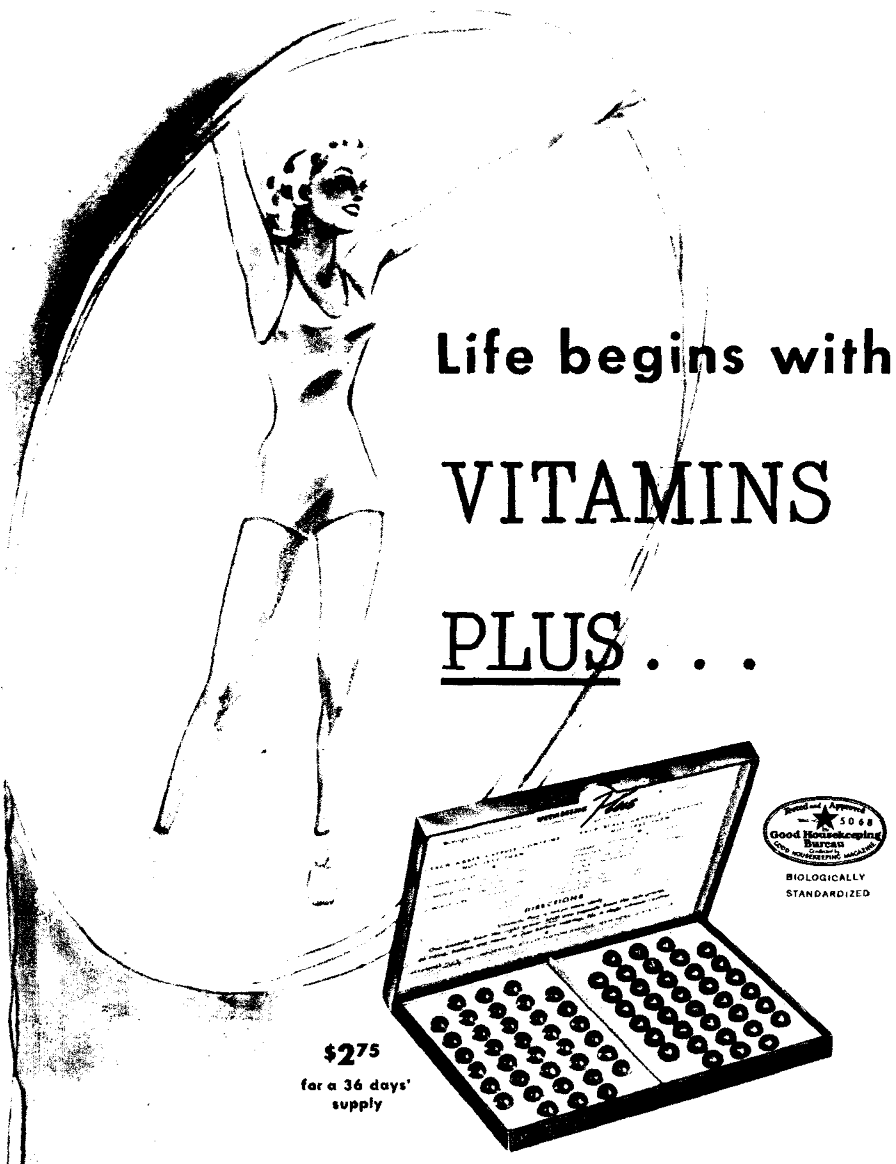
"Strut . . . one . . . two, STRUT . . . one two . . . loosen up loosen up. . . ." Tireless Barbara nodded her head in rhythm, stamped her feet, clapped her hands and the chorus responded enthusiastically. Barbara had introduced something interesting in the way of showing off a chorus to better advantage. Three long step platforms were placed at the rear of the stage. Each chorus number included a routine that brought the dancers up and down those steps at least once during the number. Barbara's idea was that people get tired of watching the chorus dance in the conventional way; that is, on the flat floor. The steps offered her a chance to design some really intricate routines.

When Barbara graduates next summer she plans to study dancing in New York. Right now her ambition is to master classical dancing, the kind they do on a concert stage. She has definitely made up her mind that the dance is her destiny. Oh, she'll work in a chorus or dance on street corners if she gets a chance, but she wants to learn more about dancing. And then? She won't look that far ahead.

Let's look ahead for her and make a bet: My bet is that within a very few years George Abbott or George White or Wiman or DeSylva will be saying, "Now, look, Barbara. Here's the scene: It is in the palace of the czar, which will give us a chance for some swell costumes with fur and rhinestones. Now, we gotta have a number that will look Russian but not too formal; you know it's got to have some zingeroo to it. None of that Volga Boatman nonsense. Have you got any ideas?"

And it is my bet that Barbara will go back to her full-length mirror and her blackboard and her phonograph, and the next day go to George, Dwight or Buddy and say, "Here's what I worked out. . . ." And, on opening night, 'way down at the end of the program, will be the line: "Dances staged by Barbara Ham."

What'll you bet?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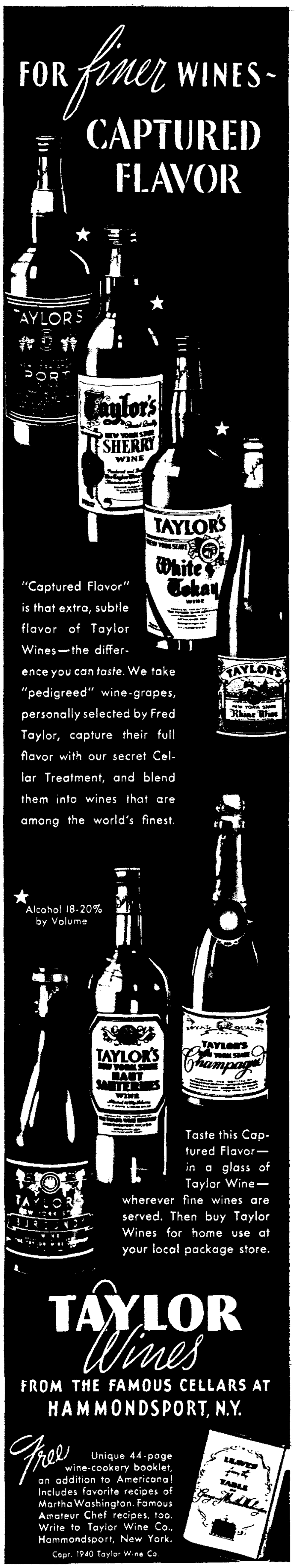
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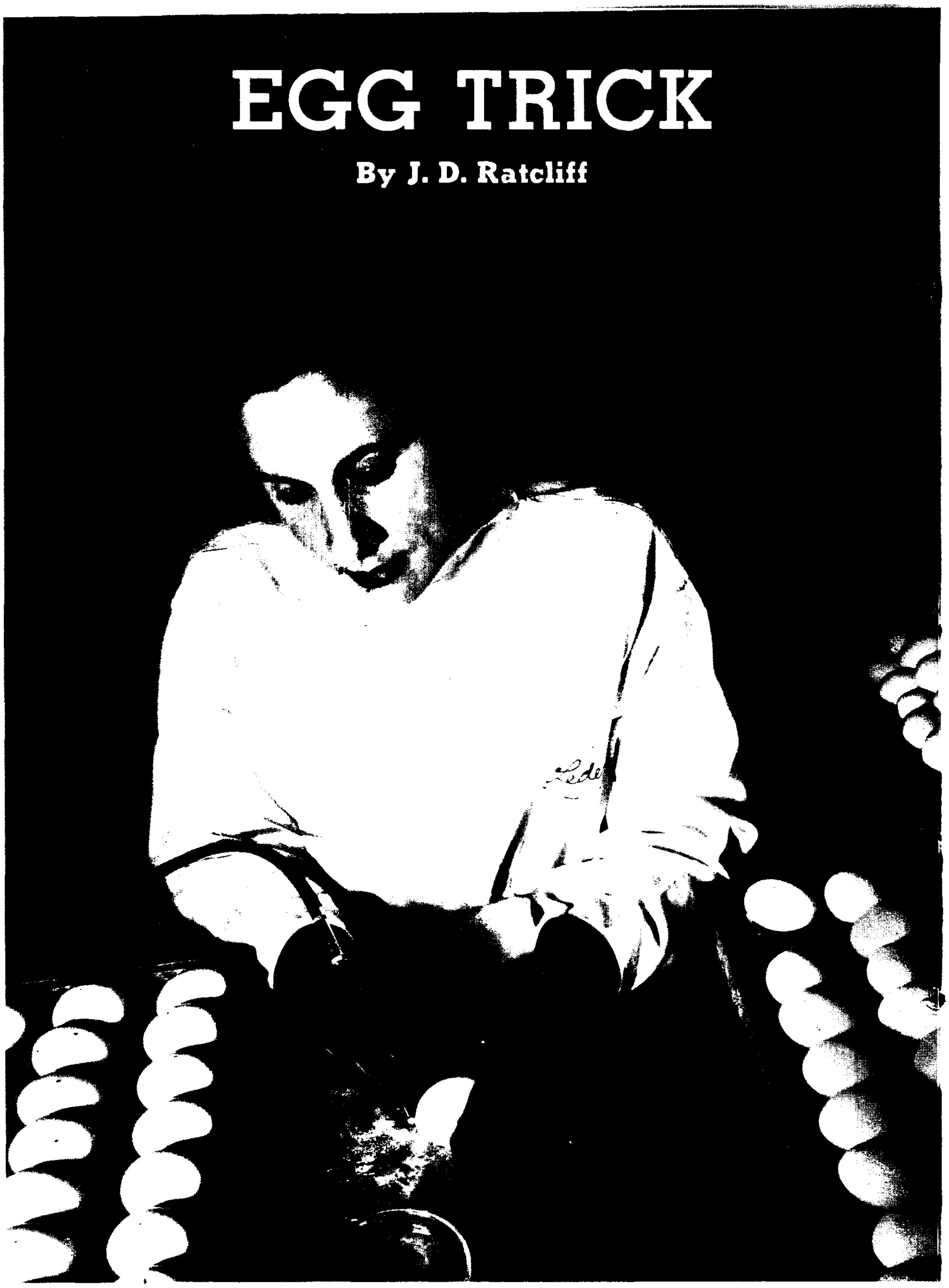
EGG TRICK

By J. D. Ratcliff



The deadly virus of horse sleeping sickness will multiply prolifically in the fertile egg in which the laboratory worker is drilling a tiny window

Next to knowing how to kill a virus the most important thing is knowing how to keep it alive. The brand-new method of incubating it in eggs is a barrier against epidemics

UNTIL a short while ago uses for eggs were somewhat restricted. Some were good for eating, and others for throwing. Now, thanks to eventful work at Nashville, Tennessee, a third use has turned up: The egg has become an extremely promising weapon against a host of diseases. Grade C eggs are being used to fight Grade A plagues in Brazil, Poland, Montana and elsewhere.

Lifesaving potentialities of the egg were discovered by Dr. Ernest W. Goodpasture, pathologist at Vanderbilt University's medical school. Goodpasture, fifty-three, a veteran of research in cancer, flu, rabies and other diseases, had undertaken a project with fowl pox—the chicken disease farmers know as "sorehead." It is caused by a virus—a microbe invisible even to microscopes.

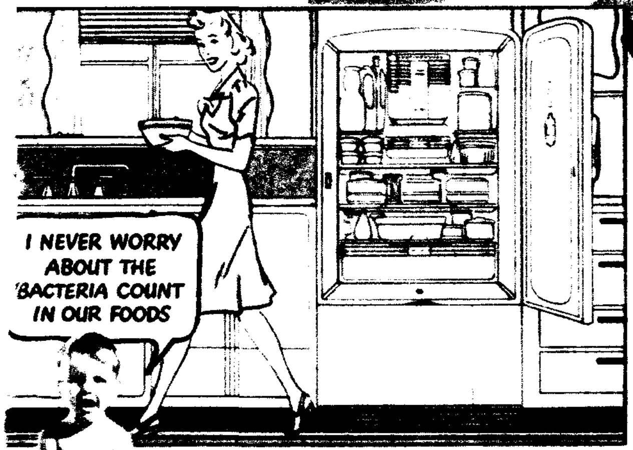
Goodpasture was looking for a means of growing this virus; a means of getting it into the laboratory where he could watch it, work with it and see what tricks might be done with it. This step is always first in the study of any disease, and frequently it is one of the most difficult. The microbe of this sorehead sickness was no exception. It had to be fed and nourished to survive. Discovery of a tempting diet was the problem. Beef broth, agar and other microbe foods were passed by. The microbe went on a hunger strike and died.

By chance—happy chance that already has probably saved several thousands of lives—Goodpasture decided to try an egg diet. Pumping an old-fashioned dental drill with a foot treadle, he bored a hole in one end of a nice fresh egg. With a hypodermic syringe, he squirted virus through this minute opening. Then he put the egg in an incubator and waited. Nothing happened. The virus still acted like a balky child.

Undiscouraged, Goodpasture set off on another track. Perhaps a fertile egg would be tempting. Viruses, he knew, liked *live* tissue. The chick embryo might be just the meal. This turned out to be a brilliant hunch. The stuff did eat, grow and reproduce. A few chicks hatched bearing nodules of the disease! Then he chipped away bits of shell, inoculated the embryo and installed a minute window over the shell opening. Now he could actually see the virus at work; see it forming the nodules of this sorehead disease!

(Continued on page 68)

LEAVE IT TO ME AND THERE'LL BE MORE FREE TIME FOR MOTHERS!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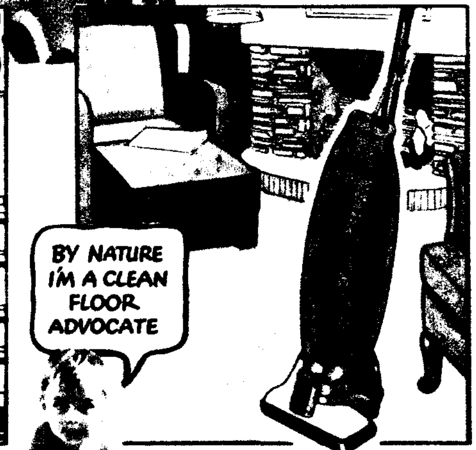
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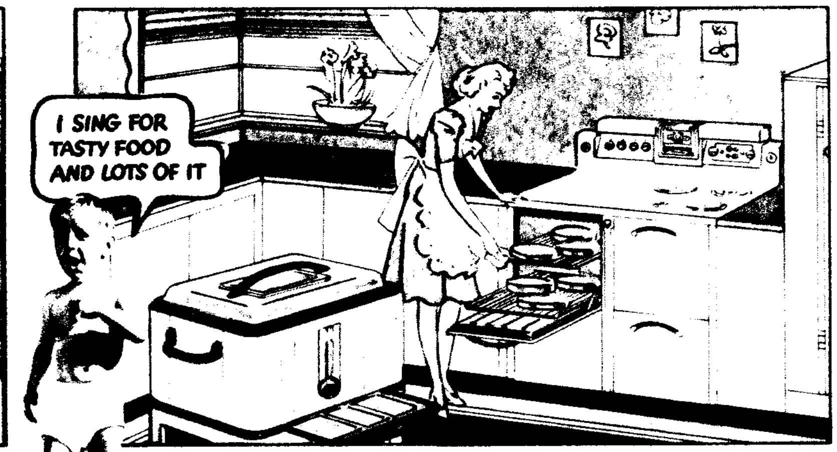
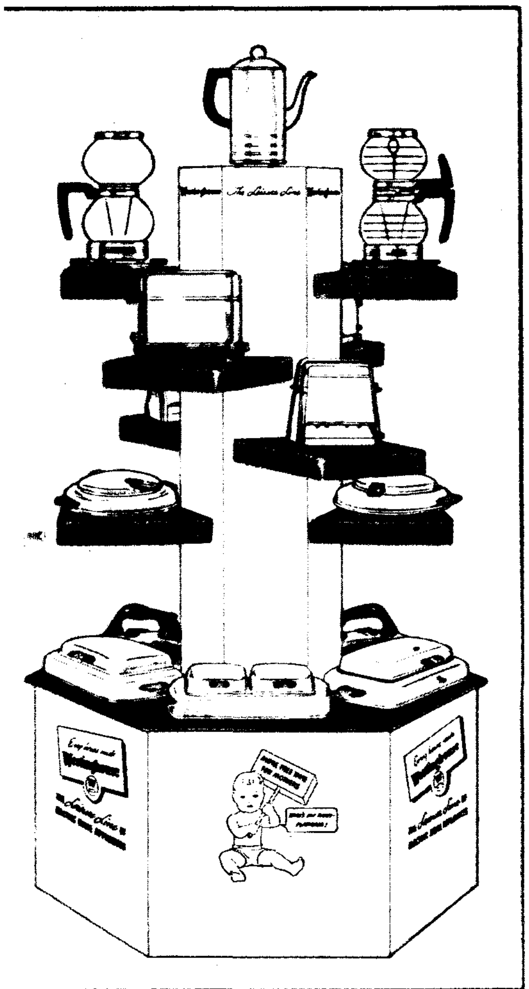
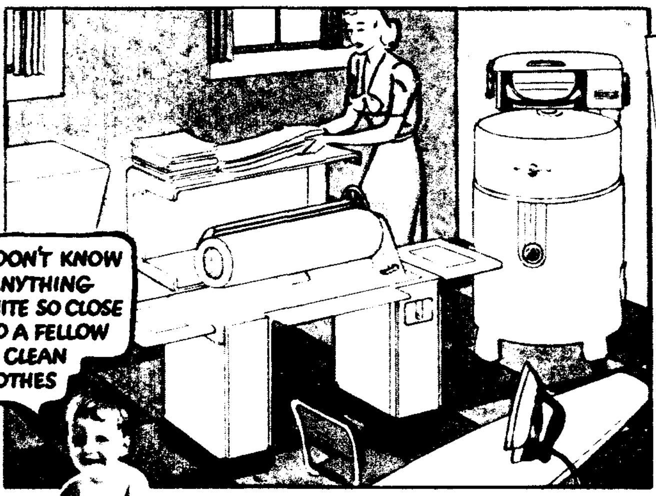

I SING FOR TASTY FOOD AND LOTS OF IT

Two happy routes to carefree cooking—the Westinghouse Electric Range and the Roaster-Oven. Both cook tempting meals without watching or worrying. Either assures more free time!



Get an eyeful of this display of electrical smartness—at your near-by Westinghouse dealer's store.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Terror's His Trade

Continued from page 11

off the one subject which he lives and thinks at such a time.

On German-American relations he could and did talk freely and eagerly. Taking the thesis already developed by Hitler and Goering, and currently stressed by all German spokesmen, he assured me that Germany constitutes no military threat to America. He insisted earnestly as a military man and aviator that even if Germany had a desire to attack America, it would be quite impossible and besides, he added, Germany desired only to co-operate economically with the United States when war is over.

I had the feeling as he outlined his argument that he was quite sincere as, I think, are most German aviators. This is easily understandable. Their debt to American aviation is enormous. They got their now-famous Stuka from the American Navy, and the parachute-troop technique happens to date back to the A.E.F. in France—just to mention two items. The fraternity of German-American air experts and fliers during the formative years of aviation did then, and still does, constitute one of the strongest links between the two countries—in fact, remains today about the last point of contact where really sincere and cordial relations exist.

He personally expressed this long-established German respect for American aviation and friendship for American aviators by asking for personal news about such prominent Americans as Jimmy Doolittle, Al Williams, Larry Bell—all of whom have visited Germany as German aviators visited America in an exchange of ideas that benefited both. He seemed prepared to go on talking about them almost indefinitely but his adjutant finally mentioned that he was overdue at Templehof. As we walked through the door he gave me the history of two swords I had noted on the wall, one an African jungle weapon and the other a Japanese ceremonial sword. Other than photographs of many brother officers in uniform the two swords provided the only strictly military touch in the room.

Fighting Commander

That was all it was—a simple, friendly talk with none of the undercurrent of sparring which is inevitable these days between Americans and officials of other branches of the German government more directly and acutely aware of rising tension between the two countries.

Aviation still remains a bridge—perhaps the last—across the Atlantic.

Yet this man is in fact not only today the key administrative and executive officer of the world's greatest military air force, but also the man who over the past fifteen years has done more than any other one man under the leadership of Goering to create this air force from its obscure origin in civil aviation sport flying clubs.

He rose to the top in civil aviation in 1926 when he became a director of the Lufthansa, was immediately made state secretary in the ministry of aviation when Goering took it over in 1933 on Nazi assumption of power and became inspector general of the air force in 1939. He thus today heads both the civil and military branches of German aviation. While his war function is primarily to superintend the organization, equipment and functioning of the entire German air force and to make certain that everything is in order to carry out Goering's strategic plans, he has even found time during the war to take a personal hand in fighting operations. During the Norwegian campaign he assumed direct command of Air Fleet Number Five, which had the task of meeting British air and sea operations. It was for this specific fighting command that he was awarded the Ritter Cross and then raised to the rank of general field marshal.

Since the Norwegian campaign he has left direct command to his subordinates and concentrates on organizational and executive control of the whole air force.

Like most of the leading figures in German aviation today Milch got his start in the air as a World War flier. He began the war as a lieutenant in the heavy artillery but transferred to the air corps in 1915, soon rose to command a reconnoitering detachment and then a pursuit group. Before the war was over he was attached to the general staff. It was during this period that he first made the acquaintance of Goering.

Growing Up with the Air Force

When the war ended he had made his decision to stay with aviation. During the immediate postwar period, when the frontiers of eastern Europe were still changing, he commanded a German air border guard in East Prussia, but when the Versailles Treaty liquidated the German air force in 1920 he left the army to become manager of "Danzig Airmail Limited," the first commercial air service in eastern Germany. In 1923 he went to Junkers and within a year was its manager of administration. When all German air lines were merged into the Lufthansa in 1926 he was made a director.

Meanwhile, he had renewed his wartime relationship with Goering, who by then was a leading figure in the Nazi party. He had himself joined the party in its early days and worked actively in the formulation of aviation policy. When Goering took over the air ministry under the Nazis in 1933 he immediately brought Milch in as state secretary and has kept him as his right-hand man ever since. At this time he returned to the active list in the air force as a colonel and was quickly advanced through the different ranks as the German air force expanded.

During his years in civil aviation he traveled widely, learning all he could from other countries. In the United States in 1924 he was particularly impressed by the production methods in the Ford plane factory, which was then producing the first big all-metal American transport plane. Something of American production methods went into the foundation of the German air force from that visit.

His organizational ability was gained in the years with the Lufthansa, during which he assumed control over all phases—designing of new types of planes, commercial operation and personnel, even financial management. Experience in this period was the basis for the extraordinary flexibility of organization of the German air force that is one of its strongest features.

Milch is one of the youngest of those who control Germany's air destiny today. Only Goering, by one year, and Udet, by four, are juniors in age. He was born in 1892 in Wilhelmshaven to a burgher family with a line of Saxon peasant stock behind it. He was the second son in a family of two boys and two girls. His father was a civil official in the naval administration. But when the children were still young he left the

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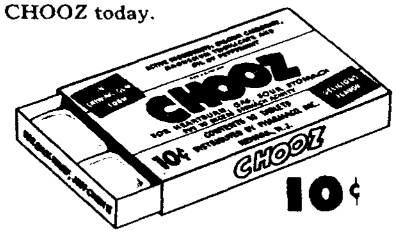

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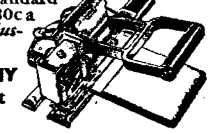

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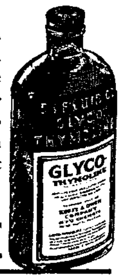


aval service and moved to Berlin, here he opened a pharmacy and did ell enough to give his children the ife of the comfortable middle-class urgher family in the big city.

There was enough money to send the oy to the Joachimsthaler gymnasium, hich at that time was the accepted igh school for the children of Berlin pper-middle and upper classes. But he family did not move in either court r wealthy business circles. In other ords his career was without benefit of amily connections with either aristoc-acy or high finance.

During school years he decided to make his career in the army. One day, in 1909, he dropped in at a primitive air meeting at Johannisthal to watch those early aviators take their incredible contraptions into the air. From that moment he was headed for both a military and air career. He went into the army at once as a cadet officer after graduating from high school. Within a year he was commissioned sublieutenant of artillery, and a year later was a full lieutenant.

The war gave him his chance for advancement and to combine his two ambitions, the army and the air.

Before it was over, in 1917, he married. He now has two daughters, one of whom, married to an air-corps officer, presented him with his first grandchild the same day he was awarded the Ritter Cross for his work in the Norwegian campaign. He lives now with wife and remaining daughter in an eight-room apartment, furnished with the usual accretion of middle-class German family furniture of nondescript period, in the Steglitz section of Berlin.

With the war occupying most of his time, he leaves the family social engagements to his wife, reserving what spare time he can manage for outdoor relaxation. He is an enthusiastic hunter —a personal bond of contact with his chief. He maintains a small private hunting lodge somewhere in north Germany.

He also likes skiing and fishing. It is rumored that he has a private stamp collection.

He is also an amateur photographer, taking his Leica with him on his inspection trips. Most of his time now is spent at the front or inspecting factories, air fields and reserve posts.

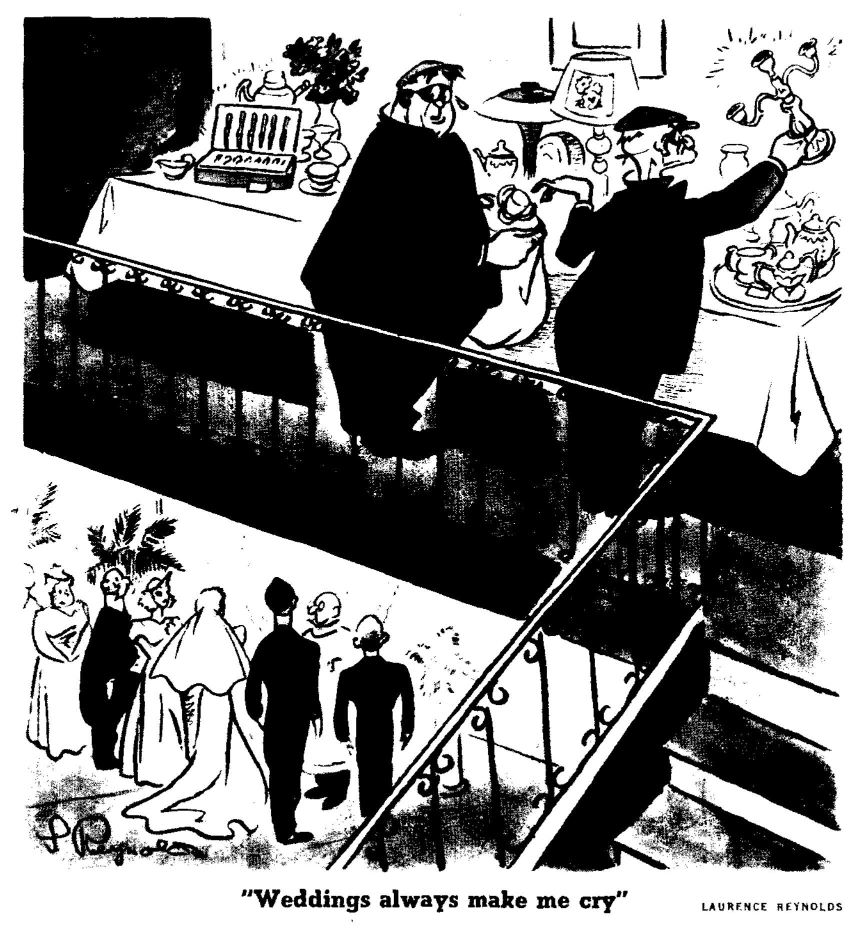
Big, black Brazilian cigars are his favorite addiction. It is related that during the World War his captain on tour of post inspection protested he would betray the position to the enemy by the smoke. At a dinner soon after, the same captain offered Milch a cigar which was declined with the remark that he would not care to betray the position to the enemy. But he stuck to his cigars, which are closely watched at conferences as an indication of the marshal's mood. In Norway his orderly confided to his adjutant that he would do anything, even risk his life, for the marshal, except for one thing—he would not ride in a closed automobile with that black cigar.

Through postwar reorganization and Nazi expansion a new order has been evolved in the German armed forces. They passed through a revolution which for them has meant the release and employment of talent.

Field Marshal Milch is personally one of the reasons why the German air force is one of the freest military organizations in the world for the full exercise of talent, and why it is also one of the most powerful military weapons. He personally began his military career under the old regime with its feudal inhibitions, encrusted traditionalism and rigid seniority. But, himself an officer who spent half his career in civilian life, he has freed both himself and the air force from the old restraints. Although a rigid disciplinarian, as attested by the meticulous salutes of his subordinates, he under Goering has put the emphasis in advancement on ability.

In his organization young men jump over their seniors without occasioning either surprise or resentment. He has made of it a sort of fraternal military organization quite foreign to the concept portrayed by an English film producer in The Lion Has Wings.

This is the new face moving into the spotlight of the Hitler stage. It is the face of the technician, of the man more interested in his chosen profession than in public notice.



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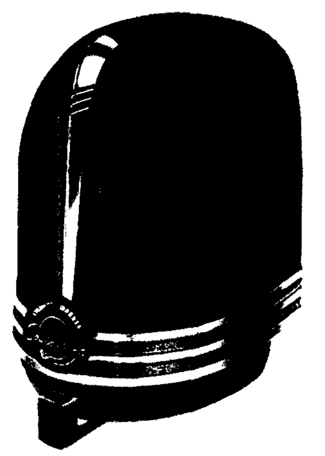

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Silent Wings

Continued from page 13

should step in. The government could furnish instructors and gliders for these boys if nothing else.

This vitally important phase of aviation has received such stepchild treatment in the United States that figures compiled for me as of July 22, 1940, by Stafford Kernan, chief of the Statistical Section of the Civil Aeronautics Authority in Washington, showed that there were only 124 licensed gliders in this country, with 120 private glider pilots registered and licensed and only forty-five commercial glider pilots. Compare these figures with the quarter-million glider operators in Germany.

Gliders are now being manufactured in this country on a small scale. One company offers a complete package including a glider, a trailer and complete course of instructions for one man to qualify him to instruct the other members of a club.

There are only three recognized glider makers in the country. They are the Frankfort Sailplane Company at Joliet, Illinois; Bowlus Sailplane Company, San Fernando, California; Schweizer Aircraft Company, Elmira, New York. The Frankfort people make two ships, a one-seater selling for $950 and a two-place plane priced at $1,050. Bowlus produces only one ship, I believe, for around $875. The Schweizer Company manufactures a utility glider for $1,000 and a high-performance ship costing $1,495.

There are two types of gliders: One is the utility glider, primarily a training and instruction ship, usually sturdy and built along the lines of a light power plane. The other type is the sailplane, a slim ship, trim as a gull. The utility model has a flying speed of about thirty-five miles an hour, while a good sailplane will do sixty-five.

Even at present high costs, it is not impossible for boys and young men and women to purchase gliders. If twenty boys contribute $65 each for the purchase of the sailplane, and another five or ten dollars each to finance their chosen instructor while he is taking gliding lessons, they can maintain their club with dues of about fifty cents or a dollar a month thereafter because there is no great depreciation cost or upkeep on a glider. The only expense would be for the operation of a tow car used in conjunction with a small winch for launching the glider.

Come Along for the Glide

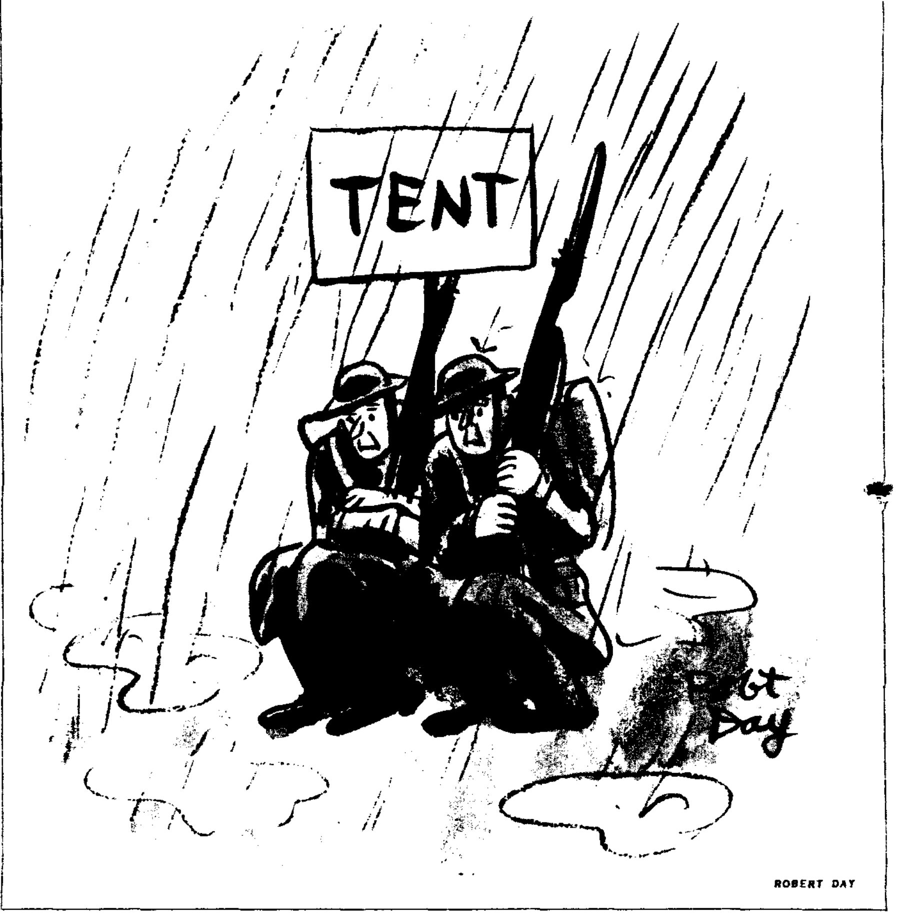
A glider is a simple and highly efficient airplane without a motor. It has the same controls as a power plane, except for the throttle. The first lessons in flying a glider are taken right on the ground. The student pilot climbs into the cockpit, and fastens on his safety belt. He becomes part of the plane, a man with wings, but he's not yet ready to fly.

The glider is attached by a long rope to the towing car. This can be any secondhand car and it will move slowly, invariably in first gear. The car starts and the glider begins to move down the field, fast enough so the controls will function, but not fast enough to launch the ship into the air. The student's job is to keep the wings level and roll along in a straight line behind the car.

The instructor in the auto towing the glider signals the student to correct errors and the student responds by moving the controls. In his first half-mile tow the glider will tilt from side to side like a duck, and veer off at wide tangents checked only by the tow rope.

On his next tow the controls will seem a little easier to the student. After anywhere from five to fifty tows he will have mastered the rudder and ailerons so thoroughly that his ship will sk[illegible] along the ground on its single wheel. He is now ready for hedgehopping.

Tow speed is increased. At a signal from the instructor the student lifts the glider a foot or so in the air, then he gently sets it down. As he masters control of the up-and-down movement he takes higher and higher hops. By the



ROBERT DAY

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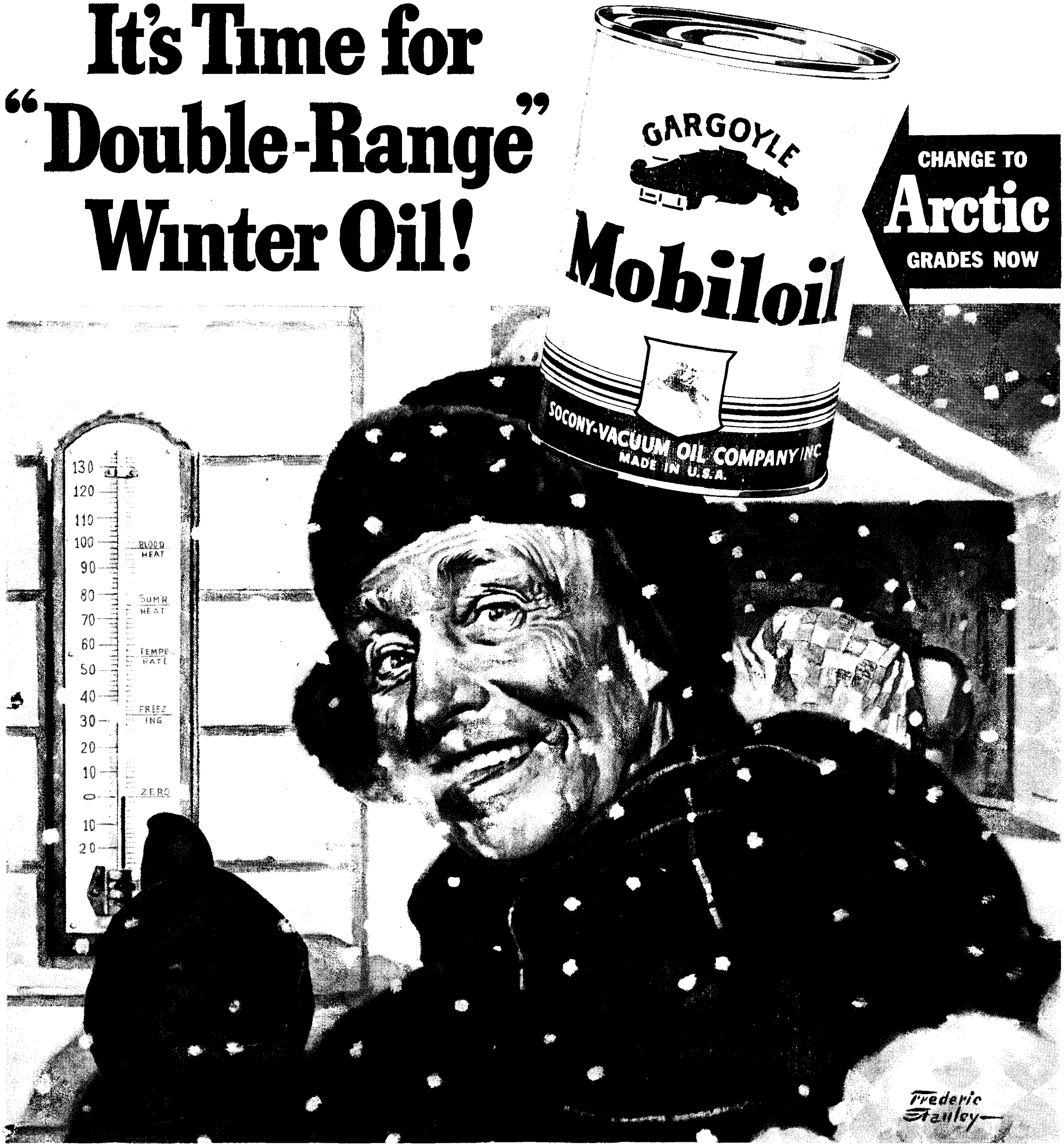
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time the student reaches ten-foot hops and glides down successfully, he is ready to start landings.

The next time the student rises, the instructor signals him to release the tow rope. The student then flies a perfectly straight course, watching very carefully to see that he is gliding at the proper angle. After a number of landings the tow rope is lengthened and he is pulled to thirty or fifty feet into the air. By this time the student knows the feel of free flying, knows how to straighten his ship when it is tilted by a wind current.

Ready for Anything

Next he learns simple maneuvers. First he turns wide, gentle, ninety-degree turns, then half turns around 180 degrees, then full turns clear around a 360-degree circle. He is towed several hundred feet into the air on a long rope operated by an engine-driven winch. He plans his flight so that he will land on a predetermined spot. Slowly he learns to allow for drift and then he feels the bump of an ascending column of air and he cheats a little and prolongs his flight and then he's a glider pilot.

The student has had by this time about ten consecutive hours of instruction and he has never once been in physical danger. He has mastered by trial and error every elementary motion of piloting a plane except for engine controls. He has never been put into a position for which he was not prepared. He's now ready for soaring, to climb ridge currents and thermals and watch out for downdrafts.

Until a few years ago, nobody recognized these various air currents. Gliding and soaring were limited by geography. Now it is known that there are thermal currents in most parts of the country—over open fields in Iowa, the deserts of Arizona, along meandering streams. Joliet, Illinois, has exceptionally good soaring conditions.

It takes great skill and close observation to do cross-country flying in a sailplane. The pilot must watch the birds, clouds, the topography of the land, to find his thermals and ridge currents. He has been launched by automobile or winch at an altitude of from 500 to 2,000 feet.

From the moment of launching he starts to go down, to glide. He can soar only if he can find and utilize upward air currents. When he leaves an upward draft or a thermal, the glider pilot must dodge the downward currents as fast and as expertly as he can. He learns to recognize the plus and minus drafts. He plots his course from thermal to thermal. He must keep a constant lookout for possible landing places, because every landing, without a motor to pull him out of tight places, is an emergency landing for a glider pilot. He can't overshoot a landing and try again.

There have been several accidents to beginners in airplanes which might have been avoided if the pilot had had soaring experience. Recently, a pilot who had no glider or sailplane training while flying his small power plane crashed into a hillside. In this case the ship was headed directly into the wind. He probably intended to clear the hill by a safe margin but having had no soaring training he did not recognize the force of a strong downdraft on the lee side of the hill.

This particular kind of training is ideal for military pilots. High-powered engines of our fast pursuit and combat ships would be damaged by too sudden cooling if shut off in midair, with the result that these pilots get little or no training in emergency landings, whereas the glider pilot makes a "dead-stick" landing every time.

Lewin Barringer, a commercial pilot and an outstanding glider flier, was a pilot for the joint Iranian expeditions of 1935-36. Flying conditions were tough, with mountain ranges soaring as high as 16,000 feet. He was using a medium-sized airplane with relatively low power.

One hot day he took off from a 4,500-foot-high field with a heavy load. He had to clear an 11,000-foot range of mountains. His rate of climb was slow, but he noticed that a strong wind was blowing against a 4,000-foot cliff. He flew in that direction straight for the cliff. He did figure-eights with his plane right in the face of the cliff and his rate of climb jumped from 250 feet per minute to 1,500 and he got over the ridge with a safe margin.

A Guarantee for Our Defense

On another occasion this glider pilot ran low on gas because of cross winds and bad weather. He noticed a range of mountains and hills roughly paralleling his course and headed for it. As he had surmised, he found an upward current. He stayed in it and increased his ship's speed about fifteen miles an hour. He reached the airport without incident.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, the American ace and now a prominent businessman, president of Eastern Air-lines, told me he thought that if we teach our youngsters to soar, the "future of American aviation will take care of itself."

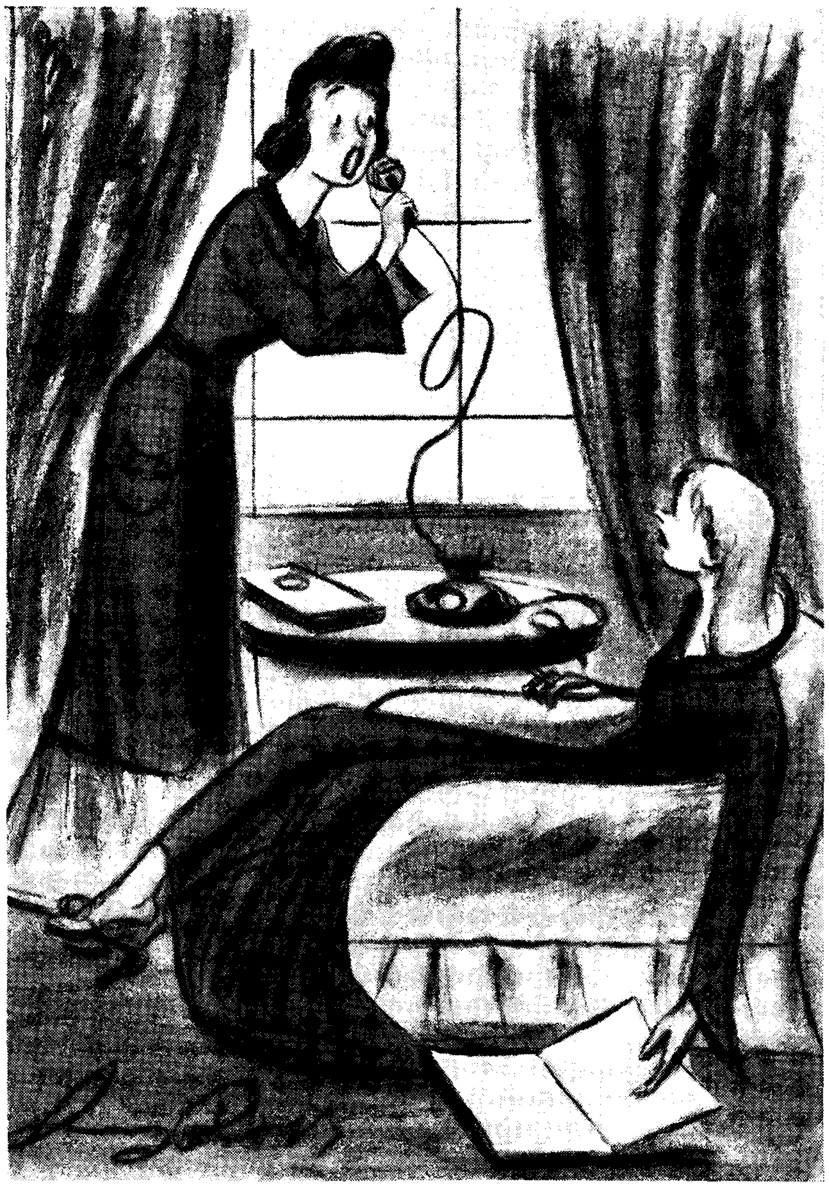
Major R. W. Schroeder, vice-president of United Airlines, Major Al Williams and others whose opinions of what is wrong with our air industry and with aviation are generally accepted, recognize the value of gliding and soaring in the training of pilots. Al told me he thought the difference between a power-plane pilot and a glider-trained pilot is the difference between a boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth and one who makes his own future.

Of the 2,000,000 boys interested in aviation, who have made the model industry a $75,000,000 business, at least seventy-five per cent are physically and mentally able to fly real planes in war or peace. Once we bring soaring and gliding within reach of their purses, once we take sufficient national interest in the welfare of these youngsters and make it possible for them to fly, really fly, aviation will leap ahead.

The defense of America is guaranteed if, over the plains of New York and New Jersey and Iowa and Texas, American boys learn to sail the air.

There's good gliding country everywhere. When the sport began, in this country as well as abroad, enthusiasts employed a technique known as "slope gliding." This required three conditions of terrain: (1) comparatively regular hill or dune, (2) a prevailing wind striking this slope and (3) a level field, meadow or beach from which the glider may be launched.

It wasn't long, however, before pilots discovered great columns of warm air ascending at sometimes rapid rates over common plowed fields, cultivated fields, desert areas and over masses of buildings. Such conditions can be found anywhere. The country around Joliet, in Illinois, has been found peculiarly adapted to soaring and gliding, but new locations will be found as the sport develops.



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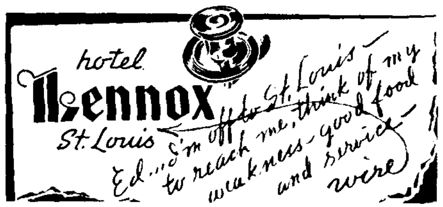

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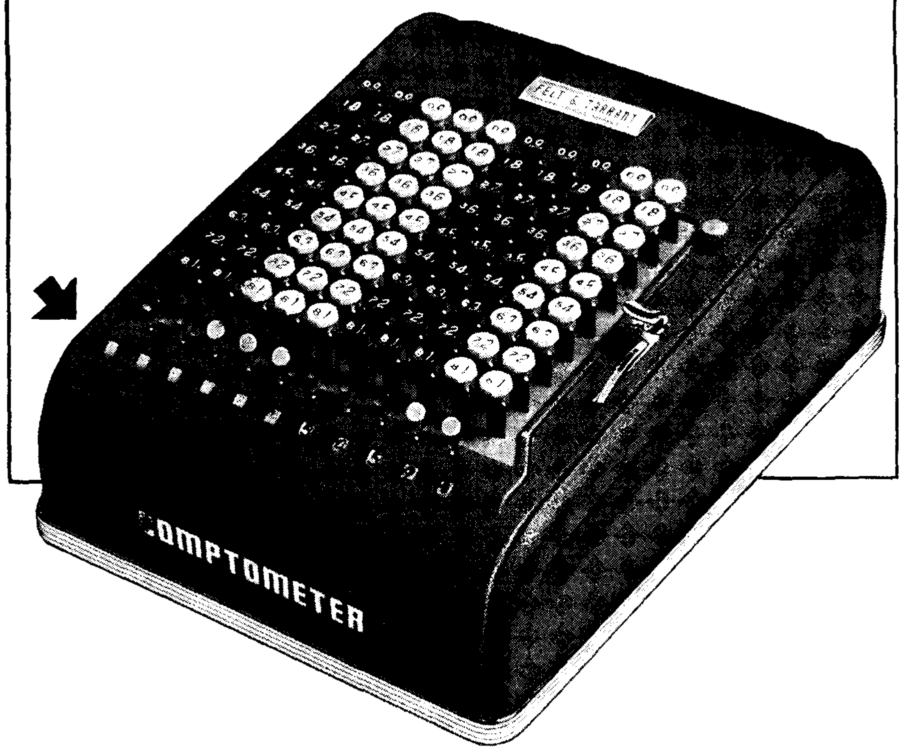

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Egg Trick

Continued from page 60

All this was academically interesting. But no one—save poultry raisers, and perhaps a few chickens—was going to shout with joy. Fowl pox wasn't that important. Still, implications of the work were tremendous. See why:

To make a disease-preventing vaccine one must get quantities of the microbe responsible. Once obtained, they are killed or weakened so they can be shot without risk into a man. Inside the body they stimulate the blood into producing protection. Shots of this nature save us the grief of smallpox, typhoid fever, rabies and other diseases.

The essence of the problem, therefore, is to get quantities of microbes—bacteria by the billion, virus by the pint. This means providing food and warmth so they will grow the large families necessary. Some organisms—like the typhoid bacillus—get along quite well on beef broth. But the viruses—causers of thirty-odd ailments—demand live tissue. These microbes are responsible for such dreaded diseases as infantile paralysis, measles, sleeping sickness, and yellow fever.

Bring on the Eggs!

Until a few years ago there was but one satisfactory method of producing them—in the bodies of experimental animals. The virus of infantile paralysis would grow in monkeys. Yellow fever would grow in mice, and distemper in dogs. This was fine but far from satisfactory. In the first place the virus would likely kill the animal before any truly rich concentrations were reached. There was also the omnipresent chance that the virus would be contaminated by microbes of other diseases.

Goodpasture, a careful, cautious scientist, went on record. "We could," he said, "appreciate the great potential usefulness of a living host so easily obtained, so cheap and so uniform as the developing egg and at the same time so free of infectious agents." This was unbridled enthusiasm coming from a research man; a scholarly way of saying "We've got something here."

Would these chick dinners tempt viruses of other diseases? Researchers in dozens of other laboratories wasted no time finding out. They went shopping for incubators, electric candling devices and other equipment. Laboratories began to look like hatcheries.

Step out to Hamilton, Montana, to view some of this work that followed Goodpasture's pioneering. Hamilton is a small town in the Bitter Root Valley —scene of a brilliant chain of medical discovery that led to the conquest of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. This fulminating sickness, spread from wild rodents to man by ticks, killed as many as 75 per cent of the ranchers, surveyors and sheep men it struck. It also killed six researchers assigned by the United States Public Health Service to find its cause and cure. Eventually they did find a preventive vaccine.

But it had its drawbacks. It was expensive, difficult to make. The procedure was also highly dangerous. As already mentioned, the first step in making a vaccine is to get a rich culture of the microbe that causes the disease. In this case the tick—which spreads the fever from wild animals to men—was selected as the host.

At the Hamilton, Montana, laboratory of the Health Service, workers put young ticks under wire cages on the backs of infected guinea pigs. When they had sucked enough blood to give them the disease the ticks were plucked off with tweezers. Ground up, they represented the base for a vaccine.

Possibly the microbe of this disease could be grown in fertile eggs—the way Goodpasture had done with the fowl pox. This thought occurred to Dr. Herald R. Cox—he is thirty-three—researcher in the Hamilton laboratory.

Cox selected a few fertile eggs, punched holes in them and dropped in a small amount of the microbe of the lethal fever. Three days later the embryos were dead, killed by the microbes! This was food that appealed. Cultures were splendidly rich, as rich as the very best tick brew. This was a promising start.

Cox went on to extract these embryonic tissues and grind them up. Then he added salt water and whirled the mixture in a centrifuge to take out any solid matter. Next he added formaldehyde to kill the microbes. Would this vaccine work? Guinea pigs, faithful little creatures, would tell the story.

Over and over again Cox tested the new vaccine. Scores of guinea pigs went through the routine, surviving jolts of the microbe that should have killed them many times over.

When it was evident that this new stuff, cheaply and simply made, was successful, Cox turned to a similar disease, European typhus. Typhus—not to be confused with typhoid fever—is credited with having killed more human beings than any other disease. This 20 to 70 per cent fatal sickness is spread by body lice. During the first World War it killed over 3,000,000 Russians, held the Austrian army out of Serbia for months while the troops waited for the epidemic to run its course.

A Wallop at Typhus

Here again a vaccine was available—in fact, two vaccines. But they, too, were difficult to make.

Using the technique that he had devised for Rocky Mountain spotted fever, Cox inoculated eggs with typhus. A rich culture resulted, and he went on to prepare vaccine from it. After satisfactory tests on laboratory animals 2,500 doses for human beings were prepared. In special ice chests they went by plane to New York, boat to Italy, train to the sub-Carpathian region in northern Hungary.

This area was chosen because Polish refugees were piling through mountain passes, bringing with them the disease, which had broken out in the German-occupied territory. Selected people among the population of three villages got vaccinations; others served as controls. Result of these trials will sooner or later tell the story. Glowing word it will be if the modest egg can whip the hulking killer, typhus. And lab work indicates that the story will go that way.

While this work was progressing the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation was investigating the possibility that the egg might play a heroic role against yellow fever. Workers found that a fertile, six-day egg made perfect food for the yellow-fever virus. The virus ate heartily, and thrived, and, within three days, the egg contained enough microbes to launch a good-sized epidemic. From present indications vaccine made from such eggs is the most powerful weapon ever devised against the yellow death that stalks the hot belts of Africa and South America.

The most magnificent results to date with the egg vaccine have come not from a disease of men, but from a disease of horses. This is the horse sleeping sickness that bears a jaw-dislocating name: equine encephalomyelitis. Three years ago this disease swept through the horse herds of the country with unprecedented fury. It struck 170,000 animals. In some districts it killed as many as 90 per cent of those that got this paralyzing malady.

It reappeared in 1938 with even more disastrous results. Furthermore, on this second visitation, the disease—probably mosquito spread—took a sideswipe at the human world. In an outbreak in Boston it killed 75 per cent of those stricken; left most of the survivors with such severe mental disorganization that they might better have died.

An old vaccine, made from brains of infected horses, was impotent against this killer. Egg work began at two places: Dr. Ralph W. G. Wyckoff of Lederle Laboratories carrying on one part of the project, Dr. J. W. Beard of Duke University the other. First tested on guinea pigs, the new vaccine was marvelously potent. It protected guinea pigs from shots of potent virus containing a thousand times the lethal dose!

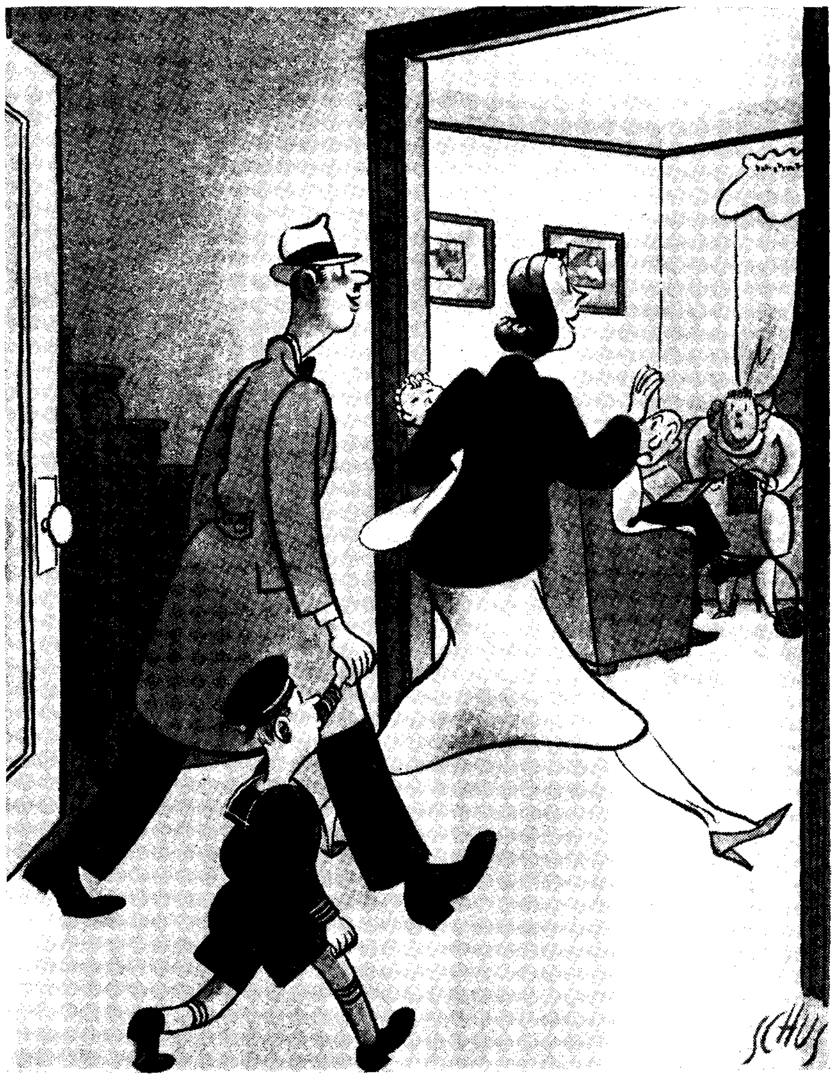
Girls working in the Lederle Laboratories began inoculating 35,000 eggs a day and harvesting virus from the same number. Millions of doses of vaccine went out to make an astonishing record. Not one failure of the vaccine has been recorded!

These pieces of research which we have already examined are sufficient to cover the somewhat lowly egg with glory. But from present indications work has barely begun. A few weeks ago Dr. Wendell Stanley of the Rockefeller Institute announced a new egg-grown vaccine which prevents measles. Viruses which grew haltingly or not at all in other media grow well in fertile eggs—thereby providing the base for lifesaving vaccines. It has been shown that at least twenty-five viruses will reproduce in eggs. Tragically enough, the one that causes infantile paralysis isn't among these.

Others aren't so recalcitrant. Virus of influenza, the common cold, parrot fever all grow lustily. From this it must not be inferred that vaccines for these diseases will be available tomorrow. There are, for example, over 100 known strains of influenza. Vaccine which would work on one wouldn't necessarily work on a second. Yet this flu work has one hopeful feature.

Great flu epidemics make Hitler's blitzkriegs seem like feeble things indeed. The 1918 flu killed *twenty million* people—well over twice the number that died in the four years of fighting that preceded it. The point to note about such lethal rampages is that they are usually caused by a single strain of virus. Indications from this are clear. If a successful technique can be devised for making flu vaccine in eggs it can be rushed into production whenever a great epidemic threatens.

However these things turn out in the future, they can't detract from present accomplishments. Already research men are thinking of incubators in terms of saved lives, rather than in terms of broiled-chicken dinners. Thanks to them, people in Brazil are escaping the yellow death of the jungle, and people in Hungary aren't having to face the prospect of typhus. In the United States the incubator has removed the threat of a horse sleeping sickness which puts people in cemeteries or madhouses; and is holding out the alluring promise of protection against that ancient pest, the common cold. Altogether, these new egg tricks are fine indeed—much better than the one Columbus did.



"We're on our way to a party, Mother, and dropped in to say, 'Hello' . . . and leave the children with you"

ADOLPH SCHUS

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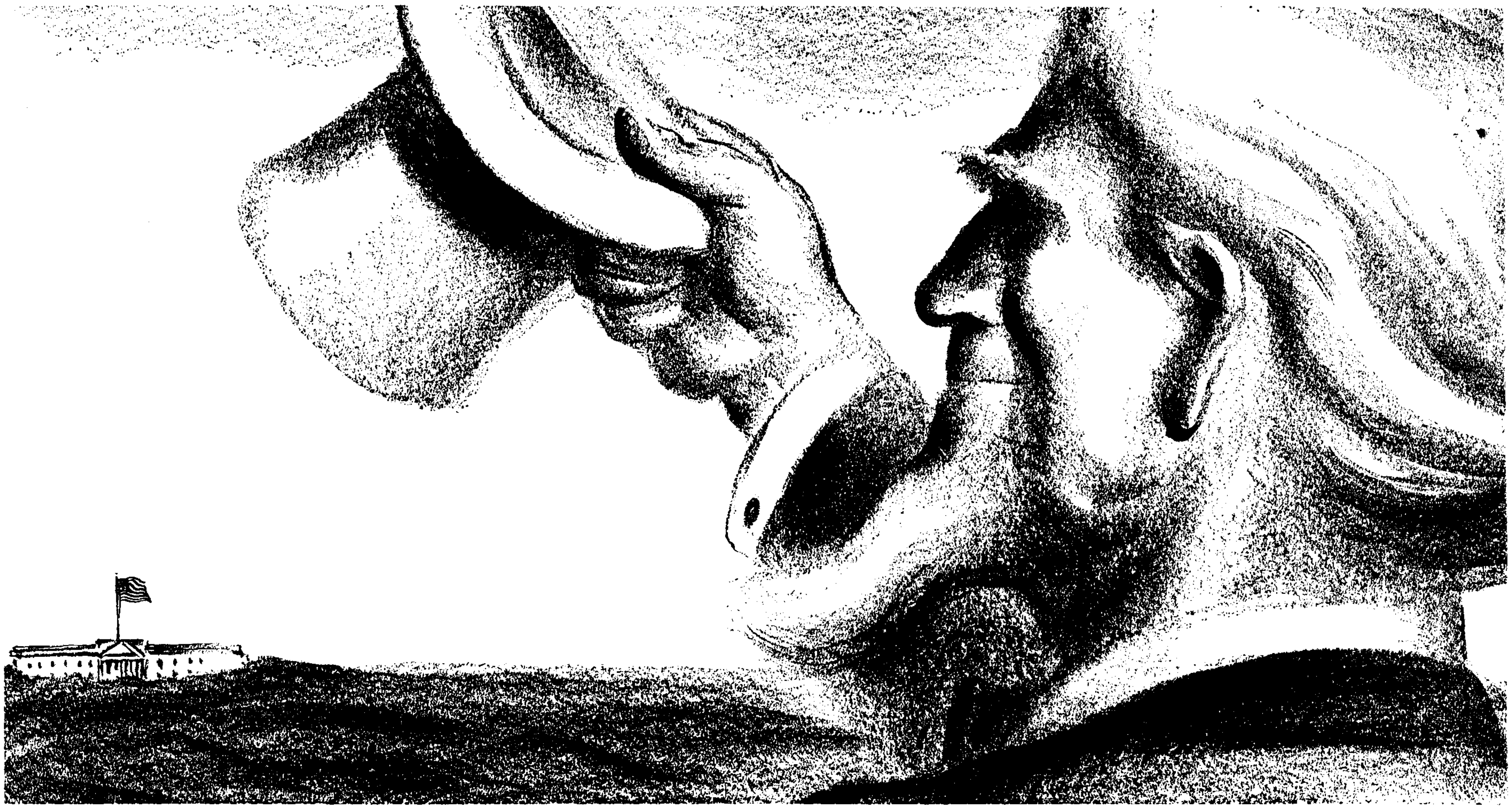

D. R. FITZPATRICK

Four Years More

SO IT'S to be President Franklin Delano Roosevelt for another four years. The people spoke, and this is a government of the people by the people.

Before going into the implications of Mr. Roosevelt's second re-election as we see them, we'd like to pour out some balm, and we'd like to let fly a large cabbage.

The balm is for those considerable numbers of people who think the country is now headed for the dogs for sure.

We do not believe it. That is because we think the American people are stronger than any government they create and strong enough not to be wrecked even by extravagance.

This is a great and a puissant nation. Politicians as an almost universal thing take themselves far too seriously, from Presidents on down. As long as most of us go on taking the politicians far less seriously than they take themselves, we'll be reasonably safe and no crazier than we now are. When the majority of us take to regarding our elections as life-and-death affairs, look out.

The cabbage we want to heave is intended for those who are ridiculing Wendell L. Willkie and the fight he put up to unhorse Mr. Roosevelt.

The truth is that Willkie put up a magnificent fight, against odds that proved insuperable. He is a fearless man and an independent thinker. He has the distinction of having given Franklin D. Roosevelt the toughest political fight of Mr. Roosevelt's career to date.

Willkie's unconventionality, his refusal to fasten his chubby little fingers into the professional politicians' apron strings and hang on for dear life, blasted a heavy whiff of ozone into the moldy councils of the Republican party. It was badly needed, and it should benefit the Republican party for years to come.

Best of all, Willkie turned this campaign into a real fight. It was time for a strong, militant opposition to the party in power to develop if our democracy was to keep its health and good looks. A strong opposition is the lifeblood of a democracy, as Jim Farley told his own party.

Willkie has deserved well of the Republic and of the Republicans.

We think the eight years of the New Deal will bulk big in United States history.

As we've frequently remarked, we believe President Roosevelt and his coterie of reformers brought in a number of fundamental changes which were past due when the New Deal began in 1933, and which won't be rooted out of our social and economic system: Social Security, with its twin features of old-age pensions and jobless insurance. Or bank deposit insurance. Or the Wagner Labor Relations Act. Or the food stamps, or some kind of farm aid, or stock exchange and security regulation for the protection of investors, or minimum wages and maximum hours.

Well, how about the next four years, the third New Deal?

It might be useful to point out what we take to be several concrete facts:

For one, the fury of the opposition in the recent campaign makes Mr. Roosevelt's second re-election anything but a popular mandate to follow his own sweet will wherever it listeth.

For another fact that seems patent to us, Mr. Roosevelt's re-election didn't include a blanket voter endorsement of the pinks, yellows and flannelmouths who so copiously disfigure the New Deal inner circle.

Not one of these babies was able to pile up any votes for the President. His campaign was a flop as long as he left it to them. It was only when he took the stump personally in the last three weeks of the campaign, because of what the various polls were showing, that he began to pick up strength.

For a third of these concrete facts, the New Deal appeals to class prejudices, and hatreds in this campaign did a lot to reopen old wounds and reinflame the tempers of assorted potent business people. Perhaps those tactics were necessary in the campaign, though we doubt it.

But if they are to be persisted in now that the big fight has been won, they will only keep the country more divided than need be. Thus, the nation will be handicapped far more than need be in its drive to get itself a set of armor that can't be punctured by Mr. You Know Who over in Europe.

Class conflict is a poison with which we cannot afford to experiment. It ruined Russia, and it was one of the causes of the war that is currently ruining Europe. It's time for us to close ranks, before this poison eats into our own national nerve centers. The man of all men who can perform that cure is President Roosevelt.

If our full strength as a people is to be exercised we must produce prodigiously in the proud American way. Businessmen must have the chance to work. Investors must have the chance to invest. American defense against attack cannot be strengthened by the adoption of Russian or other totalitarian ideas about business.

But here we go getting close to handing out advice. We'll sign off after saying that we wish our first third-term President all the luck in the world, and that for our part we're rather looking forward to the next four years.

Early American Custom

And this Thanksgiving, millions prefer this *light ale* to beer

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XXX
ALE

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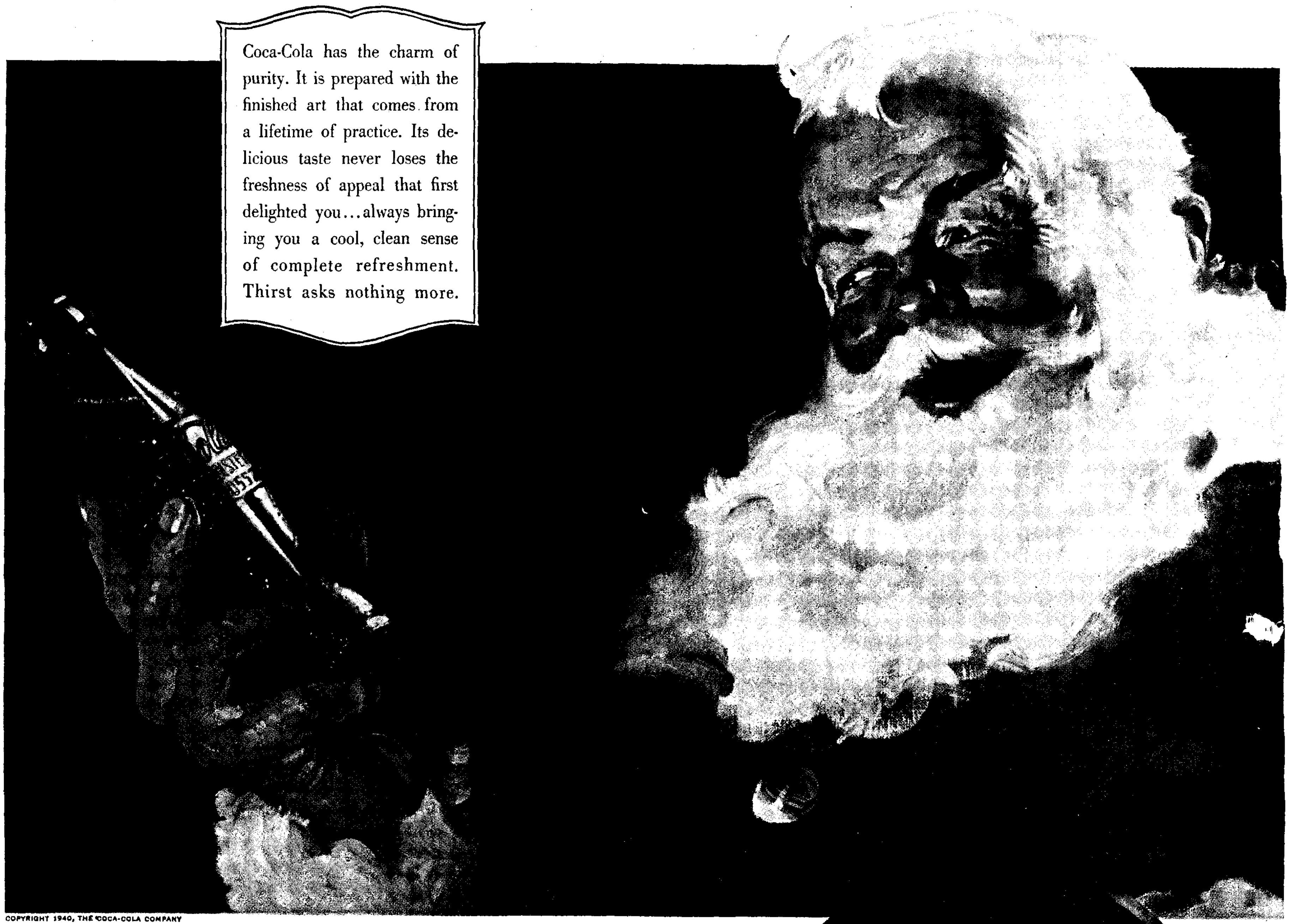

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Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES